

THE
ART
OF
ENGLISH POETRY

CONTAINING

I. *Rules* for making *VERSES*.

II. A *Collection* of the most Natural, Agreeable, and Sublime *THOUGHTS*, viz. Allusions, Similes, Descriptions and Characters, of Persons and Things; that are to be found in the best *ENGLISH POETS*.

III. A *Dictionary* of *RHYMES*.

By EDW. BYSSHE. *Gent.*

The Fourth Edition.



L O N D O N :

Printed for SAM. BUCKLEY, at the *Dolphin* in
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IN A Collection of the most valuable
manuscripts, and some of the most
valuable, printed, published by the
British Museum, London, 1800.

THE
THE



The PREFACE.

SO many are the Qualifications, as well natural as acquir'd, that are essentially requisite to the making of a good Poet, that 'tis in vain for any Man to aim at a great Reputation on account of his Poetical Performances, by barely following the Rules of others, and reducing their Speculations into Practice. It may not be impossible indeed for Men, even of indifferent Parts, by making Examples to the Rules hereafter given, to compose Verses smooth and well-sounding to the Ear; yet if such Verses want strong Sense, Propriety and Elevation of Thought, or Purity of Diction, they will be at best but what *Horace* calls them, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*; and the Writers of them not Poets, but versifying Scriblers. I pretend not therefore by the following Sheets to teach a Man to be a Poet in spite of Fate and Nature, but only to be of help to the few who are born to be so, and whom *audit vocatus Apollo*.

To this End I give in the first Place Rules for making English Verse: And these

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Rules

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Rules I have, according to the best of my Judgment, endeavour'd to extract from the Practice, and to frame after the Examples of the Poets that are most celebrated for a fluent and numerous Turn of Verse.

Another Part of this Treatise, is a *Dictionary of Rhymes*: To which having prefix'd a large Preface shewing the Method and Usefulness of it, I shall trouble the Reader in this place no farther than to acquaint him, that if it be as useful and acceptable to the Publick, as the composing it was tedious and painful to me, I shall never repent me of the Labour.

What I shall chiefly speak of here, is the largest Part of this Treatise, which I call a *Collection of the most natural and sublime Thoughts that are in the best English Poets*. And to be ingenuous in the Discovery, this was the Part of it that principally induc'd me to undertake the Whole: The Task was indeed laborious, but pleasing; and the sole Praise I expected from it, was, that I made a judicious Choice and proper Disposition of the Passages

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sages I extracted. A Mixture of so many different Subjects, and such a Variety of Thoughts upon them, may possibly not satisfy the Reader so well, as a Composition perfect in its Kind on one intire Subject; but certainly it will divert and amuse him better; for here is no Thread of Story, nor Connexion of one Part with another, to keep his Mind intent, and constrain him to any Length of Reading. I detain him therefore only to acquaint him, why it is made a Part of this Book, and how Serviceable it may be to the main Design of it.

Having drawn up Rules for making Verses, and a Dictionary of Rhymes, which are the Mechanick Tools of a Poet; I came in the next Place to consider, what other human Aid could be offer'd him; a Genius and Judgment not being mine to give. Now I imagin'd that a Man might have both these, and yet sometimes, for the sake of a Syllable or two more or less, to give a Verse its true Measure, be at a stand for Epithets and Synonymes, with which I have seen Books
of

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of this Nature in several Languages plentifully furnish'd.

Now, tho' I have differ'd from them in Method, yet I am of Opinion this Collection may serve to the same End, with equal Profit and greater Pleasure to the Reader. For, what are Epithets, but Adjectives that denote and express the Qualities of the Substantives to which they are join'd? as *Purple, Rosie, Smiling, Dewy, Morning: Dim, Gloomy, Silent, Night.* What Synonymes, but Words of a like Signification? as *Fear, Dread, Terrour, Consternation, Affright, Dismay, &c.* Are they not then naturally to be sought for in the Descriptions of Persons and Things? And can we not better judge by a Piece of Painting, how Beautifully Colours may be dispos'd; than by seeing the same several Colours scatter'd without Design on a Table? When you are at a Loss therefore for proper Epithets or Synonymes, look into this Alphabetical Collection for any Word under which the Subject of your Thought may most probably be rang'd; and you will find what have been employ'd by our best Writers, and in what Manner. It

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It would have been as easie a Task for me as it has been to others before me, to have threaded tedious Bead-rolls of Synonymes and Epithets together, and put them by themselves: But when they stand alone, they appear bald, insipid, uncouth, and offensive both to the Eye and Ear. In that Disposition they may indeed help the Memory, but cannot direct the Judgment in the Choice.

But besides, to confess a Secret, I am very unwilling it should be laid to my Charge, that I have furnish'd Tools, and given a Temptation of Versifying, to such as in spite of Art and Nature undertake to be Poets; and who mistake their Fondness to Rhyme, or Necessity of Writing, for a true Genius of Poetry, and lawful Call from *Apollo*. Such Debasers of Rhyme and Dablers in Poetry would do well to consider, that a Man would justly deserve a higher Esteem in the World by being a good Mason or Shoo-maker, or by excelling in any other Art that his Talent inclines him to, and that is useful to Mankind, than by being an indifferent or second-

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cond-Rate Poet. Such have no Claim to that Divine Appellation:

Neque enim concludere Versum

Dixeris esse satis: Neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,

Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse Poetam.

Ingenium cui sit, cui Mens divinior, atque Os

Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus Honorem. Horat.

I resolv'd therefore to place these, the principal Materials, under the awful Guard of the immortal *Shakespear*, *Milton*, *Dryden*, &c.

Procul o procul este Profani! Virg.

But let Men of better Minds be excited to a generous Emulation.

I have inserted not only Similes, Allusions, Characters, and Descriptions; but also the most Natural and Sublime Thoughts of our Modern Poets on all Subjects whatever. I say, of our Modern; for tho' some of the Antient, as *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and others, have not been excell'd, perhaps not equall'd, by any that have succeeded them, either in Justness of Description, or in Propriety and Greatness of Thought; yet their Language is now become so antiquated and obsolete, that most Readers of our Age have no Ear for them: And this is the Reason that the good

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good *Shakespear* himself is not so frequently cited in this Collection, as he would otherwise deserve to be.

I have endeavour'd to give the Passages as naked and stript of Superfluities and foreign Matter, as possibly I could: but often found my self oblig'd for the sake of the Connexion of the Sense, which else would have been interrupted, and consequently obscure, to insert some of them under Heads, to which every Part or Line of them may be thought not properly to belong: Nay, I sometimes even found it difficult to chuse under what Head to place several of the best Thoughts; but the Reader may be assur'd, that if he find them not where he expects, he will not wholly lose his Labour; for

*The Search it self rewards his Pains;
And if like Chymists his great End he miss,
Yet things well worth his Toil he gains;
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought Experiments by the way.* Cowley.

That the Reader may judge of every Passage with due Deference for each Author, he will find their Names at the End of the last Line; and as the late Versions
of

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of the Greek and Roman Poets have not a little contributed to this Collection, *Homer, Anacreon, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, &c.* are cited with their Translators: And after each Author's Name are quoted their Plays and other Poems, from whence the Passages are extracted.

The Reader will likewise observe, that I have sometimes ascrib'd to several Authors the Quotations taken from one and the same Play. Thus to those from the first and third Act of *Oedipus*, I have put *Dryden*; to those from the three other, *Lee*: Because the first and third Act of that Play were written by *Dryden*, the three other by *Lee*. To those from *Troilus* and *Cressida* I have sometimes put *Shakespeare*, sometimes *Dryden*; because he having alter'd that Play, whatever I found not in the Edition of *Shakespeare*, ought to be ascrib'd to him. And in like manner of several other Plays.

As no Thought can be justly said to be fine, unless it be true, I have all along had a great regard for Truth; except only

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ly in Passages that are purely Satirical, where some Allowance must be given: For Satire may be fine and true Satire, tho' it be not directly and according to the Letter, true: 'tis enough that it carry with it a Probability or Semblance of Truth. Let it not here be objected, that I have from the Translators of the Greek and Roman Poets, taken some Descriptions meerly fabulous: for the well-invented Fables of the Antients were design'd only to inculcate the Truth with more Delight, and to make it shine with greater Splendour.

*Rien n'est beau que le Vrai. Le Vrai seul est Aimable :
Il doit regner par tout ; & meme dans la Fable :
De toute Fiction l'adroite Fausseté
Ne tend qu' à faire aux yeux briller la Verité.* Boileau.

I have upon every Subject given both Pro and Con whenever I met with them, or that I judg'd them worth giving: and if both are not always found, let none imagine that I wilfully suppress'd either; or that what is here uncontradicted must be unanswerable.

If any take Offence at the Loosness of some of the Thoughts, as particularly upon

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on *Love*, where I have given the different Sentiments which Mankind, according to their several Temperaments, ever had, and ever will have of it; such may observe, that I have strictly avoided all manner of Obscenity throughout the whole Collection: And tho' here and there a Thought may perhaps have a Cast of Wantonness, yet the cleanly Metaphors palliate the Broadness of the Meaning, and the Chastness of the Words qualifies the Lasciviousness of the Images they represent. And let them farther know, that I have not always chosen what I most approv'd, but what carries with it the best Strokes for Imitation: For, upon the whole matter, it was not my Business to judge any farther, than of the Vigour and Force of Thought, of the Purity of Language, of the Aptness and Propriety of Expression; and above all, of the Beauty of Colouring, in which the Poet's Art chiefly consists. Nor, in short, would I take upon me to determine what things should have been said; but have shewn only what are said, and in what manner.



R U L E S

RULES

For making

ENGLISH VERSE.

IN the *English* Versification there are two Things chiefly to be consider'd;

I. The Verses.

2. The several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

But because in the Verses there are also two Things to be observ'd, The Structure of the Verse, and the Rhyme; this Treatise shall be divided into three Chapters;

I. Of the Structure of *English* Verses.

II. Of Rhyme.

III. Of the several Sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

CHAP. I.

Of the Structure of English Verses.

THE Structure of our Verses, whether Blank, or in Rhyme, consists in a certain Number of Syllables; not in Feet compos'd of long and short Syllables, as the Verses of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. And though some ingenious Persons formerly puzzled themselves in prescribing Rules for the Quantity of *English* Syllables, and, in Imitation of the *Latins*, compos'd Verses by the measure of *Spondees*, *Dactyls*, &c. yet the Success of their Undertaking has fully evinc'd the Vainness of their Attempt, and given ground to suspect they had not thoroughly weigh'd what the Genius of our Language would bear; nor reflected that each Tongue has its peculiar Beauties, and that what is agreeable and natural to one, is very often disagreeable, nay, inconsistent with another. But that Design being now wholly exploded, it is sufficient to have mention'd it.

Our Verses then consist in a certain Number of Syllables; but the Verses of double Rhyme require a Syllable more than those of single Rhyme. Thus in a Poem whose Verses consist of ten Syllables, those of the same Poem that are accented on the last save one, which we call Verses of double Rhyme, must have eleven; as may be seen by these Verses.

*A Man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome:
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Fidler, Chymist, Statesman, and Buffoon;
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking,
Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.
Praising and Railling were his usual Themes,
And both, to shew his Judgment in Extreame.
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every Man with him was God or Devil.*

Dryd.

Where the 4 Verses that are accented on the last save one have 11 Syllables; the others, accented on the last, but 10.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 8, the double Rhymes require 9; as,

*When hard Words, Jealousies and Fears,
Set Folks together by the Ears;
And made 'em fight, like mad, or drunk,
For Dame Religion, as for Punk;
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of 'em knew wherefore:
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a Collonelling.*

Hud.

In a Poem whose Verses consist of 7, the double Rhymes require; 8 as,

*All thy Verse is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves or Sparrows.*

Cowl.

This must also be observ'd in Blank Verse; as,

*Welcome, thou worthy Partner of my Laurels!
Thou Brother of my Choise! A Band more sacred
Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendship!
Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival:
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence, like a Prophet
Who waits the Inspiration of his God.*

Rowe.
And

And this Verse of *Milton*,

Void of all Succour and needful Comfort.

wants a Syllable; for, being accented on the last save one, it ought to have 11, as all the Verses but Two of the preceding Example have: But if we transpose the Words thus,

Of Succour and all needful Comfort void.

it then wants nothing of its due Measure, because it is accented on the last Syllable.

SECTION I.

Of the several sorts of Verses; and, first, of those of Ten Syllables: Of the due Observation of the Accent, and of the Pause.

OUR Poetry admits for the most part but of Three sorts of Verses; that is to say, of Verses of 10, 8, or 7 Syllables: Those of 4, 6, 9, 11, 12, and 14, are generally employ'd in Masks and Operas, and in the Stanzas of Lyrick and Pindarick Odes, and we have few intire Poems compos'd in any of those sorts of Verses. Those of 12 and of 14 Syllables are frequently inserted in our Poems in Heroick Verse, and when rightly made use of, carry a peculiar Grace with them. See the next Section towards the End.

The Verses of 10 Syllables, which are our Heroick, are us'd in Heroick Poems, in Tragedies, Comedies, Pastorals, Elegies, and sometimes in Burlesque.

In these Verses Two things are chiefly to be consider'd;

1. The Seat of the Accent;

2. The Pause.

For, 'tis not enough that Verses have their just Number of Syllables; the true Harmony of them depends on a due Observation of the Accent and Pause.

The Accent is an Elevation or a falling of the Voice on a certain Syllable of a Word.

The Pause is a Rest or Stop that is made in pronouncing the Verse, and that divides it, as it were, into Two Parts; each of which is call'd an Hemistich, or Half-Verse.

But this Division is not always equal, that is to say, one of the Half-Verses does not always contain the same Number of Syllables as the other: And this Inequality proceeds from the Seat of the Accent that is strongest, and prevails most in the first Half-Verse. For the Pause must be observ'd at the End of

the Word where such Accent happens to be, or at the End of the following Word.

Now in a Verse of 10 Syllables this Accent must be either on the 2d, 4th, or 6th; which produces 5 several Pauses, that is to say, at the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th Syllable of the Verse:

For,

When it happens to be on the 2d, the Pause will be either at the 3d or 4th.

At the 3d, in Two Manners:

1. When the Syllable accented happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

As busy—as intentive Emmets are;

Or Cities—whom unlook'd-for Sieges scare;

Dav.

2. Or when the Accent is on the last of a Word, and the next a Monosyllable, whose Construction is govern'd by that on which the Accent is; as,

Despise it,—and more noble Thoughts pursue.

Dryd.

When the Accent falls on the 2d Syllable of the Verse, and the last save Two of a Word, the Pause will be at the 4th; as,

He meditates—his absent Enemy.

Dryd.

When the Accent is on the 4th of a Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable, or at the 5th or 6th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

*Such huge Extreams—inhabit thy great Mind,
God-like, unmor'd,—and yet,—like Woman, kind.*

Wall.

At the 5th in 2 Manners:

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word; as,

Like bright Aurora—whose refulgent Ray

Foretells the Fervour—of ensuing Day;

And warns the Shepherd—with his Flocks, retreat

To leafy Shadows—from the threaten'd Heat.

Wall.

2. Or the last of the Word, if the next be a Monosyllable govern'd by it; as,

So fresh the Wound is—and the Grief so vast.

Wall.

At the 6th, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last save Two of a Word; as,

Those Seeds of Luxury,—Debate, and Pride.

Wall.

Lastly, When the Accent is on the 6th Syllable of the Verse, the Pause will be either at the same Syllable or at the 7th.

At the same, when the Syllable of the Accent happens to be the last of a Word; as,

She meditates Revenge—resolv'd to die.

Wall.

At

At the 7th in Two manners :

1. When it happens to be the last save one of a Word ; as,
Nor when the War is over, — is it Peace. Dryd.
Mirrors are taught to flatter, — but our Springs. Wall.
2. Or the last of a Word, if the following one be a Monosyllable whose Construction depends on the preceding Word on which the Accent is ; as,
And since he could not save her, — with her dy'd. Dryd.

From all this it appears, that the Pause is determin'd by the Seat of the Accent ; but if the Accents happen to be equally strong on the 2d, 4th, and 6th Syllable of a Verse, the Sense and Construction of the Words must then guide to the Observation of the Pause. For Example ; In one of the Verses I cited as an Instance of it at the 7th Syllable,

Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our Springs.

The Accent is as strong on *Taught*, as the first Syllable of *Flatter* ; and if the Pause were observ'd at the 4th Syllable of the Verse, it would have nothing disagreeable in its Sound ; as,

Mirrors are taught — to flatter, but our Springs

Present th' impartial Images of things.

Which tho' it be no Violence to the Ear, yet it is to the Sense, and that ought always carefully to be avoided in reading or in repeating of Verses.

For this Reason it is, that the Construction or Sense should never end at a Syllable where the Pause ought not to be made ; as at the 8th and 2d in the Two following Verses :

Bright Helper twinkles from afar : — Away

My Kids ! — for you have had a Feast to Day.

Staff.

Which Verses have nothing disagreeable in their Structure but the Pause, which in the first of them must be observ'd at the 8th Syllable, in the 2d at the 2d ; and so unequal a Division can produce no true Harmony. And for this Reason too, the Pauses at the 3d and 7th Syllables, tho' not wholly to be condemn'd, ought to be but sparingly practis'd.

The foregoing Rules ought indispensibly to be follow'd in all our Verses of 10 Syllables ; and the Observation of them, like that of right Time in Musick, will produce Harmony ; the Neglect of them Harshness and Discord ; as appears by the following Verses ;

None think Rewards render'd worthy their Worth.

And both Lovers, both thy Disciples were,

Dav.

In which, tho' the true Number of Syllables be observ'd, yet neither of them have so much as the Sound of a Verse : Now their

their Disagreeableness proceeds from the undue Seat of the Accent: For Example, The first of them is accented on the 5th and 7th Syllables; but if we change the Words, and remove the Accent to the 4th and 6th, the Verse will become smooth and easie; as,

None think Rewards are equal to their Worth.

The Harshness of the last of them proceeds from its being accented on the 3d Syllable, which may be mended thus, by transposing only one Word;

And Lovers both, both thy Disciples were.

In like manner the following Verses,

To be massacred, not in Battle slain.

Blac.

But forc'd, harsh, and uneasie unto all.

Cowl.

Against the Insults of the Wind and Tide.

Blac.

A second Essay will the Pow'rs appease.

Blac.

With Scythians expert in the Dart and Bow.

Dryd.

are rough, because the foregoing Rules are not observ'd in their Structure: For Example, The first, where the Pause is at the 5th Syllable, and the Accent on the 3d, is contrary to the Rule, which says, that the Accent that determines the Pause must be on the 2d, 4th, or 6th Syllable of the Verse; and to mend that Verse we need only place the Accent on the 4th, and then the Pause at the 5th will have nothing disagreeable; as,

Thus to be murthur'd, not in Battle slain.

The second Verse is accented on the 3d Syllable, and the Pause is there too; which makes it indeed the thing it expresses, forc'd, harsh, and uneasie; it may be mended thus,

But forc'd and harsh, uneasie unto all.

The 3d, 4th, and 5th of those Verses have like Faults; for the Pauses are at the 5th, and the Accent there too, which is likewise contrary to the foregoing Rules: Now they will be made smooth and flowing, by taking the Accent from the 5th, and removing the Seat of the Pause; as.

Against th' Insults both of the Wind and Tide.

A second Trial will the Pow'rs appease.

With Scythians skillful in the Dart and Bow.

From whence we conclude, that in all Verses of 10 Syllables, the most prevailing Accents ought to be on the 2d, 4th, or 6th Syllables; for if they are on the 3d, 5th, or 7th, the Verses will be rough and disagreeable, as has been prov'd by the preceding Instances.

In short, the wrong placing of the Accent is as great a Fault in our Versification, as false Quantity was in that of the Antients; and therefore we ought to take equal care to avoid it, and endeavour so to dispose the Words, that they may create a

certain
certain

certain Melody in the Ear, without Labour to the Tongue, or Violence to the Sense.

S E C T. II.

Of the other sorts of Verses that are us'd in our Poetry.

After the Verses of 10 Syllables, those of 8 are more frequent, and we have many intire Poems compos'd in them.

In the Structure of these Verses, as well as of those of 10 Syllables, we must take Care that the most prevailing Accents be neither on the 3d nor 5th Syllables of them.

They also require a Pause to be observ'd in pronouncing them, which is generally at the 4th or 5th Syllable; as,

*I'll sing of Heroes,—and of Kings,
In mighty Numbers—mighty things;
Begin my Muse,—but lo the Strings,
To my great Song—rebellious prove,
The Strings will sound—of nought but Love.*

}

Cowl.

The Verses of 7 Syllables, which are call'd *Anacreontick*, are most beautiful when the strongest Accent is on the 3d, and the Pause either there or at the 4th; as,

*Fill the Bowl—with rosy Wine,
Round our Temples—Roses twine;
Crown'd with Roses—we contemn
Gyges wealth—Diadem.*

Cowl:

The Verses of 9 and of 11 Syllables are of Two sorts; one is those that are accented upon the last save one, which are only the Verses of double Rhyme that belong to those of 8 and 10 Syllables, of which Examples have already been given: The other is those that are accented on the last Syllable, which are employ'd only in Compositions for Musick, and in the lowest sort of Burlesque Poetry; the Disagreeableness of their Measure having wholly excluded them from grave and serious Subjects. They who desire to see Examples of them, may find some scatter'd here and there in our Masks and Operas, and in our Burlesque Writers. I will give but Two.

*Hilas, O Hilas, why sit we mute?
Now that each Bird saluteth the Spring.*

Wall.

*Apart let me view then each Heavenly Fair,
For Threes at a time there's no Mortal can bear.*

Congr.

The Verses of 12 Syllables are truly heroick both in their Measure and Sound, tho' we have no entire Works compos'd in them; and they are so far from being a Blemish to the Poems they are in, that on the contrary, when rightly employ'd, they conduce not a little to the Ornament of them; particularly in the following Rencounters.

1. When they conclude an Episode in an Heroick Poem: Thus *Stafford* ends his Translation of that of *Camilla* from the 11th Æneid with a Verse of 12 Syllables.

*The ling'ring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
And, murmur'ing with Disdain, the beauteous Body leaves.*

2. When they conclude a Triplet and full Sense together; as,
*Millions of op'ning Mouths to Fame belong;
And every Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue;
And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.* Dryd.

And here we may observe by the way, that whenever a Triplet is made use of in an Heroick Poem, it is a Fault not to close the Sense at the End of the Triplet, but to continue it into the next Line; as *Dryden* has done in his Translation of the 11th Æneid in these Lines.

*With Olives crown'd, the Presents they shall bear,
A Purple Robe, a Royal Iv'ry Chair,
And all the Marks of Sway that Latian Monarchs wear,
And Sums of Gold, &c.*

And in the 7th Æneid he has committed the like Fault.

*Then they, whose Mothers, frantick with their Fear,
In Woods and Wilds the Flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his Dances with dishevel'd Hair,
Increase the Clamour, &c.*

But the Sense is not confin'd to the Couplet, for the Close of it may fall into the Middle of the next Verse, that is the Third, and sometimes farther off: Provided the last Verse of the Couplet exceed not the Number of Ten Syllables; for then the Sense ought always to conclude with it. Examples of this are so frequent, that 'tis needless to give any.

3. When they conclude the Stanzas of Lyrick or Pindarick Odes; Examples of which are often seen in *Dryden*, and others. In these Verses the Pause ought to be at the 6th Syllable, as may be seen in the foregoing Examples.

We sometimes find it, tho' very rarely, at the 7th; as,
That such a cursed Creature—lives so long a Space.

When it is at the 4th, the Verse will be rough and hobbling;

And Midwife Time—the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought. Dryd.
The Prince pursu'd,—and march'd along with equal Pace. Dryd.
 In the last of which it is very apparent, that if the Sense and Construction would allow us to make the Pause at the 6th Syllable,

The Prince pursu'd, and march'd—along with equal Pace.
 the Verse would be much more flowing and easy.

The Verses of 14 Syllables are less frequent than those of 12; they are likewise inserted in Heroick Poems, &c. and are agreeable enough when they conclude a Triplet and Sense, and follow a Verse of 12; as,

For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd ;
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy Breast,
And Heav'n it self with more serene and purer Light is blest. Dryd. }

But if they follow one of 10 Syllables, the Inequality of the Measure renders them less agreeable; as,

While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to Memmius an immortal Lay, (Dryd. }
Of Heav'n and Earth; and every where thy wondrous Pow'r display. }

Especially if it be the last of a Couplet only; as,

With Court-Informers Haunts, and Royal Spies,
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth with Lies.
 (Dryd.

But this is only in Heroicks; for in Pindaricks and Lyricks, Verses of 12 or 14 Syllables are frequently and gracefully plac'd, not only after those of 12 or 10, but of any other Number of Syllables whatsoever.

The Verses of 4 and 6 Syllables have nothing worth observing, and therefore I shall content my self with having made mention of them. They are, as I said before, us'd only in Operas and Masks, and in Lyrick and Pindarick Odes. Take one Example of them.

To rule by Love,
To shed no Blood,
May be extoll'd above ;
But here below,
Let Princes know,
'Tis fatal to be good.

Dryd.

S E C T. III.

Several Rules conducing to the Beauty of our Versification.

OUR Poetry being very much polish'd and refin'd since the Days of Chaucer, Spencer, and the other antient Poets, some

Some Rules which they neglected, and that conduce very much to the Ornament of it, have been practis'd by the best of the Moderns.

The First is, to avoid as much as possible the Concourse of Vowels, which occasions a certain ill-sounding Gaping, call'd by the Latins *Hiatus*; and which they thought so disagreeable to the Ear, that, to avoid it, whenever a Word ended in a Vowel, and the next began with one, they never, even in Prose, sounded the Vowel of the first Word, but lost it in the Pronunciation; and it is a Fault in our Poets not to do the like, whenever our Language will admit of it.

For this Reason the *e* of the Particle *The* ought always to be cut off before the Words that begin by a Vowels; as,

With weeping Eyes she heard th'unwelcome News.

Dryd.

And it is a Fault to make *The* and the first Syllable of the following Word Two distinct Syllables, as in this,

Refrain'd a while by the unwelcome Night.

Wall.

A Second sort of *Hiatus*, and that ought no less to be avoided, is, when a Word that ends in a Vowel that cannot be cut off, is plac'd before one that begins by the same Vowel, or one that has the like Sound; as,

Should thy Lambicks swell into a Book.

Wall.

The Second Rule is, to contract the Two last Syllables of the Preterperfect Tenses of all the Verbs that will admit of it; which are all the Regular Verbs whatsoever, except only those ending in D or T, and DE or TE. And it is a Fault to make *Amazed* of Three Syllables, and *Loved* of Two, instead of *Amaz'd* of Two, and *Lov'd* of One.

And the Second Person of the Present and Preterperfect Tenses of all Verbs ought to be contracted in like manner; as *thou lov'st*, for *thou lovest*, &c.

The Third Rule is, not to make use of several Words in a Verse that begin by the same Letter; as,

The Court he knew to steer in Storms of State.

He in these Miracles Design discern'd.

Dav.

Yet we find an Instance of such a Verse in Dryden's Translation of the first Pastoral of *Virgil*;

Till then a helpless, hopeless, homely Swain.

Which I am perswaded he left not thus through Negligence or Inadvertency, but with design to paint in the Number and Sound of the Words the thing he describ'd, a Shepherd in whom

Nec spes libertates erat, nec cura pecuni.

Now

Now how far the Sound of the *H* Aspirate, with which Three Feet of that Verse begin, expresses the Despair of the Swain, let the Judicious judge: I have taken notice of it only to say, that 'tis a great Beauty in Poetry, when the Words and Numbers are so dispos'd, as by their Order and Sound to represent the things describ'd.

The Fourth is, to avoid ending a Verse by an Adjective whose Substantive begins the following; as,

*Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their kind
Parents, &c.*

Day,

Or, by a Preposition when the Case it governs begins the Verse that follows; as,

*The daily less'ning of our Life, shews by
A little dying, how outright to dye.*

Wall.

The Fifth is, to avoid the frequent Use of Words of many Syllables, which are proper enough in Prose, but come not in to Verse without a certain Violence altogether disagreeable; particularly those whose Accents is on the Fourth Syllable from the last, as *Undutifulness*.

S E C T. IV.

Doubts concerning the Number of Syllables of certain Words.

THere is no Language whatsoever that so often joyns several Vowels together to make Diphthongs of them as ours; this appears in our having several compos'd of Three different Vowels, as *EAU* and *EOU* in *Beauteous*, *IOU* in *Glorious*, *UAI* in *Acquaint*, &c.

Now from hence may arise some Difficulties concerning the true Pronunciation of those Vowels, Whether they ought to be sounded separately in Two Syllables, or joyntly in one.

The antient Poets made them sometimes of Two Syllables, sometimes but of One, as the Measure of their Verse requir'd; but they are now become to be but of One, and it is a Fault to make them of Two: From whence we may draw this general Rule;

That

That whenever one Syllable of a Word ends in a Vowel, and the next begins by one, provided the first of those Syllables be not that on which the Word is accented, those Two Syllables ought in Verse to be contracted and made but one.

Thus *Beauteous* is but Two Syllables, *Victorious* but Three; and it is a Fault in *Dryden* to make it Four, as he has done in this Verse:

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious.

To prove that this Verse wants a Syllable of its due Measure, we need but add one to it; as,

Your Arms are on the Rhine victorious now.

Where, tho' the Syllable *now* be added to the Verse, it has no more than its due Number of Syllables; which plainly proves it wanted it.

But if the Accent be upon the first of these Syllables, they cannot be contracted to make a Diphthong, but must be computed as Two distinct Syllables: Thus *Poet*, *Lion*, *Quiet*, and the like, must always be us'd as Two Syllables; *Poetry* and the like as Three.

And it is a Fault to make *Riot*, for Example, one Syllable, as *Milton* has done in this Verse,

Their Riot ascends above their lofty Tow'rs.

The same Poet has in another Place made use of a like Word twice in one Verse, and made it Two Syllables each time:

With Ruin upon Ruin, Rout on Rout.

And any Ear may discover that this last Verse has its true Measure, the other not.

But there are some Words that may be excepted; as *Diamond*, *Violet*, *Violent*, *Diadem*, *Hyacinth*, and perhaps some others, which, though they are accented upon the first Vowel, are sometimes us'd but as Two Syllables; as in the following Verses,

From Diamond Quarries hewn, and Rocks of Gold.

Milt.

With Poppies, Daffadils, and Violets join'd.

Tate.

With vain, but violent Force their Darts they flung.

Cowl.

His Ephod, Mitre, well-cut Diadem on.

Cowl.

My blushing Hyacinths; and my Bays I keep.

Dryd.

Sometimes as Three; as,

A Mount of rocky Diamond did rise.

Blac.

Hence the blue Violet and blushing Rose.

Blac.

And set soft Hyacinths of Iron Blue.

Dryd.

When they are us'd but as Two Syllables they suffer an Elision of one of their Vowels, and are generally written thus, *Di'mond*, *Vi'let*, &c.

This

This Contraction is not always made of Syllables of the same Word only ; for the Particle *A* being plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel, will sometimes admit of the like Contraction : For Example, after the Word *many* ; as,

Tho' many a Victim from my Folds was bought,

And many a Cheese to Country Markets brought.

They many a Trophy gain'd with many a Wound.

Dryd.

Dav.

After *To* ; as,

Can be to a Friend, to a Son so bloody grow.

Cowl.

After *They* ; as,

From thee, their long-known King, they a King desire.

Cowl.

After *By* ; as,

When we by a foolish Figure say.

Cowl.

And perhaps after some others,

There are also other Words whose Syllables are sometimes contracted, sometimes not ; as *Bower*, *Heaven*, *Prayer*, *Nigher*, *Towards*, and many more of the like Nature : But they generally ought to be us'd but as one Syllable ; and then they suffer an Elision of the Vowel that precedes their final Consonant, and ought to be written thus, *Pow'r*, *Heav'n*, *Pray'r*, *Nigh'r*, *Tow'rds*.

The Termination *ISM* is always us'd but as one Syllable ; as,

Where grievly Schism and raging Strife appear.

Cowl.

And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints.

Dryd.

And indeed, considering that it has but one Vowel, it may seem absurd to assert that it ought to be reckon'd Two Syllables ; yet in my Opinion those Verses seem to have a Syllable more than their due Measure, and would run better if we took one from them ; as,

Where grievly Schism, raging Strife appear.

I Rheumatisms send to rack the Joints.

Yet this Opinion being contrary to the constant Practice of our Poets, I shall not presume to advance it as a Rule for others to follow, but leave it to be decided by such as are better Judges of poetical Numbers.

The like may be said of the Terminations *ASM* and *OSM*.

S E C T. V.

Of the Elisions that are allow'd in our Versification.

OUR Verses consisting only of a certain Number of Syllables, nothing can be of more ease, or greater use to our Poets, than the retaining or cutting off a Syllable from a Verse, according as the Measure of it requires; and therefore it is requisite to treat of the Elisions that are allowable in our Poetry, some of which have been already taken Notice of in the preceding Section.

By Elision I mean the cutting off one or more Letters from a Word, whereby Two Syllables come to be contracted into One; or the taking away an intire Syllable. Now when in a Word of more than Two Syllables, which is accented on the last save Two, the Liquid R happens to be between Two Vowels, that which precedes the Liquid admits of an Elision. Of this Nature are many Words in ANCE, ENCE, ENT, ER, OUS, and RY; as *Temperance, Preference, Different, Flatterer, Amorous, Victory*: Which are Words of Three Syllables, and often us'd as such in Verse; but they may also be contracted into Two, by cutting off the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, as *Temp'rance, Pref'rence, Diff'rent, Flatt'rer, Am'rous, Vict'ry*. The like Elision is sometimes us'd when any of the other Liquids L, M, or N, happen to be between Two Vowels in Words accented like the former; as *Fabulous, Enemy, Mariner*, which may be contracted *Fab'lous, En'my, Mar'ner*. But this is not so frequent.

Observe, that I said accented on the last save Two; for if the Word be accented on the last save one, that is to say, on the Vowel that precedes the Liquid, that Vowel may not be cut off. And therefore it is a Fault to make, for Example, *Sonorous* of Two Syllables, as in this Verse,

With Son'rous Metals wak'd the drowsy Day.

Blac.

Which always ought to be of Three, as in this;

Sonorous Metals blowing martial Sounds.

Milt.

In like manner, whenever the Letter S happens to be between Two Vowels in Words of Three Syllables, accented on the first, one of the Vowels may be cut off; as *Pris'ner, Bu'sness, &c.*

Or the Letter C when 'tis sounded like S; that is to say, when-

whenever it precedes the Vowels E or I; as *Medicine*, for *Medecine*.

Or V Consonant; as *Con'nant* for *Covenant*.

To these may be added the Gerunds of all Verbs whose Infinitives end in any of the Liquids, preceded by a Vowel or Diphthong, and that are accented on the last save one: For the Gerunds being form'd by adding the Syllable ING to the Infinitive, the Liquid that was their final Letter comes thereby to be between Two Vowels; and the Accent that was on the last save One of the Infinitive, comes to be on the last save Two of the Gerund: And therefore the Vowel or Diphthong that precedes the Liquid, may be cut off; by means whereof the Gerund of Three Syllables comes to be but of Two, as from *Travel*, *Travelling*, or *Traw'ling*; from *Endeavour*, *Endeavouring*, or *Endeav'ring*, &c.

But if the Accent be on the last Syllable of such a Verb, its Gerund will not suffer such an Elision: Thus the Gerund of *Devour* must always be Three Syllables, *Devouring*, not *Dev'ring*; because all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is, on the same Syllable: And the Accent always obliges the Syllable on which it is to remain entire.

The Gerunds of the Verbs in OW, accented on the last save Two, suffer an Elision of the O that precedes the W; as *Foll'wing*, *Wall'wing*.

The Particle *It* admits of an Elision of its Vowel before *Is*, *Was*, *Were*, *Will*, *Would*; as *'Tis*, *'Twas*, *'Twere*, *'Twill*, *'Twould*, for *It is*, *It was*, &c.

It likewise sometimes suffers the like Elision when plac'd after a Word that ends in a Vowel; as *By't* for *By it*, *Do't* for *Do it*: Or that ends in a Consonant after which the Letter T can be pronounc'd; as *Was't* for *Was it*, *In't* for *In it*, and the like: But this is not so frequent in heroick Verse.

The Particle *Is* may lose its *I* after any Word that ends in a Vowel, or in any of the Consonants after which the Letter S may be sounded; as *she's* for *she is*: The *Air's* for the *Air is*, &c.

To (Sign of the Infinitive Mood) may lose its O before any Verb that begins by a Vowel; as *T'amaze*, *T'undo*, &c.

To (Sign of the Dative Case) may likewise lose its O before any Noun that begins with a Vowel; as *i' Air*, *i' every*, &c. But this Elision is not so allowable as the former.

Are may lose its *A* after the Pronouns Personal, *We, You They*; as *We're, You're, They're*: And thus it is that this Elision ought to be made, and not as some do, by cutting off the final Vowels of the Pronouns Personal, *W^eare, Y^eare, Th^eare*.

Will and *Would* may lose all their first Letters, and retain only their final one, after any of the Pronouns Personal; as *I'll* for *I will*, *He'd* for *He would*; or after *Who*, as *who'll* for *who will*, *who'd* for *who would*.

Have, may lose its Two first Letters after *I, You, We, They*; as *I've, You've, We've, They've*.

Not, its Two first Letters after *can*; as *Can't* for *Can not*.

Am, its *A* after *I*: *I'm* for *I am*.

Us, its *U* after *Let*: *Let's* for *Let us*.

Taken, its *K*, as *Ta'en*: For so it ought to be written, not *ta'ne*.

Heaven, Seven, Even, Eleven, and the Participles *Driven, Given, Thriven*, and their Compounds, may lose their last Vowel; as *Heav'n, Forgiv'n, &c.* See the foregoing Section, p. 13.

To these may be added *Bow'r, Pow'r, Flow'r, Tow'r, Show'r*, for *Bower, Power, &c.*

Never, Ever, Over, may lose their *V*; and are contracted thus, *N^e'er, E^e'er, O^e'er*.

Some Words admit of an Elision of their first Syllable; as *'Tween, 'Twixt, 'Mong, 'Mongst, 'Gainst, 'Bove, 'Cause, 'Fore*, for *Between, Betwixt, Among, Amongst, Against, Above, Because, Before*. And some others that may be observ'd in reading our Poets.

I have already, in the 3d Section of this Chapter, spoken of the Elision of the *e* of the Particle *The* before Vowels: But it is requisite likewise to take notice, that it sometimes loses its Vowel before a Word that begins by a Consonant, and then its Two remaining Letters are joyn'd to the preceding Word; as *To th'Wall*, for *To the Wall*; *By th'Wall*, for *By the Wall, &c.* But this is scarce allowable in heroick Poetry.

The Particles *In, Of, and On*, sometimes lose their Consonants, and are joyn'd to the Particle *The* in like manner; as *i'th', o'th', for in the, of the*.

In some of our Poets we find the Pronoun *Hu* lose its two first Letters after any Word that ends in a Vowel ; as *to's* ; *by's* ; &c. for *to hu*, *by hu*, &c. Or after many Words that end in a Consonant, after which the Letter *S* can be pronounc'd ; as *In's*, *for's*, for *in his*, for *his*, &c. This is frequent in *Cowley*, who often takes too great a Liberty in his Contractions ; as *'your* for *to your*, *'which* for *to which*, and many others ; in which we must be cautious of following his Example : But the contracting of the Pronoun *His* in the manner I mention'd, is not wholly to be condemn'd.

We sometimes find the Word *Who* contracted before Words that begin by a Vowel ; as,

Wh' expose to Scorn and Hate both them and it.

Cowl.

And the Preposition *By* in like manner ; as,

*B' unequal Fate, and Providence's Crime.
Well did he know how Palms b' Oppression speed.*

Dryd.

Cowl.

And the Pronouns Personal, *He*, *She*, *They*, *We* ; as,

Timely b' obeys her wise Advice, and strait

To unjust Force sh' opposes just Deceit.

Themselves at first against themselves th' excite.

Shame and Woe to us, if w' our Wealth obey.

Cowl.

Cowl.

Cowl.

But these and the like Contractions are very rare in our most correct Poets, and ought indeed wholly to be avoided : For 'tis a general Rule, that no Vowel can be cut off before another, when it cannot be sunk in the Pronunciation of it : And therefore we ought to take care never to place a Word that begins by a Vowel, after a Word that ends in one (mute *E* only excepted) unless the final Vowel of the former can be lost in its Pronunciation : For, to leave two Vowels opening on each other, causes a very disagreeable *Hiatus*. Whenever therefore a Vowel ends a Word, the next ought to begin with a Consonant, or what is equivalent to it ; as our *W*, and *H* Aspirate, plainly are.

For which reason 'tis a Fault in some of our Poets to cut off the *e* of the Particle *The*, for Example, before a Word that begins by an *H* Aspirate ; as,

And th' hasty Troops march'd loud and cheerful down.

Cowl.

But if the *H* Aspirate be follow'd by another *E*, that of the Particle *The* may be cut off ; as,

Th' Heroick Prince's Courage or his Love.

Wall.

Th' Hesperian Fruit, and made the Dragon sleep.

Wall.

C H A P. II.

Of Rhyme.

S E C T. I.

What Rhyme is, and the several Sorts of it.

Rhyme is a Likeness or Uniformity of Sound in the Terminations of two Words; I say, of Sound, not of Letters; for the Office of Rhyme being to content and please the Ear, and not the Eye, the Sound only is to be regarded, not the Writing: Thus *Maid* and *Perswade*, *Laugh* and *Quaff*, tho' they differ in Writing, rhyme very well: But *Plough* and *Cough*, tho' written alike, rhyme not at all.

In our Versification we may observe three several sorts of Rhyme; Single, Double, and Treble.

The single Rhyme is of two sorts: One, of the Words that are accented on the last Syllable: Another, of those that have their Accent on the last save two.

The Words accented on the last Syllable, if they end in a Consonant, or mute E, oblige the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel that precedes their last Consonant, and to continue to the End of the Word: In a Consonant; as,

*Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit.*

Dryd.

In mute E; as,

*A Spark of Virtue by the deepest Shade
Of sad Adversity, is fairer made.*

Wall.

But if a Diphthong precede the last Consonant, the Rhyme must begin at that Vowel of it whose Sound most prevails; as,

*Next to the Pow'r of making Tempests cease,
Was in that Storm to have so calm a Peace.*

Wall.

If the Words accented on the last Syllable end in any of the Vowels except mute E, or in a Diphthong, the Rhyme is made

made only to that Vowel or Diphthong. To the Vowel, as;

*So wing'd with Praise we penetrate the Sky,
Teach Clouds and Stars to praise him as we fly.*

Wall.

To the Diphthong, as,

*So hungry Wolves; tho' greedy of their Prey;
Stop when they find a Lion in the Way.*

Wall.

The other sort of single Rhyme is of the Words that have their Accent on the last Syllable save two. And these rhyme to the other in the same Manner as the Former; that is to say, if they end in any of the Vowels except mute E; the Rhyme is made only to that Vowel; as,

*So seems to speak the youthful Deity;
Voice, Colour, Hair, and all like Mercury.*

Wall.

But if they end in a Consonant or mute E; the Rhyme must begin at the Vowel that precedes that Consonant, and continue to the End of the Word. As has been shewn by the former Examples.

But we must take Notice, that all the Words that are accented on the last save two, will rhyme not only to one another, but also to all the Words whose Terminations have the same Sound, tho' they are accented on the last Syllable. Thus *Tenderness* rhymes not only to *Poetess*, *Wretchedness*, and the like; that are accented on the last save two, but also to *Confess*; *Excess*, &c; that are accented on the last; as,

*Thou art my Father now; these Words confess
That Name, and that indulgent Tenderness.*

Dryd.

SECT. II.

Of Double and Treble Rhyme;

ALL Words that are accented on the last save one, require the Rhyme to begin at the Vowel of that Syllable, and to continue to the End of the Word; and this is what we call Double Rhyme; as,

*Then all for Women, Painting, Rhyming, Drinking;
Besides Ten thousand Freaks that dy'd in Thinking.*

Dryd.

But it is convenient to take Notice, that the ancient Poets did not always observe this Rule, and took Care only that the last Syllables of the Words should be alike in Sound, without any Regard to the Seat of the Accent. Thus *Nation* and *Affection*; *Tenderness* and *Hapless*; *Villany* and *Gentry*; *Follow* and

Willow, and the like, were allow'd as Rhymes to each other in the Days of *Chaucer*, *Spencer*, and the rest of the Antients; but this is now become a Fault in our Versification; and these Two Verses of *Cowley* rhyme not at all.

A clear and lively Brown was Merab's Dye;
Such as the proudest Colours might envy.

Nor these of *Dryden*.

Thus Air was void of Light, and Earth unstable,
And Waters dark Abyss unnavigable.

Because we may not place an Accent on the last Syllable of *Envy*, nor on the last save one of *unnavigable*; which nevertheless we must be oblig'd to do, if we make the first of them rhyme to *Dye*, the last to *Unstable*.

But we may observe that in Burlesque Poetry, it is permitted to place an Accent upon a Syllable that naturally has none; as,

When Pulpit, Drum, Ecclesiastick,
Was beat with Fist instead of a Stick.

Where unless we pronounce the Particle *A* with a strong Accent upon it, and make it sound like the Vowel *a* in the last Syllable but one of *Ecclesiastick*, the Verse will lose all its Beauty and Rhyme. But this is allowable in Burlesque Poetry only.

Observe that these double Rhymes may be compos'd of Two several Words, provided the Accent be on the last Syllable of the first of them; as in these Verses of *Cowley*, speaking of Gold;

A Curse on him who did refine it,
A Curse on him who first did coin it.

Or some of the Verses may end in an entire Word, and the Rhyme to it be compos'd of several; as,

Tho' stor'd with Deleterious Medicines,
Which whosoever took is dead since.

Hud.

The Treble Rhyme is, when in Words accented on the last save Two we begin the Rhyme at the Vowel of that Syllable, and continue it to the End of the Word: Thus *Charity* and *Parity*, *Tenderness* and *Slenderness*, &c. are treble Rhymes. And these too, as well as the double, may be compos'd of several Words; as,

There was an ancient sage Philosopher,
That had read Alexander Ross over.

Hud.

The Treble Rhyme is very seldom us'd, and ought wholly to be exploded from serious Subjects; for it has a certain Flat-ness

ness unworthy the Gravity requir'd in Heroick Verse. In which *Dryden* was of Opinion that even the double Rhymes ought very cautiously to find place; and in all his Translations of *Virgil*, he has made use of none except only in such Words as admit of a Contraction, and therefore cannot properly be said to be double Rhymes; as *Giv'n, Driv'n, Tow'r, Pow'r*, and the like. And indeed, considering their Measure is different from that of an Heroick Verse, which consists but of 10 Syllables, they ought not to be too frequently us'd in Heroick Poems; but they are very graceful in the Lyrick, to which, as well as to the Burlesque, those Rhymes more properly belong.

S E C T. III.

Further Instructions concerning Rhyme.

THE Consonants, that precede the Vowels where the Rhyme begins, must be different in Sound, and not the same; for then the Rhyme will be too perfect; as *Light, Delight; Vice, Advice*, and the like; for tho' such Rhymes were allowable in the Days of *Spencer* and the other old Poets, they are not so now; nor can there be any Musick in one single Note. *Cowley* himself owns, that they ought not to be employ'd except in Pindarick Odes, which is a sort of free Poetry, and there too very sparingly, and not without a Third Rhyme to answer to both; as,

*In barren Age wild and inglorious lye,
And boast of past Fertility,
The poor Relief of present Poverty.*

Cowl. }

Where the Words *Fertility* and *Poverty* rhyme very well to the last Word of the first Verse, *Lye*; but cannot rhyme to each other, because the Consonants that precede the last Vowels are the same, both in Writing and Sound.

But this is yet less allowable if the Accent be on the last Syllable of the Rhyme; as,

*Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrests* Blac.

From hence it follows that a Word cannot rhyme to its self, tho' the Signification be different; as *He leaves to the Leaves*, &c.

Nor the Words that differ both in Writing and Sense, if they have the same Sound, as *Maid* and *made*, *Prey* and *pray*, to *bow* and a *Bough*; as,

*How gawdy Fate may be in Presents sent,
And creep insensibly by Touch or Scent,*

Oldh.

Nor a Compound to its Simple ; as *Move to Remove, Taught to Untaught, &c.*

Nor the Compounds of the same Words to one another, as *Disprove to Approve*, and the like. All which proceeds from what I said before, *viz.* That the Consonants that precede the Vowel where the Rhyme begins, must not be the same in Sound, but different. In all which we vary from our Neighbours ; for neither the French, Italians nor Spaniards will allow that a Rhyme can be too perfect : And we meet with frequent Examples in their Poetry, where not only the Compounds rhyme to their Simples, and to themselves ; but even where Words written and pronounced exactly alike, provided they have a different Signification, are made use of as Rhymes to one another : But this is not permitted in our Poetry.

We must take care not to place a Word at the Middle of a Verse that rhymes to the last Word of it ; as,
So young in show, as if he still should grow.

But this Fault is still more inexcusable, if the Second Verse rhyme to the Middle and End of the First ; as,
*Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought.
Here Passion sways ; but there the Muse shall raise
Eternal Monuments of louder Praise.*

Cowl.

Wall.

Or both the Middle and End of the Second to the last Word of the First ; as,

*Farewell, she cry'd, my Sister, thou dear Part,
Thou sweetest Part of my divided Heart.*

Dryd.

Where the Tenderness of Expression will not atone for the Jingle.

CH A P. III.

Of the several sorts of Poems, or Compositions in Verse.

ALL our Poems may be divided into two sorts ; the first of those that are compos'd in Couplets; the second are those that are compos'd in Stanzas consisting of several Verses.

S E C T. I.

Of the Poems compos'd in Couplets.

IN the Poems compos'd in Couplets, the Rhymes follow one another, and end at each Couplet ; that is to say, the 2d Verse rhymes to the 1st, the 4th to the 3d, the 6th to the 5th, and in like manner to the End of the Poem.

The Verses employ'd in this sort of Poems, are either Verses of 10 Syllables ; as,

*Oh ! could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
My great Example, as it is my Theme ;
Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without Rage ; without o'erflowing full.*

Denh.

Or of 8 ; as

*O fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
Why urge you thus your haughty Birth :
The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born :
I can describe the shady Grove,
Where your lov'd Mother slept with Jove ;
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name :
Thy matchless Form will Credit bring,
To all the Wonders I shall sing.*

Wall.

Or of 7 ; as,

*Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the Day ?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our lives beyond their Span,
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.*

B 4

OF

*Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has Wings, and will away.*

Love has swifter Wings than Time.

Wall.

But the Second Verse of the Couplet does not always contain a like Number of Syllables with the First; as,

What shall I do to be for ever known,

And make the Age to come my own?

I shall like Beasts and common People dye,

Unless you write my Elegy.

Cowl.

SECT. II.

Of the Poems compos'd in Stanzas: And first, of the Stanzas consisting of Three and of Four Verses.

IN the Poems compos'd of Stanzas, each Stanza contains a certain Number of Verses consisting for the most Part of a different Number of Syllables: And a Poem that consists of several Stanzas we generally call an Ode; and this is Lyrick Poetry.

But we must not forget to observe that our antient Poets frequently made use of intermix'd Rhyme in their Heroick Poëms, which they dispos'd into Stanzas and Cantos. Thus the *Troilus* and *Cressida* of *Chaucer* is compos'd in Stanzas consisting of 7 Verses; the *Fairy Queen* of *Spencer* in Stanzas of 9, &c. And this they took from the *Italians*, whose Heroick Poems generally consist in Stanzas of 8. But this is now wholly laid aside, and *Davenant*, who compos'd his *Gondibert* in Stanzas of 4 Verses in alternate Rhyme, was the last that follow'd their Example of intermingling Rhymes in Heroick Poems.

The Stanzas employ'd in our Poetry cannot consist of less than Three, and are seldom of more than Twelve Verses, except in Pindarick Oades, where the Stanzas are different from one another in Number of Verses, as shall be shewn.

But to treat of all the different Stanzas, that are employ'd or may be admitted in our Poetry, would be a Labour no less tedious than useless; it being easie to demonstrate, that they may be vary'd almost to an Infinity, that would be different from one another, either in the Number of the Verses of each Stanza, or in the Number of the Syllables of each Verse; or lastly, in the various intermingling of the Rhyme. I shall therefore confine my self to mention only such as are most frequently us'd by the best of our modern Poets. And first of the Stanzas consisting of Three Verses. In

In the Stanzas of Three Verses, or Triplets, the Verses of each Stanza rhyme to one another; and are either Heroick; as,

*Nothing, thou Elder Brother e'en to shade!
Thou hadst a Being e'er the World was made.
And, (well-fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.* Roch.

Or else they consist of 8 Syllables; as these of Waller, Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

*Strange that such Horror and such Grace
Should dwell together in one Place,
A Fury's Arm, an Angel's Face.*

Nor do the Verses of these Stanzas always contain a like Number of Syllables; for the First and Third may have Ten, the Second but Eight; as,

*Men without Love have oft so cunning grown,
That something like it they have shewn,
But none who had it, e'er seem'd to have none.
Love's of a strangely open, simple Kind,
Can no Arts or Disguises find,
But thinks none sees it, 'cause it self is blind.* Cowl.

In the Stanzas of Four Verses the Rhyme may be intermix'd in Two different Manners; for either the 1st and 3d Verse may rhyme to each other, and by consequence the 2d and 4th, and this is call'd Alternate Rhyme; or the 1st and 4th may rhyme, and by consequence the 2d and 3d.

But there are some Poems in Stanzas of Four Verses, where the Rhymes follow one another, and the Verse differ in Number of Syllables only; as in Cowley's Hymn to the Light, which begins thus,

*First-born of Chaos! who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome Womb:
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Maf put on kind Looks and smil'd.*

But these Stanzas are generally in Alternate Rhyme, and the Verses consist either of 10 Syllables; as,

*She ne'er saw Courts, but Courts could have undone
With untaught Looks and an unpractis'd Heart:
Her Nets the most prepar'd could never shun;
For Nature spread them in the Scorn of Art.* Dav.

Or of 8; as,

*Had Echo with so sweet a Grace,
Narcissus loud Complaints return'd:
Not for Reflexion of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.* Wall.
Or

Or of 10 and 8, that is to say, the 1st and 3d of 10; the 2d and 4th of 8; as,

Love from Time's Wings has stol'n the Feathers sure,

He has, and put them to his own:

For Hours of late as long as Days endure,

And very Minutes Hours are grown.

Cowl.

Or of 8 and 6 in the like Manner; as,

Then ask not Bodies doom'd to dye,

To what Abode they go:

Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy,

'Tis better not to know,

Day.

Or of 7; as,

Not the silver Doves that fly,

Toak'd in Cytherea's Gar;

Nor the Wings that lift so high,

And convey her Son so far;

Are so lovely sweet and fair,

Or do more ennoble Love;

Are so chieftly match'd a Pair,

Or with more Consent do move.

Wall.

Note, That it is absolutely necessary that both the Construction and Sense should end with the Stanza, and not fall into the Beginning of the following one, as it does in the last Example, which is a Fault wholly to be avoided.

SECT. III.

Of the Stanzas of Six Verses.

THE Stanzas of Six Verses, are generally only one of the before-mention'd Quadrans or Stanzas of Four Verses, with Two Verses at the End that rhyme to one another; as,

A rural Judge dispos'd of Beauty's Prize,

A simple Shepherd was prefer'd to Jove;

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies

Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,

To plead for that which was so justly giv'n,

To the bright Carlisle of the Courts of Heav'n.

Where the 4 first Verses are only a Quadrans, and consist of 10 Syllables each in Alternate Rhyme:

The

The following Stanza in like manner is compos'd of a Quadran, whose Verses consist of 8 Syllables; and to which 2 Verses that rhyme to one another are added at the End; as,

*Hope waits upon the flowry Prime,
And Summer, tho' it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a Time
Of Declination and Decay;
For with a full Hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.*

Wall.

Sometimes the Quadran ends the Stanza, and the two Lines of the same Rhyme begin it; as,

*Here's to thee Dick, this whining Love despise:
Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she;
'Tis pure and right without Deceit,
And such no Woman e'er can be;
No, they are all Sophisticate.*

Cowl.

Or as in these, where the first and last Verses of the Stanza consist of 10 Syllables;

*When Chance or cruel Bus'ness parts us two,
What do our Souls, I wonder, do?
While Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay;
Content with Dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the Way.*

Cowl.

Or as in the following Stanza, where the 4th and 5th Verses rhyme to each other, and the 3d and 6th;

*While what I write I do not see,
I dare thus ev'n to you write Poetry.
Ah foolish Musc! that dost so high aspire,
And know'st her Judgment well,
How much it does thy Pow'r excell;
Yet dar'st be read by thy just Doom the Fire.*

Cowl.

(Written in Juice of Lemon.)

But in some of these Stanzas the Rhymes follow one another; as,

*Take Heed, take Heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd:
Thy self for Money! Oh! let no Man know
The Price of Beauty fall'n so low.
What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread
When Love that's blind is by blind Fortune led?*

Cowl.

Lastly,

Lastly, some of these Stanzas are compos'd of 2 Triplets; as,
*The Lightning, which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
 To strike sometimes does not disdain
 The humble Furzes of the Plain.
 She being so high, and I so low,
 Her Pow'r by this does greater show,
 Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.* Cowl:

S E C T. IV.

Of the Stanzas of 8 Verses.

I Have already said, that the *Italians* compose their Heroick Poems in Stanzas of 8 Verses, where the Rhyme is dispos'd as follows; the 1st, 3d, and 5th Verses rhyme to one another, and the 2d 4th, and 6th; the Two last always rhyme to each other. Now our Translators of their Heroick Poems have observ'd the same Stanza and Disposition of Rhyme; of which take the following Example from *Fairfax's* Translation of *Tasso's Goffredo, Cant. 1. Stan. 3d.*

*Thither thou know'st the World is best inclin'd
 Where luring Parnass most his Beams imparts;
 And Truth convey'd in Verse of gentlest kind,
 To read sometimes, will move the dullest Hearts;
 So we, if Children young diseas'd we find,
 Anoint with Sweets the Vessel's foremost Parts,
 To make them taste the Potions sharp we give;
 They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.*

But our Poets seldom imploy this Stanza in Compositions of their own; where the following Stanzas of 8 Verses are most frequent.

*Some others may with Safety tell
 The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;
 And either find some Medicine there,
 Or cure themselves ev'n by Despair:
 My Love's so great, that it might prove
 Dang'rous to tell her that I love.
 So tender is my Wound, it cannot bear
 Any Salute, tho' of the kindest Air.* Cowl.

Where the Rhymes follow one another, and the 6 first Verses consist of 8 Syllables each, the 2 last of 10.

We have another sort of Stanza of 8 Verses, where the 4th rhymes to the 1st, the 3d to the 2d, and the 4 last are Two Couplets; and where the 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th, are of 10 Syllables each, the 4 others but of 8; as,

*I've often wish'd to love: VVhat shall I do?
Me still the cruel Boy does spare;
And I a double Task must bear,
First to wooe him, and then a Mistress too.
Come at last, and strike for shame,
If thou art any thing besides a Name;
I'll think thee else no God to be,
But Poets, rather, Gods, who first created thee.* Cowl.

Another, when the 2 first and 2 last Verses consist of 10 Syllables each, and rhyme to one another, the 4 other but of 8 in Alternate Rhyme.

*Tho' you be absent hence, I needs must say,
The Trees as beauteous are, and Flow'rs as gay,
As ever they were wont to be:
Nay the Birds rural Musick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they sung to pleasure you.
I saw a Rose-bud ope this Morn; I'll swear
The blushing Morning open'd not more fair.* Cowl.

Another, where the 4 first Verses are Two Couplets, the 4 last in Alternate Rhyme; as in Cowley's Ode Of a Lady that made Posies for Rings.

*I little thought the Time would ever be,
That I should VVit in dwarfish Posies see.
As all VVords in few Letters live,
Thou to few VVords all Sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare Art,
In such a little much to shew;
VVho all the Good she did impart
To VVemankind, epitomis'd in you.*

SECT. V.

Of the Stanzas of 10 and of 12 Verses.

THE Stanzas of 10 and 12 Verses are seldom employ'd in our Poetry, it being very difficult to confine our selves to a certain Disposition of Rhyme, and Measure of Verse, for
so

So many Lines together ; for which Reason those of 4, 6, and 8 Verses are the most frequent. However we sometimes find some of 10 and 12; as in Cowley's Ode, which he calls *Verse lost upon a Wager*, where the Rhymes follow one another, but the Verses differ in number of Syllables.

*As soon hereafter will I Wagers lay
Gainst what an Oracle shall say:
Fool that I was to venture to deny
A Tongue so us'd to Victory;
A Tongue so blest by Nature and by Art,
That never yet spoke but gain'd a Heart.
Tho' what you said had not been true,
If spoke by any else but you;
Your Speech will govern Destiny,
And Fate will change rather than you shall lye.*

CowL.

The same Poet furnishes us with an Example of a Stanza of 12 Verses in the Ode he calls *The Prophet*; where the Rhymes are observ'd in the same Manner as in the former Example.

*Teach me to love! Go teach thy self more Wit:
I chief Professor am of it.
Teach Craft to Scots, and Thrift to Jews;
Teach Baldness to the Stews.
In Tyrants Courts teach supple Flattery,
Teach Jesuits that have travell'd far to lye;
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach restless Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull Earth fixt to abide,
Teach Womankind Inconstancy and Pride.
See if your Diligence there will useful prove;
But prithee teach not me to love.*

S E C T. VI.

Of the Stanzas that consist of an odd Number of Verses.

WE have also Stanzas that consist of odd Numbers of Verses, as of 5, 7, 9, and 11; in all which it of necessity follows, that three Verses of the Stanza rhyme to one another, or that one of them be a blank Verse.

In the Stanzas of 5 Verses the 1st and 3d may rhyme, and the 2d and two last; as,

See

*Sees not my Love how Time resumes
The Beauty which he lent these Flow'rs :
Tho' none should taste of their Perfumes,
Yet they must live but some few Hours :
Time what we forbear, devours.*

Wall.

Which is only a Stanza of 4 Verses in Alternate Rhyme, to which a 5th Verse is added that rhymes to the 2d and 4th.

See also an Instance of a Stanza of 5 Verses, where the Rhymes are intermix'd in the same Manner as the former, but the 1st and 3d Verses are compos'd but of 4 Syllables each.

*Go lovely Rose,
Tell her that wasts her Time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.*

Wall.

In the following Example the two first Verses rhyme, and the three last.

*'Tis well, 'tis well with them, said I,
Whose short-liv'd Passions with themselves can dye.
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midst all his Ills a Time does know,
Tho' ne'er so long, when he shall not be so.*

Cowl.

In this Stanza, the two first and the last, and the 3d and 4th rhyme to one another.

*It is enough, enough of Time and Pain
Hast thou consum'd in vain :
Leave, wretched Cowley, leave,
Thy self with Shadows to deceive.
Think that already lost which thou must never Gain.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas of 7 Verses are frequent enough in our Poetry, especially among the Ancients, who compos'd many of their Poems in this sort of Stanza : See the Example of one of them taken from *Spencer in The Ruines of Time*, where the 1st and 3d Verses rhyme to one another, the 2d, 4th and 5th, and the 2 last.

*But Fame with golden Wings aloft does fly
Above the Reach of ruinous Decay,
And with brave Plumes does beat the Azure Sky,
Admir'd of base-born Men from far away :
Then whose will with virtuous Deeds essay,
To mount to Heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And in sweet Poets Verse be glorify'd,*

I have rather chosen to take notice of this Stanza, because that Poet and Chaucer have made use of it in many of their Poems, tho' they have not been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns; whose Stanzas of 7 Verses are generally compos'd as follows.

Either the Four first Verses are a Quadran in Alternate Rhyme, and the Three last rhyme to one another; as,

*Now by my Love, the greatest Oath that is,
None loves you half so well as I;
I do not ask your Love for this,
But for Heaven's Sake believe me, or I dye.
No Servant sure but did deserve
His Master should believe that he did serve;
And I'll ask no more Wages tho' I starve.*

Cowl.

Or the Four first are Two Couplets, and the Three last a Triplet; as,

*Indeed I must confess
When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
But not compleat till Bodies too combine,
And closely as our Minds together joyn.
But Half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,
'Till by Love in Heav'n at last,
Their Bodies too are plac'd.*

Cowl.

Or, on the contrary, the Three first may rhyme, and the Four last be in Rhymes that follow one another; as,

*From Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the Passions else that be,
In vain I boast of Liberty:
In vain this State a Freedom call,
Since I have Love; and Love is all,
So that I am! who think it fit to brag
That I have no Disease besides the Plague.*

Cowl.

Or the 1st may rhyme to the 2 last, the 2d to the 5th, and the 3d and 4th to one another; as,

*In vain thou drowst God I thee invoke;
For thou who dost from Fumes arise,
Thou who Man's Soul dost overshadow
With a thick Cloud by Vapours made;
Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoak.*

Cowl.

Or lastly, the Four first and Two last may be in following Rhyme, and the 5th a Blank Verse; as,

Thou

*Thou robb'st my Days of Bu'sness and Delights,
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights.
Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What, rob me of Heav'n too!
Thou ev'n my Prayers dost from me steal,
And I with wild Idolatry
Begin to God, and end them all in thee.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas of 9 and of 11 Syllables are not so frequent as those of 5 and of 7. Spencer has compos'd his *Fairy Queen* in Stanzas of 9 Verses, where the 1st rhymes to the 3d, the 2d to the 4th 5th and 7th, and the 6th to the two last. But this Stanza is very difficult to maintain, and the unlucky Choisee of it reduc'd him often to the Necessity of making use of many exploded Words: Nor has he, I think, been follow'd in it by any of the Moderns, whose 6 first Verses of the Stanzas that consist of 9; are generally in Rhymes that follow one another, and the Three last a Triplet; as,

*Beauty, Love's Scene and Masquerade,
So well by well-plac'd Lights, and Distance made;
False Coin! with which th'Impostor cheats us still;
The Stamp and Colour good, but Metal ill:
Which light or base we find, when we
Weigh by Enjoyment, and examine thee.
For tho' thy Being be but Show,
'Tis chiefly Night which Men to thee allow,
And chuse t'enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.*

Cowl.

In the following Example the like Rhyme is observ'd, but the Verses differ in Measure from the Former.

*Beneath this gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for my Sorrows made;
I'll spend this Voice in Cries;
In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,
By Love so vainly fed:
So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
Ah wretched Youth! said I;
Ah wretched Youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah wretched Youth! the Fields and Floods reply.*

Cowl.

The Stanzas consisting of 11 Verses are yet less frequent than those of 9, and have nothing particular to be observ'd in them. Take an Example of one of them, where the 6 first are 3 Couplets, the three next a Triplet, the two last a Couplet; and where the 4th, the 7th, and the last Verses are of 10 Syllables each, the others of 8.

No; to what Purpose should I speak?
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break:
 She cannot love me if she would,
 And, to say Truth, 'twere Pity that she should.
 No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
 As silent as they will be there;
 Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
 So handsomly the thing contrive,
 That she may guiltless of it live:
 So perish, that her killing thee
 May a Chance-Medley, and no Murther be.

Cowl.

S E C T. VII.

Of Pindarick Odes, and Poems in Blank Verse.

THE Stanzas of Pindarick Odes are neither confin'd to a certain Number of Verses, nor the Verses to a certain Number of Syllables, nor the Rhyme to a certain Distance. Some Stanzas contain 50 Verses or more, others not above 10, and sometimes not so many: Some Verses 14, nay, 16 Syllables, others not above 4: Sometimes the Rhymes follow one another for several Couplets together, sometimes they are remov'd 6 Verses from each other; and all this in the same Stanza. Cowley was the first who introduc'd this sort of Poetry into our Language: Nor can the Nature of it be better describ'd than as he himself has done it, in one of the Stanzas of his Ode upon *Liberty*, which I will transcribe, not as an Example, for none can properly be given where no Rule can be prescrib'd, but to give an Idea of the Nature of this sort of Poetry.

*If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,
 In which he only hits the White,
 Who joins true Profit with the best Delight;
 The more Heroick Strain let others take,
 Mine the Pindarick way I'll make:
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and free;
 It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,
 Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme.
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispence,
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the Sense.*

Nor

Nor shall it never from one Subject start,
 Nor seek Transitions to depart;
 Nor its set way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,
 Nor thro' Lanes a Compass take,
 As if it fear'd some Trespass to commit,
 When the wide Air's a Road for it.
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay
 Till the whole Carcass he devour,
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r,
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,
 That he can never want Plenty of Food;
 He only sucks the tastful Blood,
 And so fresh Game flies chearfully away,
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

This sort of Poetry is employ'd in all Manner of Subjects;
 in Pleasant, in Grave, in Amorous, in Heroick, in Philosophical, in Moral, and in Divine.

Blank Verse is where the Measure is exactly kept without Rhyme; *Shakespear*, to avoid the troublesome Constraint of Rhyme, was the first who invented it; our Poets since him have made use of it in many of their Tragedies and Comedies: But the most celebrated Poem in this kind of Verse is *Milton's Paradise Lost*; from the 5th Book of which I have taken the following Lines for an Example of Blank Verse.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
 Almighty! thine this universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair! thy Self how wondrous then!
 Speak you, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
 Angels! for you behold him, and with Songs,
 And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night
 Circle his Throne rejoycing, you in Heaven.
 On Earth! joyn all ye Creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of Stars! last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,
 While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime!
 Thou Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his Praise
 In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st
 And when high Noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,
 And ye Five other wandring Fires! that move
 In Mystick Dance; not without Song, resound

*His Praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light.
 Air ! and ye Elements ! the eldest Birth
 Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternal run
 Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless Change
 Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations ! that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
 In Honour to the World's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs,
 Rising or falling, still advance his Praise.
 His Praise, ye Winds ! that from four Quarters blow,
 Breath soft or loud ; and wave your Tops, ye Pines !
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship, wave.
 Fountains ! and ye that warble as you flow
 Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
 Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds !
 That singing, up to Heav'n's high Gate ascend,
 Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.
 Ye that in Waters glide ! and ye that walk
 The Earth ! and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
 Witness if I be silent, Ev'n or Morn,
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain or fresh Shade,
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.*

Thus I have given a short Account of all the sorts of
 Poems, that are most us'd in our Language. The Acrosticks,
 Anagrams, &c. deserve not to be mention'd, and we may say
 of them what an antient Poet said long ago.

*Stultum est difficiles habere Nugas,
 Et stultus Labor est ineptiarum.*



F I N I S.

A
COLLECTION
OF THE
Most Natural and Sublime
THOUGHTS.

V I Z.

Allusions, Similes, Descriptions, and Characters, of *Persons and Things*; that are in the best *English Poets*.

Sic posita, quoniam suaves miscetis Odores.

VIRG.



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*The NAMES of the AUTHORS that are cited
by their Abbreviations in this Collection.*

M R. Addison	Add.	Lee	Lee:
Dr. Atterbury	Atter.	Milton	Milt.
Beaumont and Fletcher	Beau.	Mar. of Normandy, now Duke	Duke
Behn	Behn.	of <i>Buckingham</i> .	Norm.
Sir Richard Blackmore	Black.	Oldham	Oldh.
Brown	Brown.	Orway	Otw.
Late D. of Buckingham	Buck.	Mr. Prior	Prior.
Cleaveland	Cleav.	Ratcliff	Rat.
Mr. Congreve	Cong.	Late Earl of Rochester	Roch.
Cowley	Cowl.	E. of Roscomon	Rosc.
Creech	Cr.	Mr. Rowe	Row.
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Dr. Garth	Gar.	Mr. Tate	Tate:
Lord Halifax	Hal.	Walsh	Wal.
Mr. Harvey	Harv.	Waller	Wall.
Sir Robert Howard	How.	Mr. Wycherley	Wych.
Hudibras	Hud.	Mr. Yalden	Yald.
Ben Johnson	Joh.		

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenus ac melius Chrysepe & Crantore dicunt.* Hor.



A
COLLECTION
OF THE

Most Natural and Sublime
THOUGHTS, of the best *ENGLISH*
POETS.

ABSENCE. See Parting.

I Mourn in Absence, Love's eternal Night. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*
It was not kind,

To leave me, like a Turtle, here alone,
To droop, and mourn the Absence of my Mate.
When thou art from me ev'ry Place is desert,
And I methinks am savage and forlorn.

Thy Presence only 'tis can make me blest'd ;
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

Otw. Orph.

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years ;

And ev'ry little Absence is an Age.

Dryd. Amphit.

The tedious Hours move heavily away,

And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

For thee the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,

And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy Return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Night must involve the World till she appear ;

The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads ;

The Birds awake not to their morning Songs,

Nor early Hinds renew their constant Labour :

Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her Call,

Regardless of th' Approach of any other Day.

Row. Ulyss.

Winds murmur'd thro' the Leaves your short Delay,

And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your stay :

But, with your Presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,

And Walks wear fresher Green at your Return. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

The Joys of Meeting pay the Pangs of Absence,

Else who could bear it ?

When thy lov'd Sight shall bless my Eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain. *Row. Tam.* }

I charge thee loiter not, but haste to bless me;
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn:
Think how I call thee cruel for thy Stay, *(Ulyss.)*
And break my Heart with Grief for thy unkind Delay. *Row.*

Fly swift, ye Hours, you measure Time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again:
Be swifter now, and to redeem that Wrong,
When he and I are met be twice as long. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.*

While in divine *Panthea's* charming Eyes,
I view the naked Boy that basking lies,
I grow a God! so blest, so blest am I
With sacred Rapture and immortal Joy!

But, absent, if she shines no more,
And hides the Sun that I adore,
Strait, like a Wretch despairing, I
Sigh, languish in the Shade, and die.
Oh! I were lost in endless Night,
If her bright Presence brought not Light;
Then I revive, blest as before,
The Gods themselves can not be more!

For Passion by long Absence does improve,
And makes that Rapture which before was Love. *Rock.*
Step.

A D V I C E.

When things go ill, each Fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise:
All wretchedly deplore the present State;
And that Advice seems best which comes too late.

[Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.]

Take sound Advice, proceeding from a Heart,
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent Art. *Dryd. Virg.*

Æ G E O N.

Ægeon, when with Heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in Arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred Hands, provok'd the War,
Defy'd the forky Lightning from afar:
At fifty Mouths his flaming Breath expires,
And Flash for Flash returns, and Fires for Fires:
In his right Hand as many Swords he weilds,
And takes the Thunder on as many Shields.
Briareus call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
By his Terrestrial Name Ægeon know.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Hom.

Æ O L U S: Sea Winds, Storm.

The God, who does in Caves constrain the Winds,

Can



Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,
They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas.

Yet once indulg'd, they sweep the Main,
Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain.
They bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,
And not content with Seas, insult the Shore ;
When Ocean, Air, and Earth at once engage,
And rooted Forests fly before their Rage,
At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,
And Lightnings run across the Fields above.
In Times of Tempest they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the Throne.

Dryd. Ovid.

Æolus, to whom the King of Heav'n
The Pow'r of Tempests and of Winds has giv'n ;
Whose Force alone their Fury can restrain,
And smooth the Waves, or swell the troubled Main :

The Jailor of the Wind,
Whose hoarse Commands his breathing Subjects call ;
He boasts and blusters in his empty Hall.

Dryd. Virg.

Æ T N A.

Mount *Ætna* thence we spy,
Known by the smoaky Flames which cloud the Sky.
By turns a pitchy Cloud she rowls on high ;
By turns hot Embers from her Entrails fly,
And Flakes of mounting Flames that lick the Sky.
Oft from her Bowels massy Rocks are thrown,
And shiver'd by the Force, come Piecemeal down.
Oft liquid Lakes of burning Sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery Springs that boil below.

Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by *Jove*,
With blasted Wings came tumbling from above ;
And where he fell th'avenging Father drew
This flaming Hill, and on his Body threw :
As often as he turns his weary Sides,
He shakes the solid Isle, and Smoke the Heavens hides.

Here press'd *Enceladus* with mighty Loads, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
Vomits Revenge in Flames against the Gods :
Thro' *Ætna's* Jaws he impudently threats,
And thund'ring Heav'n with equal Thunder beats. *Cr. Lucr.*

So Contraries on *Ætna's* Top conspire ;
Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire.
A Peace secure the faithful Neighbours keep ;
Th'imbolden'd Snow next to the Flame does sleep. *Cowl.*

As when the Force
Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill,
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd Side
Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible

And

And fuel'd Entrails thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with min'ral Fury, aid the Winds,
 And leave a sing'd Bottom all involv'd
 With Stench and Smoke.

Milt.

The Four AGES of the World.

GOLDEN AGE.

The Golden Age was first, when Man yet new,
 No Rule, but uncorrupted Reason, knew ;
 And with a native Bent did Good pursue.
 Unforc'd by Punishment, unaw'd by Fear,
 His Words were simple, and his Soul sincere :
 Needless was written Law, where none oppress'd,
 The Law of Man was written in his Breast.
 No suppliant Crowds before the Judge appear'd,
 No Court erected yet, nor Cause was heard ;
 But all was safe, for Conscience was their Guard.
 The Mountain Trees in distant Prospect please ;
 E'er yet the Pine descended to the Seas ;
 E'er Sails were spread new Oceans to explore,
 And happy Mortals, unconcern'd for more,
 Confin'd their Wishes to their native Shore.
 No Walls were yet, nor Fence, nor Moat, nor Mound ;
 Nor Drum was heard, nor Trumpet's angry Sound ;
 Nor Swords were forg'd : But void of Care and Crime,
 The soft Creation slept away their Time.
 The teeming Earth, yet guiltless of the Plough,
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful Stores allow.
 Content with Food which Nature freely bred,
 On Wildings and on Strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and Bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling Acorns furnish'd out a Feast.
 The Flow'rs unsworn in Fields and Meadows reign'd,
 And Western Winds immortal Spring maintain'd.
 In following Years the bearded Corn ensu'd
 From Earth unask'd, nor was that Earth renew'd.
 From Veins of Vallies Milk and Nectar broke,
 And Honey sweated thro' the Pores of Oak.

SILVER AGE.

But when Good *Saturn*, banish'd from above,
 Was driv'n to Hell, the World was under *Jove* :
 Succeeding Times a silver Age behold,
 Excelling Brass, but more excell'd by Gold.
 Then Summer, Autumn, Winter, did appear,
 And Spring was but a Season of the Year.
 The Sun his annual Course obliquely made,
 Good Days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.
 The Air with sultry Heats began to glow,
 The Wings of Winds were clog'd with Ice and Snow: And

And shiv'ring Mortals, into Houses driven,
Sought Shelter from th'Inclemency of Heaven.
Their Houses then were Caves, or homely Steds,
With twining Oziers fence'd, and Moss their Beds.
Then Ploughs for Seed the fruitful Furrows broke,
And Oxen labour'd first beneath the Yoke.

BRAZEN AGE.

To this came next in Course the Brazen Age ;
A warlike Off-spring, prompt to bloody Rage,
Not impious yet.

IRON AGE.

Hard Steel succeeded then,
And stubborn, as the Metal, were the Men.
Truth, Modesty, and Shame, the World forsook,
Fraud, Avarice, and Force, their Places took :
Then Sails were spread to ev'ry Wind that blew,
Raw were the Sailors, and the Depths were new.
Trees rudely hollow'd did the Waves sustain,
E'er Ships in Triumph plow'd the watry Main.
Then Land-marks limited to each his Right,
For all before was common as the Light :
Nor was the Ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual Income to the crooked Share ;
But greedy Mortals rummaging her Store,
Dig'd from her Entrails first the precious Ore ;
(Which next to Hell the prudent Gods had laid,)
And that alluring Ill to sight display'd :
Thus curst Steel, and more accursed Gold,
Gave Mischief Birth, and made that Mischief bold ;
And double Death did wretched Man invade,
By Steel assaulted, and by Gold betray'd.
Now, brandish'd Weapons glitt'ring in their Hands,
Mankind is broken loose from moral Bands.
No Rights of Hospitality remain,
The Guest, by him that harbour'd him, is slain:
The Son-in-Law pursues his Father's Life ;
The Wife her Husband murders, he the Wife :
The Stepdame Poyson for the Son prepares ;
The Son inquires into his Father's Years ;
Faith flies, and Piety in Exile mourns,
And Justice, here oppress'd, to Heav'n returns. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Silver Age.

E'er this no Peasant vex'd the peaceful Ground,
Which only Turfs and Greens for Altars found :
No Fences parted Fields ; nor Marks, nor Bounds
Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Grounds :
But all was common, and the fruitful Earth
Was free to give her unexacted Birth.

Fove added Venom to the Vipers Brood,
 And swell'd with raging Storms the peaceful Flood;
 Commission'd hungry Wolves t'infest the Fold,
 And shook from Oaken Leaves the liquid Gold:
 Remov'd from human Reach the chearful Fire;
 And from the Rivers bad the Wine retire:
 That studious Need might useful Arts explore
 From furrow'd Fields to reap the foodful Store:
 And force the Veins of clashing Flints t'expire
 The lurking Seeds of their celestial Fire.
 Then first on Seas the hollow'd Alder swam:
 Then Sailors quarter'd Heav'n, and found a Name
 For ev'ry fixt, and ev'ry wand'ring Star,
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, and the *Northern Car*.
 Then Toils for Beasts, and Lime for Birds were found;
 And deep-mouth'd Dogs did Forest-Walks surround;
 And Casting-Nets were spread in hollow Brooks;
 Drags in the deep, and Baits were hung on Hooks:
 Then Saws were tooth'd, and sounding Axes made;
 And various Arts in Order did succeed.

Dryd. Virg.

Future Golden Age.

Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,
 And fragrant Herbs, the Promises of Spring:
 The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed;
 And lowing Herds, secure from Lions, feed.
 The Serpents Brood shall die: The sacred Ground
 Shall Weeds and poy'snous Plants refuse to bear,
 Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear:
 Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
 And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on ev'ry Thorn.
 The knotted Oak shall Show'rs of Honey weep;
 And thro' the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.
 The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
 No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware,
 For ev'ry Soil shall ev'ry Product bear.
 The lab'ring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,
 No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-Hook the Vine,
 Nor Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine. }
 But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
 With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
 Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat,
 And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lambs shall bleat.

Dryd. Virg.

A L E C T O.

The Virgin Daughter of eternal Night.
 She still delights in War, and human Woes.
 Ev'n *Pluto* hates his own mishapen Race.
 Her Sister Furies fly her hideous Face:

So

So frightful are the Forms the Monster takes,
 So fierce the Hissings of her speckled Snakes:
 'Tis hers, to ruin Realms, o'erturn a State;
 Betwixt the dearest Friends to raise Debate,
 And kindle Kindred Blood to mutual Hate:
 Her Hand o'er Towns the fun'ral Torch displays,
 And forms a Thousand Ills, Ten thousand Ways.
 She shakes from out her fruitful Breast the Seeds
 Of Envy, Discord, and of cruel Deeds:
 Confounds establish'd Peace, and does prepare
 Their Souls to Hatred, and their Hands to War. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Fates infernal Minister;

War, Death, Destruction, in her Hands she bears;
 Her curling Snakes with Hissings fill the Place,
 And open all the Furies of her Face.
 Her Chains she rattles, and her Whips she shakes,
 Churning her bloody Foam. *Dryd. Virg.*

A M A Z O N.

So march'd the *Thracian Amazons* of old
 When *Thermodon* with bloody Billows roul'd;
 Such Troops as these in shining Arms were seen,
 When *Theseus* met in Fight their Maiden Queen.
 Such to the Field *Penthesilea* led,
 From the fierce Virgin when the *Grecians* fled.
 With such return'd triumphant from the War,
 Her Maids with Cries attend the lofty Car;
 They clash with manly Force their moony Shields,
 With female Shouts resound the *Phrygian* Fields. *Dryd. Virg.*

Resistless thro' the War *Camilla* rode,
 In Danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with Blood.
 One Side was bare for her exerted Breast,
 One Shoulder with her painted Quiver press'd.
 Now from afar her fatal Jav'lin's play;
 Now with her Ax's Edge she hews her Way.
Diana's Arms upon her Shoulders sound,
 And when too closely press'd, she quits the Ground,
 From her bent Bow she sends a backward Wound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Penthesilea there, with haughty Grace,
 Leads to the War an *Amazonian* Race:
 In their right Hands a pointed Dart they wield;
 Their left, for Ward, sustains the Lunar Shield.
 Athwart her Breast a golden Belt she throws;
 Amidst the Press, alone, provokes a thousand Foes,
 And dares her maiden Arms to manly Force oppose. *Dryd. Virg.*

The little *Amazon* could hardly go,
 He loads her with a Quiver and a Bow,
 And that she might her stagg'ring Steps command,

He

He with a slender Jav'lin fills her Hand :
 Her flowing Hair no golden Fillets bound,
 Nor swept her trailing Robe the dusty Ground.
 Instead of these a Tyger's Hide o'erspread
 Her Back and Shoulders, fasten'd to her Head.
 The flying Dart the first attempts to fling,
 And round her tender Temples toss'd the Sling.
 Then as her Strength with Years increas'd, began
 To pierce aloft in Air the soaring Swan, [Dryd. Virg.]
 And from the Clouds to fetch the Heron and the Crane.

AMBITION. See Greatness.

Ambition is a Lust that's never quench'd,
 Grows more inflam'd, and madder by Enjoyment. Orw. Cai. Mar.

Ambition is at distance

A goodly Prospect, tempting to the View :
 The Height delights us, and the Mountain-Top
 Looks beautiful, because 'tis nigh to Heav'n ;
 But we ne'er think how sandy's the Foundation,
 What Storms will batter, and what Tempests shake us. Orw.

At lowest Ebb of Fortune when you lay
 Contented, then how happy was the Day : (Ven. Prof.)

But oh ! the Curse of aiming to be great,
 Dazled with Hope, we cannot see the Cheat.

When wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
 Farewel Content, and Quiet of the Mind :

For glitt'ring Clouds we leave the solid Shore,
 And wanted Happiness returns no more:

Har. Jwo.

But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand ;
 And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land. Dryd. Abs. & Achit.

Yet true Renown is still with Virtue joyn'd,
 But Lust of Pow'r lets loose th'unbridl'd Mind. Dryd. Awen:

Ambition ! the Desire of active Souls,
 That pushes them beyond the bounds of Nature,
 And elevates the Hero to the Gods. Row. Amb. Step.

O Energy divine of great Ambition !
 That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,
 And ripen 'em to Men in spite of Nature. Row. Amb. Step.

Ambition is like Love, impatient
 Both of Delays and Rivals. Denh. Soph.

Ambition's never safe, till Pow'r be past.
 As Men, till impotent, are seldom chaste. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

Ambition is the Dropsy of the Soul,
 Whose Thirst we must not yield to, but controul. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

If Glory was a Bait that Angels swallow'd,
 How then should Souls ally'd to Sense, resist it? Dryd. Sec. Love.

One World suffic'd not Alexander's Mind :
 Coop'd up he seem'd, in Earth and Seas, confin'd :

And

And struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
 The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out:
 Yet enter'd in the Brick-built Town, he try'd
 The Tomb, and found the straight Dimensions wide.
 Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
 The mighty Soul how small a Body holds.

Dryd. Juv.

The Blast which his ambitious Spirit swell'd,
 See by how weak a Tenure it was held:

Dryd. Auren.

Ambition's like a Circle on the Water,
 Which never ceases to enlarge it self,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought:

Shak. Hen. 6.

Vaulting Ambition still o'erleaps it self.

Shak. Macb.

ANGEL.

Then *Gabriel*

Bodies and cloaths himself with thicken'd Air,
 All like a comely Youth, in Life's fresh Bloom,
 Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom!
 He took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,
 That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd thro' with Light.
 Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,
 Wash'd from the Morning Beauties deepest Red.
 A harmless flaming Meteor shone for Hair,
 And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.
 He cut out a silk Mantle from the Skies,
 Where the most sprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.
 This he with starry Vapours spangles, all
 Ta'en in their Prime, e'er they grow ripe and fall:
 Of a new Rainbow, e'er it fret or fade,
 The choicest Piece ta'en out, a Scarf is made.
 Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display,
 Nor virtuous Lovers sigh more soft than they:
 These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays,
 Caught gliding o'er pure Streams, on which he plays.

Thus dress'd he posts away,
 And carries with him his own glorious Day,
 Thro' the thick Woods: The gloomy Shades awhile
 Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.
 The trembling Serpents close and silent lie;
 The Birds obscure far from his Passage fly.
 A suddain Spring waits on him as he goes,
 Suddain as that which by Creation rose.

Coel.

Down thither, prone in Flight,
 He speeds, and thro' the vast ethereal Sky,
 Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steady Wings;
 Now on the Polar Winds; then with quick Fan
 Winnows the buxom Air.
 Of beaming sunny Rays a gold Tiar

Circled

Circled his Head ; nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders, fledg'd with Wings,
 Lay waving round.

Milt.

Six Wings he wore to shade
 His Lineaments divine : The Pair that clad
 Each Shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his Breast
 With regal Ornament ; the middle Pair
 Girt like a starry Zone his Waste, and round
 Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
 And Colours dip'd in Heav'n : The third his Feet
 Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
 Sky-tinctur'd Grain. Like *Maia's* Son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that heav'nly Fragrance fill'd
 The Circuit wide.

Milt.

ANGER. See Rage.

His troubled Looks reveal'd his inward Wound,
 And Storms of Fury on his Forehead frown'd:

Enormous Rage distended ev'ry Vein,
 And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.
 Swoln with Revenge, his blood-shot Eyes did glare,
 Like ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air.

Blac.

And Storms of Terror threaten'd in his Looks.

Gar.

He swells with Wrath, he makes outrageous Moan, (& Arc.
 He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground. Dryd. Pal.

Rage flash'd like Lightning from his livid Eyes:

Blac.

Talgol had long suppress'd

Enflamed Rage in glowing Breast ;
 Which now began to rage and burn, as
 Implacably, as Flame in Furnace.

He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,
 Like *Athes* first, then red as Fire.

At this the Knight grew high in Wrath,
 And lifting Hands and Eyes up both,
 Three times he smote on Stomach stout.

Hud.

With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
 He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp,
 And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake.
 He heav'd for Vent, and burst, like bellowing *Etna*,
 In Sounds scarce human.

Dryd. All for Love.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage ;
 It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction.

Rowe. Fair. Pen.

Oh ! I burn inward ; my Blood's all o' fire :
Alcides, when the poyson'd Shirt sat closest,
 Had but an Ague-Fit to this my Fever.

Dryd. Oedip.

Mad with her Anguish, impotent to bear
 The mighty Grief, she loaths the vital Air ;

Sho

She raves against the Gods, she beats her Breast,
And tears with both her Hands her purple Vest. *Dryd. Virg.*

Anger is like

A full-hot Horse : Allow him but his Way,
Self-Mettle tires him.

Shak. Hen. 8.

Anger, like Madness, is appeas'd by Rest. *How. Ind. Queen.*

ANT. See Creation.

Thus in Battalia march embody'd Ants,
Fearful of Winter, and of future Wants,
T'invade the Corn; and to their Cells convey
The plunder'd Forrage of their yellow Prey.
The sable Troops, along the narrow Tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty Burthen on their Backs:
Some set their Shoulders to the pond'rous Grain,
Some guard the Spoil, some lash the lagging Train:
All ply their several Tasks, and equal Toil sustain. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The little Drudge does trot about and sweat:
Nor will he strait devour all he can get;
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home:
A Stock for Winter, which, he knows, must come. *Cow. Hor.*

ANTIQUARY. And ANTIQUITY.

It was a Question whether he
Or's Horse were of a Family
More worshipful; till Antiquaries
(After they'd almost por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'ness on the Horse's Side;
And prov'd, not only Horse, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder House:
For Beasts, when Man was but a piece
Of Earth himself, did th'Earth possess. *Hud.*
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author,
That makes Truth, Truth; altho' Time's Daughter.
'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it.
And as he eats his Sons, just so
He feeds upon his Daughters too.
Nor does it follow, 'cause a Herald
Can make a Gentleman, scarce a Year old,
To be descended from a Race
Of ancient Kings, in a small Space:
That we should all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old. *Hud.*

A P O L L O.

Like fair *Apollo* when he leaves the Frost
Of wintry *Xanthus*, and the *Lycian* Coast;

D

When

When to his native *Delos* he resorts,
 Ordains the Dances, and renews the Sports :
 Were painted *Scythians*, mix'd with *Cretan* Bands,
 Before the joyful Altar joyn their Hands ;
 Himself, on *Cinthus* walking, sees below
 The merry Madness of the sacred Show.
 Green Wreaths of Bays his Length of Hair inclose,
 A golden Fillet binds his awful Brows ;
 His Quiver sounds.

Dryd. Virg.

Me *Clarus*, *Delphos*, *Tenedos* obey,
 These Hands the *Patareian* Sceptre sway ;
 The King of Gods begot me : What shall be,
 Or is, or ever was in Fate, I see.
 Mine is th'Invention of the charming Lyre,
 Sweet Notes and heavenly Numbers I inspire :
 Sure is my Bow, unerring is my Dart ;
 Med'cine is mine : What Herbs and Simples grow
 In Fields or Forrests, all their Pow'rs I know ;
 And am the great Physician call'd below.

Dryd. Ovid.

O Source of sacred Light,
 God with the silver Bow, and golden Hair ;
 Whom *Ghrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,
 And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys !

Dryd. Hom.

APOTHECARY, and his Shop.

I do remember an Apothecary,
 In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
 Culling of Simples ; meager were his Looks,
 Sharp Misery had worn him to the Bones,
 And in his needy Shop a Tortoise hung,
 An Alligator stuff'd, and other Skins
 Of ill-shap'd Fishes : And about his Shelves
 A beggarly Account of empty Boxes,
 Green earthen Pots, Bladders and musty Seeds,
 Remnants of Packthread, and old Cakes of Roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd to make up a Show.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

His Shop the gazing *Vulgar's* Eyes employs
 With foreign Trinkets, and domestick Toys :
 Here Mummies lay, most reverendly stale,
 And there the Tortoise hung her Coat of Mail ;
 Not far from some huge Shark's devouring Head,
 The flying Fish their finny Pinions spread ;
 Aloft in Rows large Poppy-heads were strung,
 And near a scaly Alligator hung :
 In this Place Drugs, in musty Heaps, decay'd ;
 In that dry'd Bladders and drawn Teeth are laid.

Gar.

APPARITION.

Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
 Which in it many winged Warriours bears :

Their

Their Glory shoots upon my aking Sense; (of Inn.
Thou, stronger, may'st endure the Flood of Light. Dryd. State

The broken Cloud pours out pure Floods of Light,
Show'rs of Celestial Rays, transcendent bright :
And Storms of Splendour, dazling mortal Sight. }
Th'illustrious Tempest does on Hoel beat,
Who falls astonish'd headlong from his Seat,
Confounded with unsufferable Day,
Gro'ling in Glory on the shining Way,
And with bright Ruin overwhelm'd he lay. } Blac.

APPLAUSE. See Popular:

The Heav'ns around with Acclamations rung,
And loud Applauses of the shouting Throng. Blas.
Shouts of Applause ran-ringing thro' the Field. Dryd. Virg.
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Skies. Shak. Haml.

The shouting Cries

Of the pleas'd People rend the vaulted Skies.
The Fields around with *Io Peans* ring,
And Peals of Shouts applaud the conqu'ring King. Dryd. Virg.
Shouts from the fav'ring Multitude arise,
Applauding *Echo* to the Shouts replies: (Dryd. Virg.)
Shouts, Wishees, and Applause run rattling thro' the Skies. }

The hollow Abyss

Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell
With deaf'ning Shout return them loud Acclaim. Milt.

Such Murmur fill'd

Th'Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The Sound of blust'ring Winds, which all Night long
Had row'd the Sea, now with hoarse Cadence lull
Seafaring Men o'er-watch'd; whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay,
After the Tempest: Such Applause was heard. Milt.

Such a Noise arose

As the Shrowds make at Sea in a stiff Tempest,
As loud, and to as many Tunes: Hats, Cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their Faces
Been loose, this Day they had been lost. Shaks Hen. 8.

As the Sound of Waters deep,
Hoarse Murmur echo'd to his Words Applause. Milt.

ARCHERS. See Arrow, Bow.

A flutt'ring Dove to the Mast's Top they tie :
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly :
The Rival Archers in a Line advance ;
Then all with Vigour bend their trusty Bows,
And from the Quiver each his Arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first; with forceful Sway
It flew, and whizzing, cut the liquid Way.

Fix'd in the Mast, the feather'd Weapon stands ;
 The fearful Pidgeon flutters in her Bands :
 And the Tree trembled.
 Then *Mnestheus* to the Head, his Arrow drove,
 With lifted Eyes, and took his Aim above ;
 But made a glancing Shot, and miss'd the Dove :
 Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the Cord,
 Which fasten'd by the Foot the flitting Bird.
 The Captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
 And beats, with clapping Wings, the yielding Skies.
 His Bow already bent, *Euryalus* stood ;
 His winged Shaft with eager haste he sped ;
 The fatal Message reach'd her as she fled :
 She leaves her Life aloft, she strikes the Ground,
 And renders back the Weapon in the Wound.
Acester, grudging at his Lot, remains
 Without a Prize to gratify his Pains ;
 Yet, shooting upwards, sends his Shaft to show
 An Archer's Art, and boast his twanging Bow.
 Chaf'd by the Speed, it fir'd, and as it flew,
 A Trail of foll'wing Flames ascending drew.
 Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny Way ;
 Across the Skies, as falling Meteors, play,
 And vanish into Wind, or in a Blaze decay.

Dryd. Virg.

A R G U S.

The Head of *Argus*, as with Stars the Skies,
 Was compass'd round, and wore a Hundred Eyes :
 But Two by Turns their Lids in Slumber steep ;
 The rest on Duty still their Station keep :
 Nor could the total Constellation sleep.

Him *Hermes* slew ;

And all his Hundred Eyes, with all their Light,
 Are clos'd at once in One perpetual Night.
 These *Juno* takes, that they no more may fail,
 And spreads them in her Peacock's gaudy Tail.

Dryd. Ovid.

A R M S or A R M O U R. See Battle.

He sheath'd his Limbs in Arms, a temper'd Mass
 Of golden Metal those, and Mountain-Brass.

He admires

The crested Helm that vomits radiant Fires :
 His Hands the fatal Sword and Corset hold ;
 One keen with temper'd Steel, one stiff with Gold :
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
 So shines a Cloud, when edg'd with adverse Light.

Dryd. Virg.

Refulgent Arms appear,

Redd'ning the Skies, and glitt'ring all around,
 The temper'd Metals clath, and yield a silver Sound.

Dryd. Virg.
The

The Briton's Arms thus shone excessive bright,
Darted keen Glances, and uneasy Light,
And tho' their Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight.

Blac.

All arm'd in Brass, the richest Dress of War;
A frightful glorious Sight he shone from far.

Cowl.

A Wolf grinn'd horribly upon his Head,
And o'er his brawny Back a Leopard's Hide was spread.
He girt his mighty Fauchion to his Side,
Which hung across his Thigh with fearful Pride.

Blac.

Shields, Arms, and Spears flash horribly from far,
And the Fields glitter with a waving War.

Dryd. Virg.

Spears, Helmets, Musquets with the Sun-beams play,
Their flashing Glances thro' the Field convey,
And bandy to an fro reverberated Day.

Blac.

Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes shot Flame.

He on the Plain in radiant Armour shone,
His polish'd Helm oppress'd the dazzled Sight,
And shone on high like a huge Globe of Light.

(Cresch. Luc.)

His Coat of Mail was on his Shoulders cast,
And golden Cuirasses his vast Thighs encas'd.
The Pieces round his Legs Gold Buttons ty'd,
And his broad Sword hung dreadful by his Side;
Which, when drawn out, like a destructive Flame
Of Lightning from the ample Scabbard came.

Blac.

Like a huge Beacon lighted in the Air,
His Buckler flam'd, denouncing horrid War.
In his Right Hand he shakes his pond'rous Lance.

Blac.

His Back and Breast

Well-temper'd Steel and scaly Brass invest.
The Cuirasses which his brawny Thighs infold,
Were mingled Metal damask'd o'er with Gold.
His faithful Fauchion sits upon his Side,
Nor Casque nor Crest his manly Features hide.

Dryd. Virg.

O'er his broad Breast an Ox's Hide was thrown,
His Helm a Wolf, whose gaping Jaws were spread
A Cov'ring for his Cheeks, and grinn'd around his Head.
He clench'd within his Hand an Iron Prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the Throng.

Dryd.

A Lion's Hide he wears,

(Virg.)

About his Shoulders hangs the shaggy Skin;
The Teeth and gaping Jaws severely grin.

Dryd. Virg.

Some march before their Troops in dreadful Pride,
Arm'd with a rav'ning Lion's griesly Hide:
The shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread,
With formidable Grace; and on their Head
The tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,
And cross the Breast were lapp'd the hideous Paws.

The Teeth and savage Beard the Heroe's Face
Did with becoming martial Horror grace.

Blas.

Some wore Coat-Armour, imitating Scale,
And next their Skin were stubborn Shirts of Mail;
Some wore a Breast-Plate, and a light Jupon,
Their Horses cloath'd with rich Caparison.

Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers use
Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce.

One hung a Pole-Ax at his Saddle Bow,

And one a heavy Mace to stun the Foe.

One for his Legs and Knees provided well,

With Jambœux arm'd, and double Plates of Steel:

This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,

And that a Sleeve imbroider'd by his Love. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,

And pleasing was the Terrour of the Field. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

A R R O W. *See Archers.*

Arrows aloft in feather'd Tempests fly,

Darts hiss at Darts encount'ring in the Sky.

Blas.

Sounded at once the Bow, and swiftly flies

The feather'd Death, and hisses thro' the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

By far more slow

Springs the swift Arrow from the Parthian Bow,

Or Cydon Eugh, when traversing the Skies,

And drench'd in Pois'nous Juice, the sure Destruction flies.

A R T. *See Nature.*

Dryd. Virg.

A S H. *See Trees.*

Rent like a Mountain Ash that dar'd the Winds,

And stood the sturdy Stroaks of lab'ring Hinds.

About the Root the cruel Ax resounds,

The Stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated Wounds.

The War is felt on high, the nodding Crown

Now threatens a Fall, and throws the leafy Honours down.

To their united Force it yields, tho' late,

And mourns with mortal Groans th'approaching Fate.

The Roots no more their upper Head sustain,

But down she falls, and spreads a Ruin thro' the Plain.

(Dryd. Virg.)

Like a Mountain Ash, whose Roots are spread

Deep fix'd in Earth, in Clouds he hides his Head.

Dryd. Virg.

A S P I C K.

Welcome thou kind Deceiver,

Thou best of Thieves! who with an easy Key

Dost open Life, and unperceiv'd by us,

Ev'n steal us from our selves: Discharging so

Death's dreadful Office better than himself,

Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,

That

That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image
And thinks himself but Sleep. *Dryd. All for Love.*

ASTONISHMENT.

I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood;
Make thy two Eyes, like Stars, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an end,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine. *Shak. Haml.*

Prepare to hear

A Story that shall turn thee into Stone:
Could there be hewn a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A Flaw made thro' the Centre by some God,
Thro' which the Groans of Ghosts might strike thy Ears,
They would not wound thee as this Story will. *Lee Oedip.*

My Heart sinks in me,
And ev'ry slacken'd Fiber drops its Hold,
Like Nature letting down the Springs of Life. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

My Soul runs back:

The Wards of Reason roul into their Spring. *Lee D. of Guisc.*
It drives my Soul back to her inmost Seats,
And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning Limb to Marble. *Row. Ulyss.*

His curdling Blood forgot to glide:

Confusion on his fainting Vitals hung,
And fault'ring Accents flutter'd on his Tongue. *Gar.*

Not the last Sounding could surprize me more,
That summons drowsy Mortals to their Doom;
When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their Charge. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung,
And fault'ring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,
Or vanish'd into Sighs; with long Delay
Her Voice return'd, and found the wonted way. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd:
The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue.

(*Dryd. Theod. and Hon.*)

O *Sigismonda*! he began to say,
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till Words with often trying found their way. }

(*Dryd. Sig. and Guisc.*)

ASTROLOGER. *See Conjuror.*

They'll search a Planet's House to know
Who broke and robb'd a House below:
Examine *Venus* and the *Moon*
Who stole a Thimble, who a Spoon.

And tho' they nothing will confess,
 Yet by their very Looks can guess,
 And tell what guilty Aspect bodes,
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
 They'll feel the Pulses of the Stars,
 To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs :
 And tell what Crisis does divine
 The Rot in Sheep, the Mange in Swine :
 In Men what gives or cures the Itch,
 What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich ;
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves ;
 What makes Men great, what Fools, what Knaves ;
 But not what Wise : For only of those
 The Stars, they say, cannot dispose,
 No more than can the Astrologians ;
 There they say right, and like true *Trojans*.
 Some Towns and Cities, some, for Brevity,
 Have cast the 'versal World's Nativity,
 And made the Infant Stars confess,
 Like Fools or Children, what they please.
 Some calculate the hidden Fates
 Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats ;
 Some running Nags, and fighting Cocks ;
 Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox.
 Some take a Measure of the Lives
 Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives :
 Make Opposition, Trine, and Quartile,
 Tell who is barren and who fertile.
 As if the Planet's first Aspect
 The tender Infant did infect :
 No sooner has he peep'd into
 The World, but he has done his Do,
 Catch'd all Diseases, took all Physick,
 That cures or kills a Man that is sick :
 Marry'd his punctual Dose of Wives,
 Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.
 There's but the Twinkling of a Star
 Between a Man of Peace and War ;
 A Thief and Justice, Fool and Knave,
 A huffing Officer and a Slave ;
 A crafty Lawyer and Pick-pocket,
 A great Philosopher and a Blockhead ;
 A formal Preacher and a Player,
 A learn'd Physician and Manlayer :
 As if Men from the Stars did suck
 Old Age, Diseases, and ill Luck ;

Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
 Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice.
 And draw with the first Air they breathe
 Battel and Murther, suddain Death.
 As Wind i'th' Hypochondries pent,
 Is but a Blast if downward sent ;
 But if it upwards chance to fly,
 Becomes new Light and Prophecy :
 So when your Speculations tend
 Above their just and useful End,
 Altho' they promise strange and great
 Discoveries of things far fet,
 They are but idle Dreams and Fancies.
 Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cause,
 Why on a Sign no Painter draws
 The full Moon ever, but the Half:
 Resolve that with your *Jacob's Staff* :
 Or why Wolves raise a Hubbub at her,
 Or Dogs howl when she shines in Water:
 And I shall freely give my Vote,
 You may know something more remote. *Had.*
 P R O F E S S O R in Astrology and Physick.

An inner Room receives the num'rous Shoals
 Of such as pay to be reputed Fools:
 Globes stand on Globes, Volumes on Volumes lie,
 And Planetary Schemes amuse the Eye:
 The Sage in Velvet Chair here lolls at Ease,
 To promise future Health for present Fees.
 Then, as from Tripod, solemn Shams reveals,
 And what the Stars know nothing of, foretells.
 One asks how soon *Panthea* may be won,
 And longs to feel the Marriage-Fetters on :
 Others, convinc'd by melancholy Proof,
 Enquire when courteous Fates will strike 'em off.
 Some by what Means they may redress the Wrong,
 When Fathers the Possession keep too long.
 And some would know the Issue of their Cause,
 And whether Gold can sodder up its Flaws.
 Poor pregnant *Lais* his Advice would have,
 To loose by Art what fruitful Nature gave.
 And *Portia* old in Expectation grown,
 Laments her barren Curse, and begs a Son:
 Whilst *Iris* his Cosmetick Wash would try,
 To make her Bloom revive, and Lover die.
 Some ask for Charms, and others Philtres choose,
 To gain *Corinna*, and their Quartans lose.
 Young *Hylas*, borch'd with Stains too foul to name,
 In Cradle here, renews his youthful Frame: *Cloy'd*

Cloy'd with Desire, and surfeited with Charms,
A Hot-house he prefers to *Julia's Arms*.
And old *Lucullus* would th' *Arcanum* prove,
Of kindling in cold Veins the Sparks of Love.

Gar.

A T L A S.

And now behold Majestick *Atlas* rise,
And bend beneath the Burden of the Skies :
His tow'ring Brows aloft no Tempest know,
While Lightning flies, and Thunder roars below.

Gar.

Atlas, whose Head sustains the starry Frame.

Whose brawny Back supports the Skies :
Whose Head with Piny Forrests crown'd,
Is beaten by the Winds, with foggy Vapours bound.
Snows hide his Soulders ; from beneath his Chin
The Fount of rolling Streams their Race begin :
A Beard of Ice on his large Breast depends.

Dryd. Virg.

Atlas, who turns the rouling Heav'ns around,
And whose broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd.

(Dryd. Virg.)

A T T E N T I O N.

Let all be hush'd ; each softest Motion cease :
Be ev'ry loud tumultuous Thought at Peace :
And ev'ry ruder Gasp of Breath
Be calm, as in the Arms of Death.

Hither let nought but sacred Silence come ;
And let all sawcy Praise be dumb :
And thou most fickle, most uneasy Part,
Thou restless Wanderer, my Heart,
Be still : Gently, ah ! gently leave,
Thou busy idle thing to heave :
Stir not a Pulse ; and let my Blood,
That turbulent unruly Flood,

Be softly stay'd :

Let me be all but my Attention dead.
Go rest, y'unnecessary Springs of Life,
Leave your officious Toil and Strife,
For I would hear her Voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

Cong.

The Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm ;
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as *Jove* himself were talking.

Lee Oed.

As I listen'd to thee,

The happy Hours pass'd by us unperceiv'd,
So was my Soul fix'd to the soft Enchantment.

Rowe Tamerl.

His Looks

Drew Audience and Attention still as Night ;

Or

Or Summer Noon-tide Air.
Attention held them mute.

Milt.
Milt.

ÆVERNUS.

Deep was the Cave, and downward as it went
From the wide Mouth, a rocky rough Descent.
And here th'Access a gloomy Grove defends;
And there th'un navigable Lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy Waters, void of Light,
No Bird presumes to steer his airy Flight.
Such deadly Stenches from the Depth arise,
And steaming Sulphur that infects the Skies.
From hence the *Grecian* Bards their Legends make,
And give the Name *Ævernus* to the Lake.

Dryd. Virg.

AUTUMN. See Year.

When yellow Autumn weighs
The Year, and adds to Nights, and shortens Days;
And Suns declining shine with feeble Rays.

Dryd. Virg.

The Evening of the Year;

When Woods with Juniper and Chesnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground;
And lavish Nature laughs, and strows her Stores around.

Dryd.
(Virg.)

When dubious Months uncertain Weather bring;
When Fountains open; when impetuous Rain
Swells hasty Brooks, and pours upon the Plain:
When Earth with Slime and Mud is cover'd o'er,
And hollow Places spew their wat'ry Store.

Dryd. Virg.

BABE. See Man.

Thus like a Sailer by the Tempest hurl'd
Ashore, the Babe is shipwrack'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire,
Helpless of all that humane Wants require:
Expos'd upon unhospitable Earth,
From the first Moment of his hapless Birth.
Strait with foreboding Cries he fills the Room,
(Too sure Presages of his future Doom.)
But Flocks and Herds, and ev'ry savage Beast,
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward Mood,
No Nurse to reconcile 'em to their Food
With broken Words: Nor Winter Blasts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor for their Safety Cittadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,
And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common Wants:
If tender Infants, who imprison'd stay
Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,

Dryd.
(Lucr.)

Were

Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate ;
 The painful Passage they would dread, and shew
 Reluctance to a World they do not know :
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to lie,
 As backward to be born as we to die.

Blac.

BACCHANALS.

She flies the Towns, and mixing with a Throng
 Of madding Matrons, bears the Bride along :
 Wand'ring thro' Woods, and Wilds, and devious Ways,
 She feign'd the Rites of *Bacchus*, cry'd aloud,
 And to the buxom God the *Virginia* vow'd.
Evoe, O *Bacchus* ! Thus began the Song ;
 And *Evoe*, answer'd all the female Throng :
 O *Virgin*, worthy thee alone ! she cry'd ;
 O worthy thee alone ! the Crew reply'd.
 For thee she feeds her Hair, she leads thy Dance,
 And with thy winding Ivy wreaths her Lance.
 Like *Fury* seiz'd the rest ; the Progress known,
 All seek the Mountains, and forsake the Town.
 All clad in Skins of Beasts the Jav'lin bear,
 Unbind their Fillers,
 Give to the wanton Winds their flowing Hair,
 And Shrieks and Shoutings rend the suff'ring Air.
 Roul'ing their haggard Eyes, inspir'd with Rage divine,
 Shake high above their Heads a flaming Pine ;
 And Orgies and Nocturnal Rites prepare.

Dryd. Virg.

Less wild the *Bacchanalian* Dames appear,
 When from afar their Nightly God they hear,
 And howl about the Hills, and shake the wreathy Spear.

(Dryd. Virg.

BACCHUS. See Musick.

Great Father *Bacchus* to my Song repair,
 For clustering Vines are thy peculiar Care :
 For thee large Bunches load the bending Vine ;
 And the last Blessings of the Year are thine :
 To thee his Joys the jolly Autumn owes,
 When the fermenting Juice the Vat o'erflows.
 Come strip with me, my God ; come drench all o'er
 Thy Limbs in Must of Wine, and drink at ev'ry Pore. Dryd. Virg.

See *Bacchus* turning from his *Indian* War,
 By Tygers drawn triumphant in his Car ;
 From *Nessus* Top descending on the Plains,
 With curling Vines around his Purple Reins.

Dryd. Virg.

So *Bacchus* thro' the conquer'd *Indies* rode,
 And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest God.

(Pal. & Arc.

BASTARD.

BASTARD.

Why should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
E'er Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born most noble, who was born most free:
Each of himself was Lord; and unconfin'd
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.

Law was an Innovation brought in since,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slav'ry Safety and Defence.
Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Because I came not in the common Road;
But born obscure, and so more like a God?

Orw. Don Carl.

He's a Bastard! Got in a Fit of Nature!
She shook him from her Nerves in a Convulsion;
His Father stamp'd the Bullion in a Heat,
And taking from the Mint the fiery Oar,
His Image blest'd, and cry'd, it is my own.
Yet more! a Priest begot him, and 'tis thought,
That Earth is more oblig'd to Priests for Bodies,
Than Heav'n for Souls. Nay, and a young Priest too!
Perhaps in the Embraces of a Nun,
Who ventur'd Life to clasp the lusty Joy.

Lee Cas. Borg.

BATTLE. See Fight, Jousts, War.

O the brave Din, the noble Clank of Arms!

Lee Alex.

All the Plain

Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming Arms, and fiery Steeds,
Reflecting Blaze on Blaze, first met his View:
From Skirt to Skirt a fiery Region, stretch'd
In battailous Aspect:
Bristled with upright Beams, innumerable,
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boasted Arguments pourtray'd:
The banded Pow'rs of *Satan*.

The Powers militant

That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate join'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In Silence their bright Legends, to the Sound
Of instrumental Harmony, that breath'd
Heroick Ardour to advent'rous Deeds,
Under their God-like Leaders. On they move
Indissolubly firm: nor obvious Hill,
Nor strait'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Their perfect Ranks; for high above the Ground
Their March was, and the passive Air upbore
Their nimble Tread.

The

The Shout

Of Battle now began, and rushing Sound
 Of Onset ended soon each milder Thought,
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,
 Th' Apostate in his Sun-bright Chariot fate,
 Idol of Majesty Divine, enclos'd
 With flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields:
 Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne: For now
 'Twixt Host and Host but narrow Space was left,
 A dreadful Interval! And Front to Front
 Presented stood in terrible Array
 Of hideous Length: Before the cloudy Van,
 On the rough Edge of Battle, e'er it joyn'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

A noble Stroke *Abdiel* lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with Tempest fell
 On the proud Crest of *Satan*, that no Sight,
 No Motion of quick Thought, less cou'd his Shield
 Such Ruin intercept: Ten Paces huge
 He back recoil'd, the Tenth on bended Knee
 His massy Spear upstay'd. As if on Earth
 Winds underground, or Waters, forcing way
 Sidelong, had push'd a Mountain from his Seat,
 Half sunk with all his Pines. Nor stood in gaze
 The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd
 The horrid Shock: Now storming Fury rose,

Arms on Armour clashing, bray'd
 Horrible Discord, and the madding Wheels
 Of brazen Chariots rag'd; dire was the Noise
 Of Conflict: Over-head the dismal Hiss
 Of fiery Darts in flaming Vories flew,
 And flying vaulted either Host with Fire;
 So under fiery Cope together rush'd
 Both Battels main, with ruinous Assault,
 And inextinguishable Rage: All Heav'n
 Resounded, and had Earth been then, all Earth
 Had to her Centre shook. Deeds of Eternal Fame
 Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
 The War and various: Sometimes on firm Ground
 A standing Fight; then, soaring on main Wing,
 Tormented all the Air: All Air seem'd then
 Consisting Fire.

Their Arms away some threw, and to the Hills
 Swift as the Lightning Glimpse they ran, they flew:
 From the Foundations loos'ning to and fro,
 They pluck'd the seated Hills with all their Load,

Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggy Tops
Up-lifting, bore them in their Hands.

Then on their Heads

Main Promontories flung, which in the Air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd.
Their Armour help'd their Harm, crush'd in and bruise'd,
Into their Substance pent, which wrought them Pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous Groan;
Long struggling underneath, e'er they could wind
Out of such Prison.

The rest, in Imitation, to like Arms
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up-tore :
So Hills amid the Air encounter'd Hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with Jaculation dire,
That underground they fought in dismal Shade.
Infernal Noise ! War seem'd a civil Game
To this Uproar ; horrid Confusion heap'd
Upon Confusion rose. Long time in even Scale
The Battle hung ; till *Satan*

Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed Sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid Edge came down
Wide wasting : Such Destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky Orb
Of ten-fold Adamant, his ample Shield :
A vast Circumfrence ! Then both address'd for Fight
Unspeaking : For like two Gods they seem'd,
Stood they, or mov'd ; in Stature, Motion, Arms,
Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd their fiery Swords, and in the Air
Made horrid Circles : Two broad Suns, their Shields
Blaz'd opposite : While Expectation stood
In Horror. From each Hand with speed retir'd
Th' Angelick Throng, unsafe within the Wind
Of such Commotion : But the Sword of *Michael* met
The Sword of *Satan*, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
But with swift Wheel reverse, deep entering shar'd
All his Right-side : Then *Satan* first knew Pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so sore
The griding Sword with discontinuous Wound
Pass'd thro' him.

And now their Mightiest quell'd, the Battle swerv'd,
With many an Inroad gor'd : Deformed Rout
Enter'd and foul Disorder : All the Ground
With shiver'd Armour strown ; and on a Heap
Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming Steeds : What stood, recoil'd

O'er-

O'erwearied, or with pale Fear surpriz'd,
Fled ignominious.

Now Night her Course began,
And grateful Truce impos'd,
And Silence on the odious Din of War.

Milt.

B E A R. *See Deformity.*

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear :
Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she herself receives.

Dryd. Ovid.

B E A U T Y. *See Eyes, Fair, Looks, Love.*

Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape,
Who do'st in ev'ry Country change thy Shape :
Here Black, there Brown, here Tawny, and there White :
Thou Flatt'rer, who comply'st with ev'ry Sight.

Who hast no certain what, nor where ;
But vary'st still, and do'st thy self declare
Inconstant as thy She-Professors are.

Cowl.

The Cause of Love can never be assign'd,
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great ;
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.

Dryd. Auren.

Beauty, like Ice, our Footing does betray :
Who can tread sure on the smooth slipp'ry Way ?
Pleas'd with the Passage we slide swiftly on,
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.

Dryd. Auren.

For Beauty, like White Powder, makes no Noise,
And yet the silent Hypocrite destroys.

Cleav.

Beauty with a bloodless Conquest finds,
A welcome Sov'raignty in rudest Minds.

Wall.

Beauty, thou art a fair, but fading Flow'r,
The tender Prey of every coming Hour :
In Youth, thou, Comet-like, art gaz'd upon,
But art portentous to thy self alone :

Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a Blessing, but a Mark from Heaven: *Seal. Ant. & Cleop.*

Merab the First, *Michael* the younger nam'd :
Both equally for diff'rent Glories fam'd :

Merab with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight ;
But too much Awe chastis'd the bold Delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th'enlarg'd View,
Gives Pleasure, but gives Fear and Rev'rence too ;
Michael's sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,
And no less strong, tho' much more gentle Love :
Like virtuous Kings, whom Men rejoyce to obey ;
Tyrants themselves less absolute than they.

Merab appear'd like some fair Princely Tow'r :
Michael, some Virgin Queen's delicious Bow'r.

All

All Beauties strove in little and in great,
 But the contracted Brows shor fiercest Heat.
 From *Merab's* Eyes, fierce and quick Lightnings came;
 From *Michal's*, the Sun's mild, yet active Flame.
Merab, with comely Majesty and Stare,
 Bore high th' Advantage of her Worth and Fate.
 Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michal* shew,
 That none who reach so high e'er stoop so low.
Merab rejoyc'd in her rack'd Lover's Pain,
 And fortify'd her Virtue with Disdain:
 The Grief she gave, gave gentle *Michal* Grief;
 She wish'd her Beauties less for their Relief. Coul.

CLEOPATRA in her GALLY.

Her Gally down the silver *Cydna* row'd,
 The tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold:
 The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails;
 Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd,
 Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.
 She lay, and lean'd her Cheek upon her Hand,
 And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
 As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,
 Neglecting she could take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
 Stood fanning with their painted Wings the Winds
 That play'd about her Face: But if she smil'd,
 A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
 That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the Object. To soft Flutes
 The silver Oars kept Time; and while they play'd,
 The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight,
 And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n or somewhat more!
 For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crouds
 Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
 To give their welcome Voice.

(*Dryd. All for Love, and Shak. Ant. & Cleop.*)

Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms
 To draw the Moon from Heav'n: For Eloquence,
 The Sea-green *Sirens* taught her Voice their Flatt'ry,
 And while she speaks Night steals upon the Day,
 Unmark'd of those that hear! Then she's so charming,
 Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:
 The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles,
 And with heav'd Hands, forgetting Gravity,
 They bless her wanton Eyes: Ev'n I, who hate her,
 With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty,
 And, while I curse, desire it. *Dryd. All for Love.*

(*Spoken of Cleopatra, by Ventidius.*)

Is she not

As harmless as a Turtle of the Woods?
 Fair as the Summer Beauty of the Fields?
 As op'ning Flowers untainted yet with Winds?
 The Pride of Nature, and the Joy of Sense? *Qw. Cai. Mar.*

The Bloom of op'ning Flow'rs, unfully'd Beauty,
 Softness and sweetest Innocence she wears;
 And looks like Nature in the World's first Spring. *Row. Tamerl.*

Is she not more than Painting can express,
 Or youthful Poets fancy when they love? *Row. Fair Pen.*
 A lavish Planet reign'd when she was born,
 And made her of such kindred Mould to Heaven,
 She seems more Heav'n's than ours. *Dryd. Quisp.*

Is she not brighter than a Summer's Morn,
 When all the Heav'n is streak'd with dappled Fires,
 And fleck'd with Blushes, like a riss'd Maid? *Lee D. of Guise.*

Belinda's sparkling Wit and Eyes,
 United, cast so fierce a Light,

As quickly flashes, quickly dies,
 Wounds not the Heart, but burns the Sight.

Love is all Gentleness, all Joy,
 Smooth are his Looks, and soft his Pace:

Her Cupid is a Black-guard Boy,
 That runs his Link full in your Face. *Dryd.*

Mark her majestick Fabrick! She's a Temple,
 Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine;
 Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there;
 Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oh she has Beauty might ensnare
 A Conqu'ror's Soul, and make him leave his Crown
 At Random, to be scuffled for by Slaves. *Qw. Cai. Mar.*

Oh she has Beauty that might shake the Leagues
 Of mighty Kings, and set the World at odds. *Qw. Orph.*

Her Beauties Charms alone, without her Crown,
 From Ind and Merge, drew the distant Vows
 Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid
 The Sceptres of the Earth, expos'd on Heaps,
 To chuse where she would reign. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry Bank,
 With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber;
 The Summer's Heat had to her nat'ral Blush
 Added a brighter and more tempting Red:
 The Beauties of her Neck, and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd to embrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love.

While

While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
Waving her Robes, display'd such well-turn'd Limbs
As Artists would in polish'd Marble give
The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment. *Lee Mithr.*

But oh! what Thought can paint that fair Perfection;
Not Sea-born *Venus*, in the Courts beneath,
When the green Nymphs first kiss'd her coral Lips,
All polish'd, fair, and wash'd with orient Beauty,
Could in my dazling Fancy match her Brightness.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Hands, her Neck, her Breasts,
So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their Lustre,
Such all Perfection, that I took whole Draughts
Of killing Love, and ever since have languish'd
With ling'ring Surfeits of her fatal Beauty. *Lee Theod.*

No beauteous Blossom of the fragrant Spring,
Tho' the fair Child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely. *Orw. Orph.*

Not purple Vi'lets in the early Spring,
Such graceful Sweets, such tender Beauties bring;
The orient Blush which does her Cheeks adorn,
Makes Coral pale; vies with the rosy Morn.
Cupid has ta'en a Surfeit from her Eyes,
Whene'er she smiles in lambent Fire he fries,
And when she weeps, in Pearls dissolv'd he dies. *Lee Ner.*

Those heav'nly Attractions of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World surprize;
Do dazle all that look upon ye,
And scorch all other Ladies twany. *Hud.*

B E E S. See Creation.

Of all the Race of Animals, alone
The Bees have common Cities of their own;
And common Sons: Beneath one Law they live,
And with one common Stock their Traffick drive;
Each has a certain Home, a sev'ral Stall:
All is the State's, the State provides for all:
Mindful of coming Cold they share the Pain,
And hoard for Winter's use the Summer's Gain.
Some o'er the publick Magazines preside,
And some are sent new Forrage to provide:
These drudge in Fields abroad, and those at home
Lay deep Foundations for the labour'd Comb,
With Dew, *Narcissus*-Leaves, and clammy Gum.
To pitch the waxen Flooring some contrive,
Some nurse the future Nation of the Hive:

E 3

Sweet

Sweet Honey some condense ; some purge the Grout ;
 The rest in Cells apart the liquid Nectar shut.
 All, with united Force, combine to drive
 The lazy Drones from the laborious Hive.
 With Envy stung, they view each other's Deeds :
 With Diligence the fragrant Work proceeds.
 Studious of Honey, each in his Degree ;
 The youthful Swain, the grave experienc'd Bee :
 That in the Field, this in Affairs of State
 Employ'd at home, abides within the Gate ;
 To fortify the Combs, to build the Wall,
 To prop the Ruins, lest the Fabrick fall.
 But late at Night, with weary Pinions, come
 The lab'ring Youth, and heavy laden home.
 Plains, Meads, and Orchards all the Day he plies,
 The Gleans of yellow Thyme distend his Thighs :
 He spoils the Saffron Flow'rs ; he sips the Blues
 Of Violets, Wilding Blooms, and Willow Dews.
 Their Toil is common, common is their Sleep ;
 They shake their Wings when Morn begins to peep ;
 Rush thro' the City Gates without Delay,
 Nor ends their Work but with declining Day.
 Thus, having spent the last Remains of Light,
 They give their Bodies due Repose at Night :
 When hollow Murmurs of their Ev'ning Bells
 Dismiss the sleepy Swains, and toll 'em to their Cells.
 When once in Bed their weary Limbs they steep,
 No buzzing Sounds disturb their golden Sleep :
 'Tis sacred Silence all ! Nor dare they stray
 When Rain is promis'd, or a stormy Day ;
 But near the City Walls their Wat'ring take,
 Nor forrage far, but short Excursions make.
 And as when empty Barks on Billows float,
 With sandy Ballast Sailors trim the Boat ;
 So Bees bear Gravel-Stones, whose poising Weight
 Steers thro' the whistling Winds their steady Flight.
 But what's more strange ; their modest Appetites,
 Averse from Venus, fly the nuptial Rites.
 No Lust enervates their heroick Mind ;
 Nor wastes their Strength on wanton Womankind :
 But in their Mouths reside their genial Pow'rs,
 They gather Children from the Leaves and Flow'rs.
 And oft on Rocks their tender Wings they tear,
 And sink beneath the Burthen which they bear :
 Such Rage of Honey in their Bosom beats,
 And such a Zeal they have for flow'ry Sweets.
 Thus tho' the Race of Life they quickly run,

Which

Which in the Space of Seven short Years is done,
 Th'immortal Line in sure Succession reigns ;
 The Fortune of the Family remains,
 And Grandfires Grandsons the long Lists contains.

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But if intestine Broils alarm the Hive,
 (For Two Pretenders oft for Empire strive,)
 The Vulgar in divided Factions jar,
 And murmur'ing Sounds proclaim the civil War.
 Inflam'd with Ire, and trembling with Disdain,
 Scarce can their Limbs their mighty Souls contain.
 With Shouts the Coward's Courage they excite,
 And martial Clangors call 'em out to fight.
 With hoarse Alarms the hollow Camp rebounds,
 That imitates the Trumpets angry Sounds :
 Then to their common Standard they repair,
 The nimble Horsemen scour the Fields of Air ;
 In Form of Battle drawn, they issue forth,
 And ev'ry Knight is proud to prove his Worth.
 Prest for their Country's Honour, and their King's,
 On their sharp Beaks they whet their pointed Stings,
 And exercise their Arms, and tremble with their Wings.
 Full in the Midst the haughty Monarchs ride,
 The trusty Guards come up, and close the Side :
 With Shouts the daring Foe to Battle is def'd.
 Thus in the Season of unclouded Spring,
 To War they follow their undaunted King ;
 Croud thro' their Gates, and in the Fields of Light
 The shocking Squadrons meet in mortal Fight.
 Headlong they fall from high, and wounded wound,
 And Heaps of slaughter'd Soldiers bite the Ground.
 Hard Hailstones lie not thicker on the Plain,
 Nor shaken Oaks such Show'rs of Acorns rain.
 With gorgeous Wings, the Marks of Sov'raign Sway,
 The Two contending Princes make their Way :
 Intrepid thro' the Midst of Dangers go ;
 Their Friends encourage, and amaze the Foe.
 With mighty Souls in narrow Bodies press'd,
 They challenge and encounter Breast to Breast.
 So fix'd on Fame, unknowing how to fly,
 And obstinately bent to win or dye ;
 That long the doubtful Combat they maintain,
 Till one prevails, for one can only reign.
 Yet all these dreadful Deeds, this deadly Fray
 A Cast of scatter'd Dust will soon allay,
 And undecided leave the Fortune of the Day.
 With ease distinguish'd is the regal Race ;
 One Monarch wears an open honest Face,

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Shap'd to his Size, and God-like to behold ;
 His royal Body shines with Specks of Gold,
 And ruddy Scales : For Empire he design'd,
 Is better born, and of a nobler Kind.
 That other looks like Nature in Disgrace,
 Gaunt are his Sides, and fullen is his Face :
 And like their grieved Prince appears his gloomy Race :
 Grim, ghastly, rugged, like a thirsty Train,
 That long have travell'd thro' a desert Plain :
 And spet from their dry Chaps the gather'd Dust again.
 The better Brood, unlike the Bastard-Crew,
 Are mark'd with royal Streaks of shining Hue ;
 Glitt'ring and ardent, tho' in Body less.

Besides, not *Egypt, India, Media* more,
 With servile Love their Idol King adore :
 While he survives, in Concord and Content
 The Commons live, by no Divisions rent,
 But the great Monarch's Death dissolves the Government.
 All goes to Ruin : They themselves contrive
 To rob the Honey, and subvert the Hive.

Then since they share with Man one common Fate,
 In Health and Sickness, and in Turns of State.
 Observe the Symptoms when they fall away,
 And languish with insensible Decay :
 They change their Hue, with haggard Eyes they stare,
 Lean are their Looks, and shagged is their Hair ;
 And Crowds of Dead, that never must return
 To their lov'd Hives, in decent Pomp are born :
 Their Friends attend the Hearse, the next Relations mourn.

The Sick for Air before the Portal gasp,
 Their feeble Legs within each other clasp ;
 Or idle in their empty Hives remain,
 Benum'd with Cold, and listless of their Gain :
 Such Whispers then, and broken Sounds are heard,
 As when the Woods by gentle Winds are stir'd :
 Such stifled Noise as the close Furnace hides,
 Or dying Murmurs of departing Tides.

Dryd. Virg.

Prone to Revenge, the Bees, a wrathful Race,
 When once provok'd, assault th' Oppressor's Face :
 And thro' the purple Veins a Passage find,
 There fix their Stings, and leave their Souls behind.

Dryd. Virg.

When golden Suns appear,
 And under Earth have driv'n the Winter Year ;
 The winged Nation wanders thro' the Skies,
 And o'er the Plains and shady Forest flies :
 Then stooping on the Meads, and leafy Bow'rs,
 They skim the Floods, and sip the purple Flow'rs :

Then

Then work their waxen Lodgings in their Hives,
And labour Honey to sustain their Lives. *Dryd. Virg.*

But when thou seest a swarming Cloud arise,
That sweeps aloft, and darkens all the Skies:
The Motions of their hasty Flight attend, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
And know to Floods or Woods their airy March they bend.

Th' assembling Swarms,
Dark as a Cloud, then make a wheeling Flight,
And on a neighb'ring Tree, descending, light:
Like a large Cluster of black Grapes they show,
And make a long Dependance from the Bough. *Dryd. Virg.*

About the Boughs an airy Nation flew
Of humming Bees, that haunt the golden Dew;
In Summer's Heat on Tops of Lillies feed,
And creep within their Bells to suck the balmy Seed.
The winged Army roams the Fields around;
The Rivers and the Rocks remurmur to the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when the Swain, within a hollow Rock,
Invades the Bees with suffocating Smoke;
They run around, or labour on their Wings,
Disus'd to Flight, and shoot their sleepy Stings:
To shun the bitter Fumes in vain they try; *(Virg.)*
Black Vapours, issuing from the Vent, involve the Sky. *Dryd.*

BELLONA.

There stands a Rock, dash'd with the breaking Wave
Of troubled Stryx, where in a gloomy Cave,
Flowing with Gore, the fierce *Bellona* dwells;
And, bound with adamantyne Fetters, yells:
Around stand Heaps of mossy Skulls and Bones,
Whence issue loud Laments and dreadful Groans:
Torn Limbs and mangled Bodies are her Food;
Her Drink, whole Bowls of Wormwood, Gall, and Blood;
Long curling Snakes her Head with Horror crown,
And on her squallid Back hang lolling down.
This gripes a bloody Dart, the other Hand
Grasps of infernal Fire a flaming Brand.
Treason and Usurpation, near ally'd,
Haughty Ambition, and elevated Pride,
And Cruelty, with bloody Garlands crown'd,
Rapine and Desolation stand around.

With these, *Injustice, Violence, Rage* remain,
And ghastly *Famine* with her meager Train. *Blac.*

BIRDS. See Country Life, Grove, Creation, Muse.

The Birds, great Nature's Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, and Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Rifle the Sweets, and taste the choicest Fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly Owner's Leave.

Row. Fair Pen.
BLAST,

BLAST, or BLIGHT.

The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,
 And shrivel'd Fruit drops from the wither'd Boughs;
 Flow'rs in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,
 And round the Trees their scatter'd Beauties lie:
 Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades;
 And suddain Autumn all the Place invades.
 So when the Fields their flow'ry Pomp display,
 Sooth'd by the Springs sweet Breath and chearing Ray;
 If Boreas then, designing envious War,
 Myst'rs his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,
 And then for sure Destruction marches forth,
 With the cold Forces of the snowy North:
 The op'ning Buds, and sprouting Herbs, and all
 The tender First-born of the Spring must fall:
 The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,
 And on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gard'ners tread. *Blas.*

BLINDNESS. See Light.

All dark and comfortless!

Where are those various Objects that but now
 Employ'd my busy Eyes? Where those Eyes?
 Dead are their piercing Rays, that lately shot
 O'er flow'ry Vales to distant sunny Hills,
 And drew with Joy the vast Horizon in.
 These groping Hands are now my only Guides,
 And Feeling all my Sight.

Shut from the Living while among the Living!
 Dark as the Grave amidst the bustling World!
 At once from Bus'ness and from Pleasure barr'd!
 No more to view the Beauty of the Spring!
 Nor see the Face of Kindred or of Friend!

Tate K. Lear.

O first created Beam! and thou great Word,
 Let there be Light! and Light was over all:
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime Decree?

Why was the Sight

To such a tender Ball as th' Eye confin'd,
 So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
 And not, as Feeling, thro' all Parts diffus'd?
 That she might look at Will thro' ev'ry Pore?

Milt.

O Happiness of Blindness! Now no Beauty
 Inflames my Lust; no others Good my Envy,
 Or Misery my Pity: No Man's Wealth
 Draws my Respect, nor Poverty my Scorn.
 Yet still I see enough! Man to himself
 Is a large Prospect, rais'd above the Level
 Of his low creeping Thoughts.

Denh. Soph.

BLUSH.

BLUSH.

A crimson Blush her beauteous Face o'erspread,
 Varying her Cheeks by turns with White and Red:
 The driving Colours, never at a Stay,
 Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
 Delightful Change! thus *Indian* Iv'ry shows,
 Which with the bord'ring Paint of Purple glows;
 Or Lillies damask'd by the neighb'ring Rose. *Dryd. Virg.*

In rising Blushes still fresh Beauties rose;
 The sunny Side of Fruit such Blushes shows,
 And such the Moon, when all her silver White
 Turns in Eclipses to a ruddy Light. *Add. Ovid.*

Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,
 When Light's first Blushes paint the bashful Morn:
 So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
 When mingled with the Lilly's neighb'ring Snow. *Old.*

See, my *Palmyra* comes: The frighted Blood
 Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks;
 Like the first Steaks of Light broke loose from Darkness,
 And dawning into Blushes. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-Mode.*

Let me for ever gaze,
 And bless the new-born Glories that adorn thee:
 From ev'ry Blush that kindles in thy Cheeks,
 Ten thousand little Loves and Graces spring,
 To revel in the Roses. *Row. Tamerl.*

B O A R. See Duel, Enjoyment, Hunting.

As a savage Boar, on Mountains bred,
 With Forest-Mast and fat'ning Marthes fed;
 When once he sees himself in Toils inclos'd,
 By Huntsmen and their eager Hounds oppos'd,
 He whets his Tusks, and turns, and dares the War;
 Th'Invaders dart their Jav'lins from afar:
 All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
 But none presume to give a nearer Wound:
 He frets and froths, erects his bristled Hide,
 And shakes a Grove of Lances from his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood;
 His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood:
 His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
 And stands erected like a Field of Spears.
 Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound;
 And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
 For Tusks, with *Indian* Elephants he strove;
 And Jove's own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
 He suffers not the Corn its yellow Beards to rear,
 But tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.

In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
 Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad.
 In vain the Hinds the Threshing-floor prepare,
 And exercise their Arms in empty Air.
 With Olives ever green the Ground is strew'd,
 And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
 Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
 Their Shepherds, nor their Grooms their Bulls can keep. *(Dryd. Ovid.)*

Forth from the Thicket rush'd another Boar,
 So large, he seem'd the Tyrant of the Woods,
 With all his dreadful Bristles rais'd up high,
 They seem'd a Grove of Spears upon his Back.
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Whetting his huge long Tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his Prey:
 Till brandishing my well-pois'd Jav'lin high,
 With this cold executing Arm I struck
 The ugly brindled Monster to the Heart. *Orw. Orph.*

So when fierce Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround
 A mighty Boar, in neighb'ring Mountains found:
 His Bristles high erected on his Back;
 The raging Beast withstands the Foes Attack;
 He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar
 He foams, and flourishes the Ivory War:
 The cautious Huntsmen at a Distance rage,
 Cast all their Darts, but dares not close engage. *Blac.*

So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Show'r
 Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar;
 The grieved Beast, provok'd with ev'ry Wound,
 Rages, and casts his threatening Looks around.
 High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,
 And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes:
 He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air;
 And, brandishing his Fangs, invites the War. *Blac.*

BOASTING.

My Arms a nobler Victory never gain'd,
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that Stream,
 Than that I drove a Million o'er the Plain.
 Can none remember? Yes! I know all must;
 When Glory, like the dazzling Eagle, stood,
 Perch'd on my Beaver, in the Grunick Flood;
 When Fortune's self my Standard trembling bore,
 And the pale Fates stood frighted on the Shore.
 When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
 And I my self appear'd the leading God. *Lee Alex.*

Send Danger from the East unto the West,
 So Honour cross in from the North to South,

And let 'em grapple: The Blood more stirs
To rowze a Lyon than to start a Hare.

By Heav'n, methinks it were an easy Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fathom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks. *Shak. Hen. 4. Part 1.*

B O W. See Archers and Arrow.

Well-skill'd to throw

The flying Dart, and draw the far-deceiving Bow. *Dryd. Virg.*

She said, and from her Quiver chose with speed
The winged Shaft, destin'd for the Deed:
Then to the stubborn Bough her Strength apply'd,
Till the far-distant Horns approach'd on either Side:
The Bow-string touch'd her Breast; so strong she drew!
Whizzing in Air, the fatal Arrow flew:
At once the twanging Bow, and sounding Dart, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
The Traitor heard, and felt the Point within his Heart.

He fell,

Pierc'd with an Arrow from the distant War;
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon stood,
And stop'd his Breath, and drank the vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

B O W E R.

A Sylvan Lodge, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd,
With Flowrets deck'd, and fragrant Smells. The Roof
Of thickest Covert was inwoven Shade,
Lawrel and Mirtle; and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant Leaf: On either side,
Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy Shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant Wall: Each beauteous Flower,
Iris, Allhues, Roses and Jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd Heads between, and wrought
Mosaick: Under foot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth, with rich Inlay
Broider'd the Ground; more colour'd than with Stone
Of costliest Emblem. In shady Bower,
More sacred, or sequester'd, tho' but feign'd,
Pan or *Sylvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted.

Milt.

B O W L. See Drinking.

Make me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl!
Large as my capacious Soul!
Vast as my Thirst is! Let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave!
I mean, the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there.
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of me:

Yet

Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
 No Cask, nor Shield, nor Sword, nor Spear:
 Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*;
 Nor any other martial Toy:
 For what do I vain Armour prize,
 Who mind not such rough Exercise?
 But gentler Sieges, softer Wars;
 Fights that cause no Wounds, nor Scars.
 I'll have no Battles on my Plate,
 Left Sight of them should Broils create:
 Left that provoke to Quarrels too,
 Which Wine it self enough can do.
 Draw me no Constellations there;
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear;
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry
 Of Animals that stock the Sky:
 For what are Stars to my Design?
 Stars, which I, when drunk, outline.
 I lack no Pole-star on the Brink,
 To guide in the wide Sea of Drink;
 But would for ever there be tost,
 And wish no Heaven, seek no Coast.
 Yet, gentle Artift, if thou'lt try
 Thy Skill; then draw me, (let me see).
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine
 With kind Embraces, such as I
 Twist about my loving She.
 Let its Boughs o'erspread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love.
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree;
 Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by:
 Draw them both in toping Shapes,
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:
 Make them lean against the Cup,
 As 'twere to keep their Figures up:
 And when their reeling Forms I view,
 I'll think them drunk, and be so too.

Vulcan contrive me such a Cup,
 As *Nestor* us'd of old;
 Show all thy Care to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold:
 Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling Brim,
 Vast Toasts on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea may swim:

And

And carve thereon a spreading Vine,
 Then add Two lovely Boys ;
 Their Limbs in am'rous Folds entwine,
 The Type of future Joys.
Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
 May Love and Drink still reign :
 With Wine I wash away my Care,
 And then to Love again. *Reck.*

Two Bowls I have, well-turn'd of beachen Wood :
 The Lids are Ivy : Grapes in Clusters lurk
 Beneath the Carving of the curious Work :
 Two Figures on the Sides emboss'd appear,
Conon, and what's his Name who made the Sphere,
 And shew'd the Seasons of the sliding Year.
 The Kembo-Handles seem with Bears-foot carv'd :
 Where *Orpheus* on his Lyre laments his Love,
 With Beasts encompass'd, and a dancing Grove. *Dryd. Virg.*

BOXING.

Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
 But Men with Hands, as thou shalt feel. *Hud.*

At first both Parties in Reproaches jar,
 And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
 They clutch their horny Fists, exchange with furious Blows,
 Scarce one escapes with more than half a Nose.
 Some stand their Ground with half their Visage gone,
 But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
 One Eye remaining for the other spies,
 Which now on Earth a trampled Jelly lies. *Tat. Juv.*

Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
 Hang by a String, in Bumps his Forehead rise,
 Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
 Or beg Amends for his demolish'd Face. *Dryd. Juv.*

Thus often at the Temple-Stairs we've seen
 Two Tritons of a rough Athletick Mien,
 Sourly dispute some Quarrel of the Flood
 With Knuckles bruis'd, and Face besmear'd in Blood ;
 But at the first Appearance of a Fare,
 Both quit the Fray, and to their Oars repair. *Gar.*

BRAVE. See Courage.

The Brave do never shun the Light,
 Just are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers.
 Freely without Disguise they love and hate :
 Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
 And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions. *Row. Fair Pen.*

BREASTS.

With what rich Globes did her soft Bosom swell ?

Plump

Plump as ripe Clusters rose each glowing Breast,
Courting the Hand, and suing to be press'd.

Duke.
Wall.

The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast,
Thy little Breasts with soft Compassion swell'd,
Shov'd up and down, and heav'd like dying Birds.

Othw. Orph.

B R I D E

The Virgin Bride, who swoons with deadly Fear,
To see the End of all her Wishes near;
When, blushing, from the Light and publick Eyes
To the kind Coverd of the Night she flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves,
Melts in his Arms, and with a Loose she loves;
What strange Disorders youthful Brides express;
Impatient Longings for the Happiness
Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

Othw. Don Carl.

B R O O K S See Country Life, River, Streams

See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kissing the rugged Banks on either Side;
While in their crystal Streams at once they show,
And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow;
Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Race
To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires,
Cool as they are, they feel Love's powerful Fires:
And with such Passion, that if any Force,
Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course,
They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.

Donb.

B R U T U S See Liberty.

Excellent Brutus! of all human Race
The best; till Nature was improv'd by Grace
From thy strict Rule, some think that thou didst swerve,
(Mistaken honest Men,) in Caesar's Blood;
What Mercy could the Tyrant's Life deserve
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve
Th' Heroick Exaltations of Good;
Are so far from understood:
We count them Vice; Alas! our Sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move, seem to stand still;
We look not upon Virtue in her Heigh,
On her supreme Idea, brave and bright,
In th' original Light;
But as her Beams reflected pass
Thro' our own Nature, or ill Custom's Glas;

And 'tis no Wonder so
If with dejected Eye,
In standing Pools we seek the Sky,

Thao

That Stars so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand by, and see

Our Mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be;

Yet not to her Assistance stir,

Pleas'd with the Strength and Beauty of the Ravisher?

Or shall we fear to kill him, if before

The cancel'd Name of Friend he bore?

Ingrateful *Brutus* do they call?

Ingrateful *Cæsar*, who could *Rome* enthrall!

An Act more barbarous and unnatural,

(In th'exact Balance of true Virtue try'd)

Than his Successor *Nero's* Parricide.

There's none but *Brutus* could deserve

That all Menesse would wish to serve.

And *Cæsar's* usurp'd Place to him should proffer

None can deserve; but he who would refuse the Offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a Body thee affright,

And wrap'd it self i'th Terrors of the Night;

I'll meet thee at *Philippi*, said the Sprite:

I'll meet thee there, saidst thou,

With such a Voice, and such a Brow,

As put the trembling Ghost to sudden Flight.

What Joy can human things to us afford,

When we see perish thus, by odd Events,

Ill Men, and wretched Accidents,

The best Cause, and best Man that ever drew a Sword?

When we see

The false *Octavius* and wild *Anthony*,

God-like *Brutus*, conquer thee?

What can we say, but thy own tragick Word,

That Virtue, which had worshipp'd been by thee,

As the most solid Good, and greatest Deity,

By that fatal Proof became,

An Idol only, and a Name?

BULL. See Enjoyment.

So fares the Bull in his lov'd Female's Sight,

Proudly he bellows, and preludes the Fight:

He tries his goring Horns against a Tree,

And meditates his absent Enemy;

He pushes at the Winds, he digs the Strand.

With his black Hoofs, and spurns the yellow Sand, *Dryd. Virg.*

As when two Bulls for their fair Female fight,

In *Sila's* Shades, or on *Taburnus* Height:

With Horns adverse they meet; the Keeper flies:

Mute stands the Herd; the Heifers rowl their Eyes,

And wait th'Event, which Victor they shall bear,

And who shall be the Lord, to rule the lusty Year,

With

With Rage of Love the jealous Rivals burn,
 And Push for Push, and Wound for Wound return;
 Their Dewlaps gor'd, their Sides are lav'd in Blood;
 Loud Cries and roaring Sounds rebellow thro' the Wood. *Dryd.*

Thus a strong Bull stands threat'ning furious War, *(Virg.)*
 He flourishes his Horns, looks sourly round,
 And hoarsly bellowing, traverses his Ground.
 For want of Foes he does the Wood provoke,
 Runs his curl'd Head against the next tall Oak,
 Wishing a nobler Object of his Stroke. *Blac.*

So when a Bull, nodding his brindled Head,
 And softly bell'wing, traverses the Mead;
 If then he finds th'invading Hornet cling
 Close to his Flank, and feels the poyson'd Sting;
 The wounded Beast enrag'd and roaring out,
 Whisks round his Tail, and flings and flies about;
 Mad with th'adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,
 He scares the Herds, and raving scours the Plain. *Blac.*

Thus as a Bull encompass'd with a Guard,
 Amid the Circus roars; provok'd from far
 By sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War:
 They quit their Ground; his bending Horns elude,
 In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd. *Dryd. Ovid.*

BULL-BAITING.

So when a gen'rous Bull, for Clowns Delight,
 Stands, with his Line restrain'd, prepar'd for Fight;
 Hearing the Youths loud Clamour, and the Rage
 Of barking Mastiffs, eager to engage;
 He snuffs the Air, and paws the trembling Ground,
 Views all the Ring, and proudly walks it round;
 Defiance lowring on his brindled Brows,
 A round disdainful Look the grisly Warriour throws:
 His haughty Head inclin'd with easy Scorn,
 Th'invading Foe high in the Air is born,
 Tost from the Combatant's victorious Horn:
 Rais'd to the Clouds, the sprawling Mastiffs fly,
 And add new Monsters to the frighted Sky;
 The clam'rous Youth to aid each other call,
 On their broad Backs to break the Fav'rites Fall:
 Some stretch'd out in the Field lie dead, and some
 Dragging their Entrails on, run howling home.
 With disproportion'd Numbers press'd at length,
 He breaks his Chain, collecting all his Strength;
 Then Dogs and Masters scar'd, promiscuous fly,
 And fall'n in Heaps the pale Spectators lie;
 He walks in Triumph, nods his conqu'ring Head,
 And proudly views the Spoils about him spread. *Blac.*

BUSI.

BUSINESS.

Thou Changling, thou bewitch'd with Noise and Show;
 Would'st into Courts and Cities from me go;
 Would'st see the World abroad; and have a Share
 In all the Follies and the Tumults there;
 Thou would'st, forsooth, be something in the State;
 And Bus'ness thou would'st have, and would'st create

Bus'ness; the frivolous Pretence
 Of human Lust to shake off Innocence.

*Cowl.
 Dryd.*

Bus'ness, which dares the Joys of Kings invade!

If there be Man, ye Gods, I ought to hate;
 Dependance and Attendance be his Fate:
 Still let him busy be, and in a Croud,
 And very much a Slave, and very proud.

Cowl.

The Day was made
 To number out the Hours of busy Men:
 Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched,
 And take their Fill of anxious drudging Day.

Dryd. Amphit.

The Tide of Business, like the running Stream,
 Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
 A quiet Ebb or a tempestuous Flow;

And always in Extream.

Now with a noiseless gentle Course,
 It keeps within the middle Bed;
 Anon it lifts aloft the Head,

And bears down all before it with impetuous Force:
 And Trunks of Trees come rolling down,
 Sheep and their Folds together drown;

Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,
 And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn;
 And Woods, made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours
 (mourn. *Dryd. Hor.*)

BUTCHER.

A Wight,

With Gauntlet blue, and Bases white,
 And round blunt Dudgeon by his Side.
 Inur'd to Labour, Sweat, and Toil;
 And, like a Champion, shone with Oil:
 No Engine nor Device Polemick,
 Disease, nor Doctor Epidemick,
 Tho' stor'd with deletery Med'cines,
 (Which whosoever took is dead since)
 E'er sent so vast a Colony
 To both the Under-Worlds as he.

Heroe.

For he was of that noble Trade,
 That Demi-Gods and Heroes made:

R.

Slaughter

Slaughter, and knocking on the Head ;
 The Trade to which they all were bred ;
 And is, like others, glorious when
 'Tis great and large, but base if mean :
 The former rides in Triumph for it,
 The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
 For daring to profane a Thing
 So sacred, with vile Bungling.

Hud.

C A L M.

Now the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace. *Dryd. Ovid.*
 The Tempest is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,
 And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still ;
 That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 We often see against some Storm
 A Silence in the Heavens, the Rack stand still ;
 The bold Winds speechless, and the Orb below
 As hush as Death. *Shak. Hamlet.*

Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves. *Dryd. Aurea.*
 Calm as peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
 Are gently lifted up and down by Tides. *Rome Fair Pen.*
 As deep Rivers in still Ev'nings roll. *Black.*
 The Clouds dispel, the Winds their Breath restrain,
 And the hush'd Waves lie flatted on the Main. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Still as old Chaos before Motion's Birth. *Cowley.*

C A R E.

Care, that in Cloysters only seals her Eyes ;
 Which Youth thinks Folly, Age as Wisdom owns ;
 Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the Wife ;
 She visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones. *Dav. Good.*
 All Creatures else a time of Love possess,
 Man only clogs with Cares his Happiness ;
 And while he should enjoy his Part of Bliss, *(of Gran.*
 With Thoughts of what may be, destroys what is. *Dryd. Comp.*

What in this Life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain Designs intend ?
 From Shore to Shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome Self can shun ?
 For baneful Care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under Sail :
 'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,
 Out-run the Doe, out-fly the Wind.
 If then, thy Soul rejoyce to Day,
 Drive far to Morrow's Care away ;
 In Laughter let them all be drown'd,
 No perfect Good is to be found.

Osw. Har.

An angry Care did dwell
 In his dark Breast, and all gay Forms expel.

Cowley.

CAUL

CAULDRON.

So when with crackling Flames a Cauldron fries,
The bubbling Waters from the Bottom rise ;
Above the Brims they force their fiery way,
Black Vapours climb aloft, and cloud the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

CENTAURS.

Like Cloud-born *Centauri*, from the Mountain's Height,
With rapid Course, descending to the Fight,
They rush along: The rattling Woods give way,
The Branches bend before their sweepy Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Cloud-begotten Race, half Man half Beast. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Centaur CYLLARUS.

Nor could thy Form, O *Cyllarus* foreflow
Thy Fate, (if Form to Monsters we allow,)
Just bloom'd thy Beard, thy Beard of golden Hue;
Thy Locks in golden Waves about thy Shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art
As far as Man extended: Where began
The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
Add but a Horse's Head and Neck, and he
O *Castor*, was a Courser worthy thee.
So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
So rose his brawny Chest, so swiftly mov'd his Feet:
Cole-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone;
His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone. *Dryd. Ovid.*

CERBERUS.

In his Den they found
The triple Porter of the *Stygian* Sound:
Grim *Cerberus*; who soon began to rear
His crested Snakes, and arm'd his bristling Hair;
Op'ning his greedy grinning Jaws, he gapes
With three enormous Mouths. *Dryd. Virg.*

For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heav'n, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gates of Hell,
Proud *Cerb'rus*, wears three Heads as well;
And, if the World have any Troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both. *Hud.*

CHAOS.

The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave!
Gloomy Deep! dreary Plain! forlorn and wild!
The Seat of Desolation! void of Light,
Save what the Glimm'ring of Hell's livid Flames
Casts pale and dreadful.

Rude undigested Mass!

A lifeless Lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring Seeds, and justy *Chaos* nam'd.

Dryd. Ovid.

Before their Eyes in sudden View appear
The Secrets of the heary Deep: A dark
Illimitable Ocean without Bound,
Without Dimension; where Length, Breadth, and Height,
And Time and Place are lost: Where eldest *Night*,
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal Anarchy, amidst the Noise
Of endless Wars, and by Confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce,
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battle bring
Their Embryon Atoms: They around the Flag
Of each his Faction, in their several Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous; unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca*, or *Cyrene's* torrid Soil,
Levy'd to side with warring Winds, and poise
Their lighter Wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a Moment: *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by Decision more embroils the Fray,
By which he reigns; next him high Arbitrer
Chance governs all.

Milt.

And now the Goddess with her Charge descends,
Where scarce one chearful Glimpse their Steps befriends.
Here his forsaken Seat old *Chaos* keeps,
And, undisturb'd by Form, in Silence sleeps:
A grisly Wight, and hideous to the Eye,
An aukward Lump of shapeless Anarchy;
With sordid Age his Features are defac'd,
His Lands unpeopled and his Countries waste.
Upon a Couch of Jet in these Abodes,
Dull *Night*, his melancholly Consort, nods.
No Ways and Means their Cabinet employ,
But their dark Hours they waste in barren Joy.

Gar.

As he profess'd

He had first Matter seen undress'd.
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one Rag of Form was on:
The *Chaos* too he had descry'd,
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd.

Hud.

Order, a banish'd Rebel, flies the Place,
And Strife and Uproar fill the noisy Space:
Tumult and Misrule please at *Chaos* Court,
And everlasting Wars his Throne support;
Pleas'd with these Subjects most that least obey.
Here heavier Seeds rush on in num'rous Swarms,
And crush their lighter Foes with pond'rous Arms.

The

The lighter straight command with equal Pride,
And on mad Whirlwinds in wild Triumph ride :
None long submits to a superior Pow'r ;
Each yields, and in his Turn is Conquerour.

Blac.

S A T A N's Passage thro' Chaos.

The wary Fiend stood on the Brink of Hell,
And look'd awhile into this wild Abyss,
Pond'ring his Voyage ; for no narrow Frith
He had to cross : Nor was his Ear less peal'd
With Noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms
With all her batt'ring Engines, bent to raze
Some Capital City ; or less than if this Frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In Mutiny had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vans
He spreads for Flight, and in the surging Smoke
Uplifted spurns the Ground : Thence many a League,
As in a cloudy Chair ascending, rides
Audacious ; but that Seat soon failing, meets
A vast Vacuity : All unawares,
Flutt'ring his Penons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand Fathom deep ; and to this Hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill Chance
The strong Rebuff of some tumultuous Cloud,
Instinct with Fire and Nitre, hurry'd him
As many Miles aloft : That Fury staid,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither Sea
Nor good dry Land. Nigh founder'd, on he fares,
Treading the crude Consistence, half on foot
Half flying ; behoves him now both Oar and Sail :
As when a Gryphon, thro' the Wilderness
With winged Course o'er Hill or moary Dale,
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful Custody purloin'd
The guarded Gold ; so eagerly the Fiend
O'er Bog or Steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With Head, Hands, Wings, or Feet pursues his Way,
And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal Hubbub wild
Of stunning Sounds, and Voices all confus'd,
Born thro' the hollow Dark, assaults his Ear
With loudest Vehemence : When strait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep : With him enthron'd
Sate sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
The Consort of his Reign ; and by them stood

Orbus and *Ades*, and the dreaded Name
Of *Demogorgon*: Rumour next, and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord, with a thousand various Mouths;
Satan thence

Springs upward like a Pyramid of Fire
Into the wild Expanse; and thro' the Shock
Of fighting Elements, on all Sides round
Environ'd, wins his way.
At last the sacred Influence
Of Light appears, and from the Walls of Heav'n
Shoots far into the Bosom of dim Night
A glimm'ring Dawn: Here Nature first begins
Her farthest Verge, and *Chaos* to retire,
As from her outmost Works, a broken Foe,
With Tumult less, and with less hostile Din;
That *Satan* with less Toil, and now with Ease
Wafts on the calmer Wave by dubious Light;
And, like a Weather-beaten Vessel, holds
Gladly the Port, tho' Shrowds and Tackle torn.

Satan thus

Voyag'd th'unreal, vast, unbounded Deep
Of horrible Confusion;
And thro' the palpable Obscure toil'd out
His uncouth Passage, spreading his airy Flight,
Upborn with indefatigable Wings,
Over the vast Abrupt; compell'd to ride
Th'untractable Abyss, plung'd in the Womb
Of unoriginal Night, and *Chaos* wild.

CHAPLAIN. See Priest.

CHARIOT.

Bold *Eriethonius* was the first that joyn'd
Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd,
And o'er the dusty Wheels presiding fate:
The *Lapithæ* to Chariots add the State
Of Bits and Bridles; taught the Steed to bound,
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy Ground;
To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know,
To obey the Rider, and to dare the Foe.
Hast thou beheld when from the Goal they part;
The youthful Charioteers with heaving Heart,
Rush to the Race, and panting scarcely bear
Th'Extreams of heav'rish Hope and chilling Fear,
Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their Force;
The flying Chariots kindle in the Course.
And now aloof, and now aloft they fly,
As born thro' Air, and seem to touch the Sky:

No

No Stop, no Stay ; but Clouds of Sand arise.
 Spurn'd, and cast backward on the Foll'wers Eyes :
 The hindmost blows the Foam upon the first,
 Such is the Love of Praise, an honourable Thirst. *Dryd. Virg.*

So Four fierce Coursers, starting to the Race,
 Scour thro' the Plain, and lengthen ev'ry Pace:
 Nor Reins, nor Curbs, nor threat'ning Cries they fear,
 But force along the trembling Charioteer. *Dryd. Virg.*

CHARNEL-HOUSE.

Behold a Charnel-House,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead Mens ratling Bones,
 With reeky Shanks, and yellow chapless Skulls.

(Shak. Rom. & Jul.)

CHARON.

Upon the gloomy Banks of *Acheron*,
 Whose troubled Eddies, thick with Ooze and Clay,
 Are whirl'd aloft, and in *Cocytus* lost,
 Old *Charon* stands, who rules the dreary Coast;
 A fordid God! Down from his hoary Chin
 A Length of Beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean :
 His Eyes like hollow Furnaces on fire :
 A Girdle foul with Grease binds his obscene Attire.
 He spreads his Canvas ; with his Pole he steers ;
 The Frights of flitting Ghosts in his thin Bottom bears :
 He look'd in Years; Yet in his Years were seen
 A youthful Vigour, and autumnal Green.

Dryd. Virg.

CHEAT. See Coward.

Doubtless the Pleasure is as great,
 Of being cheated, as to cheat.
 As Lookers-on feel most Delight,
 That least perceive the Juggler's Slight ;
 And still the less they understand,
 The more admire the Slight of Hand.

Hud.

For the dull World most Honour pay to those,
 Who on their Understanding most impose.
 First Man creates, and then he fears the Elf :
 Thus others cheat him nor, but he himself.
 He loaths the Substance, and he loves the Show ;
 He hates Realities, and hugs the Cheat,
 And still the only Pleasure's the Deceit.
 So Meteors flatter with a dazzling Dye,
 Which no Existence has but in the Eye.
 At distance Prospects please us, but when near,
 We find but desert Rocks and fleeting Air :
 From Stratagem to Stratagem we run,
 And he knows most, who latest is undone.

Gar.

An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice;
 But Idiots only will be couzen'd Twice :

Once

Once warn'd is well bewar'd.

Dryd. the Cock and the Fox.

CITY.

There with like Haste to several Ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone.
While Luxury and Wealth, like War and Peace,
Are each the other's Ruin and Increase:
As Rivers lost in Seas, some secret Vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.

Donk.

CLIFF.

Behold a Cliff, whose high and bending Head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring Deep:
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's Eyes so low.
The Crows and Choughs that wing the mid-way Air
Shew scarce so gross as Beetles: Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire: Dreadful Trade!
The Fishermen that walk upon the Beach
Appear like Mice; and yon tall anch'ring Bark
Seems lessen'd to her Cock, her Cock a Buoy
Almost too small for Sight. The murm'ring Surge
Cannot be heard so high.

Shak. K. Lear.

As from some steep and dreadful Precipice,
The frightened Traveller casts down his Eyes,
And sees the Ocean at so great a Distance,
It looks as if the Skies were sunk beneath him.
If then some neighb'ring Shrub, how weak soe'er,
Peep up, his willing Eyes stop gladly there,
And seem to ease themselves, and rest upon it.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

As one condemn'd to leap a Precipice,
Who sees before his Eyes the Depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind Shrub
To break his dreadful Fall.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

CLOUDS. See Deluge, Storm, Tempest, Thunder, Wind.

Not one kind Star was kindled in the Sky,
Nor could the Moon her borrow'd Light supply:
For misty Clouds involv'd the Firmament,

The Stars were muffled and the Moon was pent.

Dryd. Virg.

Mark what collected Night involves the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

O'erspreading Mists th'extinguish'd Sun-beams drown,
Dark Clouds o'er all the black Horizon frown,
And hang their deep hydropick Bellies down.

Blac.

The low'ring Clouds, that dip themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

The Wrack of Clouds is driving on the Wind,

And shews a Break of Sunshine.

Dryd. D. of Guise.

When

When on their March embattel'd Clouds appear,
 What formidable Gloom their Faces wear?
 How wide their Front? How deep and black their Rear?
 How do their threat'ning Heads each other throng?
 How slow the crowding Legions move along?
 The Winds with all their Wings can scarcely bear,
 Th'oppressive Burden of th'impending War. Blac.

C O C K. See Creation, Sleep.

Within this Homestead liv'd, without a Peer
 For crowing loud, the noble *Chanticleer*.
 So hight the Cock, whose singing did surpass
 The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.
 More certain was the crowing of this Cock
 To number Hours, than is an Abbey-Clock;
 And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
 He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost and sung.
 High was his Comb, and Coral-red wical,
 In Dents imbattel'd, like a Castle-Wall:
 His Bill was Raven-black, and shone like Jet;
 Blue were his Legs, and orient were his Feet;
 White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
 His Body glittering like the burnish'd Gold.
 This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,
 Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife:
 Dame *Parilet* was the Sov'rain of his Heart;
 Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
 He feather'd her a hundred times a Day;
 And she that was not only passing fair,
 But was wical discreet and debonair;
 Resolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfil,
 Tho' loath, and let him work his wicked Will.
 At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
 According as the Marriage-Vow did bind,
 And as the Church's Precept had enjoyn'd.
 By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;
 What cannot Beauty, joyn'd with Virtue, gain?
 She was his only Joy, and he her Pride;
 She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his Side:
 If spurning up the Ground he sprung a Corn,
 The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.
 But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
 In Summer, when the Day began to spring,
 Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat. (and the Fox.
Dryd. the Cock
 The crowing Cock (Theoc.
Dryd.
 Salutes the Light, and struts before his feather'd Flock.

C O M E T.

COMET.

Threat'ning Comets, when by Night they rise,
Shoot sanguin Streams, and sadden all the Skies. *Dryd. Virg.*

He, like a Comet, burn'd,
That fires the Length of *Ophiurens* huge
In th' *Artick* Sky; and from his horrid Hair
Shakes Pestilence and War. *Mil.*

Portending Blood, like blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War. *Hud.*

Hung be the Heav'ns with Black, yield Day to Night.
Comets, importing Change to Times and States,
Brandish your golden Tresses in the Skies,
And with them scourge the bad revolted Stars,
That have consented unto *Henry's* Death. *Shak. 1. Hen. 6.*

When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen, (*Shak. Jul. Caf.*)
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the Death of Princes.

COMPASSION.

Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears.

Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative!
To shew by pitying Looks and melting Eyes,
How with a suff'ring Friend we sympathize.
Who can all Sense of others Ills escape,
Is but a Brute at best in human Shape.

This natural Piety did first refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to Things divine:
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Descent,
While that of Beasts is prone and downward bent:
To them, but Earth-born Life they did dispense;
To us, for mutual Aid, celestial Sense. *Tate Jew.*

CONJURER and ALMANACK-MAKER.

He had been long tow'rd's Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philosophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoscopy, Astrology,
And was old Dog at Physiology.
But as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Bestirs himself, and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again;
And still he's in the self-same Place,
Where at his setting-out he was:
So in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts:
Till falling back still for Retreat,
He fell to juggle, cant and cheat.

For as those Fowls that live in Water
 Are never wet, he did but smatter.
 Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
 His Understanding still was clear.
 He'ad read *Dee's* Prefaces before
 The *Devil* and *Euclid* o'er and o'er.
 He with the Moon was more familiar,
 Than e'er was Almanack-well-willer:
 Her Secrets understood so clear,
 That some believ'd he had been there:
 Knew when she was in fittest Mood
 For cutting Corns and letting Blood;
 When for anointing Scabs or Itches,
 Or to the Bum applying Leeches;
 When Sows and Bitches may be spay'd,
 And in what Sign best Cider's made;
 Whether the Wane be, or Increase,
 Best to set Garlick or sow Pease.
 He made an Instrument to know,
 If the Moon shine at Full or no,
 That would, as soon as e'er she shone, strait,
 Whether 'twere Day or Night, demonstrate:
 Tell what her Diameter t'an Inch is,
 And prove she is not made of Green Cheese.
 It would demonstrate that the Man in
 The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*:
 And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,
 That stands behind him at his Breech;
 But a huge *Caspian* Sea or Lake,
 With Arms, which Men for Legs mistake:
 How large a Gulf his Tail composes,
 And what a goodly Bay his Nose is;
 How many *German* Leagues by th'Scale,
 Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
 He made a Planetary Gin,
 Which Rats would run their own Heads in;
 And come on purpose to be taken,
 Without th'Expence of Cheese or Bacon.
 With Lute-strings he would counterfeit
 Maggots that crawl on Dish of Meat.
 Quote Moles and Spots in any Place
 O'th'Body, by the Index Face.
 Detect lost Maidenheads by sneezing,
 Or breaking Wind of Dames, or pissing.
 Cure Warts and Corns with Application
 Of Med'cines to th'Imagination.
 Fright Agues into Dogs, and scare
 With Rhimes the Tooth-ach and Catarrh.

He

He knew whatever's to be known;
But, much more than he knew, would own.

Hud.

CONSCIENCE.

Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe,
But to our Thoughts what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your self to your own Breast shall tell
Your Crimes, and your own Conscience be your Hell.

What Bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If Mirth should fail I'll busy her with Cares;
Silence her clam'rous Voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
Spring back more strongly like a *Scythian* Bow:
Amidst your Train this unseen Judge will wait,
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp, and in your Ear
Will hollow Rebel, Traitor, Murtherer.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan Looks and Care shall bring,
Known but by Discontent to be a King:
Of Crouds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
You'll sit, and brood your Sorrows on a Throne. *Dryd. Auren.*

Nature has made Man's Breast no Windores
To publish what he does within Doors;
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unless his own rash Folly blab it:
And a large Conscience is all one,
And signifies the same with none.

Hud.

The Conscience is the Test of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy self without thy self to find.

Dryd. Prot.

My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom-War.

Lee Mithrid.

Lead me where my own Thoughts themselves may lose me;
Where I may doze out what I've left of Life,
Forget my self, and this Day's Guilt.

Cruel Remembrance, how shall I appease thee! *Osw. Ven. Port.*

Conscience, the foolish Pride of doing well! *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Conscience, that of all Physick works the last! *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r. *Dryd. D. of Guise.*

Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
Deviz'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Shak. Rich. 3.

CONSPIRACY.

O the curst Fate of all Conspiracies!
They move on many Springs, if one but fail,

The

The resist Machine stops.

Dryd. Dem. Seb.

O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When Evils are most free? O then by Day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek for none;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou put thy native Semblance on,
Not Erebus it self were dim enough
To hide thee from Prevention.

Shak. Jul. Cas.

CONSTANCY. See Inconstancy, and Protestations of Love.

Constant as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant as Martyrs burning for their Gods.

Lee.

There's no such thing as Constancy we call;
Faith ties not Hearts, 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
First Constancy in Love a Virtue made:
From Friendship they that Land-mark did remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the Bounds of Love. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

The World's a Scene of Changes, and to be
Constant, in Nature were Inconstancy;
For't were to break the Laws her self has made.
Our Substances themselves do fleet and fade:
The most fix'd Being still does move and fly
Swift as the Wings of Time 'tis measur'd by.
Imagine then that Love should never cease,
Love, which is but the Ornament of these,
Were quite as senseless as to wonder why
Beauty and Colour stay not when we die.

Cowd.

CONTENT.

Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind;
And happy he who can that Treasure find:
But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
Grooms on his Gold, and griping still at more,
Is sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's* (Tale}
Content alone can all their Wrongs redress,
Content, that other Name for Happiness.
It is equal if our Fortunes should augment,
And stretch themselves to the same vast Extent,
With our Desires; or those Desires abate,
Shrink and contract themselves to fit our State.
The unhappy Man, Slave to his wild Desire,
By feeding it, foment the raging Fire:
His Gains augment his unextinguish'd Thirst,
With Plenty poor, and with Abundance curst.

Sour

Sour Discontent that quarrels with our Fate,
May give fresh Smart, but not the old abate :
Th' uneasy Passion's disingenuous Wit,
The Ill reveals, but hides the Benefit.

Secure and free from Bus'ness of the State,
And more secure of what the Vulgar prate ;
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts, nor care
What Rot for Sheep the Southern Winds prepare :
Survey the neighb'ring Fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger Crop than mine.
To see a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow.

He laugh'd at all the Vulgar's Cares and Fears,
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears :
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,

When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd :
Since all great Souls still make their own Content,
We to our selves may all our Wishes grant ;
For nothing coveting, we nothing want.

They cannot want who wish not to have more ;
Who ever said an Anchorer was poor ?

Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body and Content of Mind ;
A Soul that can securely Death defy,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die ;
Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain ;
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire.

Rest we contented with our present State,
'Tis anxious to enquire of future Fate.

Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art ;
Act cheerfully and well th'allotted Part :
Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' Approaches of the last.

C O R P S.

A Lump of senseless Clay ! The Leavings of a Soul.

All pale he lies, and looks a lovely Flow'r,
New cropt by Virgin-Hands to dress the Bow'r :
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below :

No more to Mother Earth or the green Stem shall owe.

C O R N.

The bearded Product of the golden Year,
As when a suddain Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the Ground the yet unbearded Grain ;
Think not the Hopes of Harvest are destroy'd
On the flat Field and on the naked Void :

The light unloaded Stern, from Tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful Honours of his Head;
And, soon restor'd by native Vigour, bear
The timely Product of the bounteous Year: *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Field
Of Ceres, ripe for Harvest, waving bends
Her bearded Grove of Ears, which Way the Wind
Sways them; the careful Plowman doubting stands,
Left on the threshing Floor his hopeful Sheaves
Prove Chaff. *Milt.*

COUNSELLOR, and Justice of the Peace:

An old dull Sor, who'd told the Clock,
For many Years at Bridewel Dock,
At Westminster and Hicks's Hall;
And *Hicini-Dechini* play'd in all;
Where in all Governments and Times,
He'd been both Friend and Foe to Crimes:
And us'd Two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring Justice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore gave Privilege,
And whip'd for want of Quarteridge:
Cart-loads of Bawds to Prison sent,
For being behind a Fortnight's Rent;
And many a trusty Pimp and Crony,
To Puddle-Dock, for want of Money.
Engag'd the Constable to seize
All those who would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Tho' sometimes Commoners or Lords;
And kept them Prisoners of Course,
For being sober at ill Hours;
That in the Morning he might free,
Or bind them over, for his Fee.
Made Monsters fine, and Puppet Plays,
For leave to practise in their Ways.
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share
With th' Headborough and Scavenger,
And made the Dirt i'th Street compound,
For taking up the publick Ground.
The Kennel and the King's High-way,
For being unmolested, pay.
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping Post,
And Cage, to those that give him most.
Impos'd a Tax on Baker's Ears,
And for false Weights on Chandelers.
Made Victuallers and Vintners fine
For arbitrary Ale and Wine.

But

But was a kind and constant Friend
 To all that regularly offend ;
 As Residentiary Bawds,
 And Brokers that receive stol'n Goods ;
 That cheat in lawful Mysteries,
 And pay Church Duties and his Fees :
 But was implacable and aukward
 To such as interlop'd and hauker'd.
 To this brave Man the Knight repairs
 For Counsel in his Law Affairs ;
 And found him mounted in his Pew,
 With Books and Money plac'd for Shew,
 Like Nest-Eggs, to make Clients lay,
 And for his false Opinion pay.
 To whom the Knight with comely Grace,
 Put off his Hat, to put his Case :
 Which he as proudly entertain'd,
 As th'other courteously strain'd :
 And to assure him 'twas not that
 He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.

Hud.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Hail old patrician Trees ! so great and good !

Hail ye Plebian Underwood !

Where the poëtick Birds rejoyce,
 And for their quiet Nests and plenteous Food,
 Pay with their grateful Voice.

Hail the poor Muses richest Mannour-Seat !

Ye Country-Houses and Retreat !

Which all the happy Gods so love,

That for you oft they quit

Their bright and great Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a House for me erect ;

Nature, the wisest Architect !

Who those fond Artists does despise,

That can the fair and living Trees neglect,

Yet the dead Timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,

Hear the soft Winds above me flying,

With all the wanton Boughs dispute,

And the more tuneful Birds to both replying ;

Nor be my self too mute.

A silver Stream still rousls his Waters near,

Gilt with Sun-beams here and there,

On whose enamel'd Bank I'll walk,

And see how prettily they smile, and hear

How prettily they talk.

Cen.

O Fountains ! When in you shall I,
My self, eas'd of unpeaceful Thoughts, espy ?
O Fields ! O Woods ! When, when shall I be made

The happy Tenant of your Shade ?
Here's the Spring-head of Pleasure's Flood,
Where all the Riches lie, that the
Has coin'd and stamp'd for Good.
Pride and Ambition here,

Only in far-fetch'd Metaphors appear,
Here nought but Winds can hurtful Murmurs scatter,
And nought but *Echo* flatter.

The Gods when they descended, hither
From Heav'n did always chuse their Way,
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the Way too thither.

Cont.

How happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty is he,
Who leads a quiet Country-Life,
Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scriv'ner free !
Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
The Clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wisely shuns ;
Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,
To servile Salutations runs.

But either to the clasping Vine
Does the supporting Poplar wed,
Or with his Pruning-Hook disjoyn
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their stead.
Or climbing to a hilly Steep,
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or shears his over-burthen'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares
Of Virgin-Honey in the Jars.
Or in the new declining Year,
When bounteous Autumn rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And clustering Grapes, with purple spread.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Grass he lies ;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.

The Wind, that whistles thro' the Sprays,
 Maintains the Confort of the Song,
 And hidden Birds with native Lays
 The golden Sleep prolong.
 But when the Blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary Frost inverts the Year,
 Into the naked Woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,
 With twinkling Glasse to betray
 The Larks that in the Meshes light :
 Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.
 Amidst his harmless easy Joys
 No anxious Cares invade his Health ;
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.
 Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born ;
 Who plow'd with Oxen of their own,
 Their small paternal Field of Corn.
 Oh let me in the Country range !
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live :
 The beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
 Smiling Valleys, murm'ring Fountains ;
 Lambs in flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Echo our Complaints repeating ;
 Bees with busie Sounds delighting,
 Groves to gentle Sleep inviting ;
 Whispering Winds the Poplars courting,
 Swains in rustick Circles sporting ;
 Birds in chearful Notes expressing,
 Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing :
 These afford a lasting Pleasure,
 Without Guilt, and without Measure.

Dryd. Hic

Br

Happy the Man, whom bounteous Gods allow
 With his own Hands paternal Grounds to plow !
 Like the first golden Mortals happy he,
 From Bus'ness, and the Cares of Money free !
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep :
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,
 Nor does th'Affronts of Palaces endure.
 Sometimes the beauteous marriageable Vine
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join ;
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound :

Sometim

Sometimes he hears his Flock, and sometimes he
 Stores up the golden Treasures of the Bee.
 He sees the lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,
 While neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:
 And when the Season rich as well as gay,
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,
 How is he pleas'd th'increasing Use to see
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree;
 Of which large Stores, on the glad sacred Days,
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design.
 By him a River constantly complains,
 The Birds above rejoyce with various Strains;
 And in the solemn Scene their Orgies keep,
 Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep.
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,
 And nought within against it bars the Gate.
 Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,
 Or sullen *Jove* all Sports to him deny.
 He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
 His well-mouth'd Dogs glad Concert rends the Air;
 Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar.
 Here flies the Hawk t'assault, and there the Net
 To intercept the trav'ling Fowl is set;
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shewn
 In innocent Wars on Birds and Beasts alone.
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,
 From thee, the great one, Tyrant Love! from thee!
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife,
 Be added to the Blessings of his Life,
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear,
 Who makes her Children and her House her Care,
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share;
 Nor thinks her self too noble or too fine,
 To pin the Sheepfold or to milk the Kine:
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come
 From rural Duties, late and weary'd, home;
 Where she receives him with a kind Embrace,
 A chearful Fire and a more chearful Face;
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
 And with domestick Plenty loads the Board:
 Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury,

Nor Ortalans, nor Godwits, nor the rest
 Of costly Names that glorify a Feast,
 Are at a Prince's Table better Cheer,
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here. *Cow! Hor.*

Ah Prince! hadst thou but known the Joys which dwell
 With humble Fortunes, thou would'st curse thy Royalty.
 Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
 Where with Life's Necessaries blest alone,
 We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
 Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empire bring :
 No wicked Statesmen would with impious Arts
 Have striv'n to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
 Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction. *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Oh happy, if he knew his happy State,
 The Swain, who free from Bus'ness and Debate,
 Receives his easy Food from Nature's Hand,
 And just Returns of cultivated Land,
 No Palace with a lofty Gate he wants,
 T'admit the Tides of early Visitants,
 With eager Eyes devouring as they pass
 The breathing Figures of Corinthian Brass :
 No Statues threaten from high Pedestals ;
 No *Persian* Arras hides his homely Walls
 With antick Vests, which thro' their shady Fold,
 Betray the Streaks of ill-dissembled Gold.
 He boasts no Wool, whose native White is dy'd
 With purple Poyson of *Assyrian* Pride.
 No costly Drugs of *Araby* defile
 With foreign Scents the Sweetness of his Oil.
 But easy Quiet, a secure Retreat,
 A harmless Life, that knows not how to cheat,
 With home-bred Plenty the rich Owner blest,
 And rural Pleasures crown his Happiness.
 Unvex'd with Quarrels, undisturb'd with Noise,
 The Country King his peaceful Realm enjoys:
 Cool Grots and living Lakes, the flow'ry Pride
 Of Meads, and Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
 And shady Groves that easy Sleep invite,
 And after toilsom Days a soft Repose at Night.
 Wild Beasts of Nature in his Woods abound ;
 And Youth of Labour patient plough the Ground,
 Inur'd to Hardship and to homely Fare ;
 Nor venerable Age is wanting there,
 In great Examples to the youthful Train,
 Nor are the Gods ador'd with Rites profane.
 From hence *Astrea* took her Flight, and here
 The Prints of her departing Steps appear.

Ye sacred Muses! with whose Beauty fir'd,
 My Soul is ravish'd, and my Brain inspir'd,
 Whose Priest I am, whose holy Fillets wear,
 Would you your Poet's first Petition hear!
 Give me the Ways of wand'ring Stars to know,
 The Depths of Heav'n above and Earth below :
 Teach me the various Labours of the Moon,
 And whence proceed th'Eclipses of the Sun;
 Why flowing Tides prevail upon the Main,
 And in what dark Recefs they shrink again ;
 What shakes the solid Earth, what Cause delays
 The Summer Nights, and shortens Winter Days.
 But if my heavy Blood restrain the Flight
 Of my free Soul, aspiring to the Height
 Of Nature, and unclouded Fields of Light ;
 My next Desire is, void of Care and Strife,
 To lead a soft, secure, inglorious Life.
 A Country Cottage, near a Crystal Flood,
 A winding Valley and a lofty Wood.
 Some God conduct me to the sacred Shades,
 Where Bacchanals are sung by *Spartan* Maids;
 Or lift me high to *Hæmus* hilly Crown,
 Or in the Plains of *Tempe* lay me down ;
 Or lead me to some solitary Place,
 And cover my Retreat from human Race.

Happy the Man, who studying Nature's Laws,
 Thro' known Effects can trace the secret Cause :
 His Mind possessing in a quiet State,
 Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate.
 And happy too is he who decks the Bow'rs
 Of *Sylvans*, and adores the rural Pow'rs:
 Whose Mind, unmov'd, the Bribes of Courts can see,
 Their glitt'ring Baits and purple Slavery ;
 Nor hopes the People's Praise, nor fears their Frown;
 Nor when contending Kindred tear the Crown,
 Will set up one or pull another down.
 Without Concern he hears, but hears from far,
 Of Tumults, and Descents, and distant War :
 Nor with a superstitious Fear is aw'd
 For what befalls at home or what abroad ;
 Nor envies he the Rich their heapy Store,
 Nor his own Peace disturbs with Pity for the Poor.
 He feeds on Fruits which, of their own Accord,
 The willing Ground and laden Trees afford.
 From his lov'd Home no Lucre can him draw,
 The Senate's mad Decrees he never saw,
 Nor heard at bawling Bars corrupted Law.

Some to the Seas and some to Camps resort,
 And some with Impudence invade the Court.
 In foreign Countries others seek Renown,
 With Wars and Taxes others waste their own;
 And Houses burn and Household-Gods deface,
 To drink in Bowls which glitt'ring Gems enchain;
 To loll on Couches rich with Citron Steds;
 And lay their guilty Limbs in *Tyrian Beds*.
 This Wretch in Earth intombs his golden Ore,
 How'ring and brooding on his bury'd Store.
 Some Patriot Fools to pop'lar Praise aspire,
 Or publick Speeches, which worse Fools admire;
 While from both Benches with redoubled Sounds,
 Th'Applause of Lords and Commoners abounds.
 Some thro' Ambition, or thro' Thirst of Gold,
 Have slain their Brothers or their Country fold;
 And leaving their sweet Homes, in Exile run
 To Lands that lie beneath another Sun.
 The Peasant, innocent of all these Ills,
 With crooked Ploughs the fertile Fallows tills,
 And the round Year with daily Labour fills.
 From hence the Country Markets are supply'd;
 Enough remains for household Charge beside,
 His Wife and tender Children to sustain,
 And gratefully to feed his dumb deserving Train:
 Nor cease his Labours till the yellow Field
 A full Return of bearded Harvest yield;
 A Crop so plenteous, as the Land to load,
 O'ercome the crowded Barn, and lodge on Ricks abroad.
 Thus ev'ry sev'ral Season is employ'd,
 Some spent in Toil, and some in Ease enjoy'd.
 The yearning Ews prevent the springing Year,
 The loaded Boughs their Fruit in Autumn bear;
 'Tis then the Vine her liquid Harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the Sun-shine of ascending Fields.
 The Winter comes, and then the falling Mast
 For greedy Swine provides a full Repast:
 Then Olives ground in Mills their Fatness boast,
 And Winter Fruits are mellow'd by the Frost.
 His Cares are eas'd with Intervals of Bliss;
 His little Children, climbing for a Kiss,
 Welcome their Father's late Return at Night;
 His faithful Bed is crown'd with chaste Delight:
 His Kine with swelling Udders ready stand,
 And lowing for the Pail invite the Milker's Hand.
 His wanton Kids, with budding Horns prepar'd,
 Fight harmless Battles in his homely Yard.

Himself

Himself in rustick Pomp, on Holy-days,
 To rural Pow'rs a just Oblation pays ;
 And on the Green his careless Limbs displays.
 The Hearth is in the midst ; the Herdsmen round
 The chearful Fire, provoke his Health in Goblets crown'd.
 He calls on *Bacchus*, and propounds the Prize :
 The Groom, his Fellow-Groom, at Buts desies,
 And bends his Bow, and levels with his Eyes :
 Or stript for Wrestling, smears his Limbs with Oil,
 And watches, with a Trip, his Foe to foil.
 Such was the Life the frugal *Sabines* led :
 So *Remus* and his Brother God were bred ;
 From whom th'austere *Etrurian* Virtue rose :
 And this rude Life our homely Fathers chose.
 Old *Rome* from such a Race deriv'd her Birth,
 (The Seat of Empire, and the conquer'd Earth)
 Which now on Sev'n high Hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that Compass all the World contains.
 E'er *Saturn's* rebel Son usurp'd the Skies,
 When Beasts were only slain for Sacrifice.
 While peaceful *Crete* enjoy'd her antient Lord,
 E'er sounding Hammers forg'd th'inhuman Sword,
 E'er hollow Drums were beat, before the Breath
 Of brazen Trumpets rung the Peal of Death ;
 The good old God his Hunger did assuage,
 With Roots and Herbs ; and gave the Golden Age. *Dryd. Virg.*

COUNTRY-BUMKIN.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick Sound,
 And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.
 The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
 Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair ;
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.
 His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
 And his supreme Delight a Country Fair :
 His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his Back ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of Thought.

(& *Iphig.*
Dryd. Cym.

COUNTRY-LASS.

How happy is the harmless Country-Maid,
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid.
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
 But like her Soul, preserve the native White.
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please ;
 Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease.

G

Who

Who, free from Storms which on the Great ones fall,
 Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all.
 No Care, but Love, can discompose her Breast,
 Love, of all Cares, the sweetest and the best.
 While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
 One happy Lover feeds upon her Eye.
 Not one, whom on her Gods or Men impose,
 But one whom Love has for this Lover chose.
 Under some Fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions with repeated Vows.
 And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns.
 Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie:
 And whilst they live, their Flames can never dye.

Roscow,

COUNTRY-SQUIRE:

In Easter Term,

My young Master's Worship comes to Town;
 From Pedagogue and Mother just set free,
 The hopeful Heir of a great Family;
 That with strong Beer and Beef the Country rules,
 And ever since the Conquest have been Fools.
 And still with careful Prospect to maintain
 That Character, lest crossing of the Strain
 Should Mend the Booby-Breed, his Friends provide
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride.
 And thus set out
 With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife,
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life;
 Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town,
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.

Roch.

COURAGE.

The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
 Is then to die, when we have Pow'r to live. *How. Ind. Queen.*
 But when true Courage is of Force bereft,
 Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*
 Conquest pursues where Courage leads the way. *Gar.*
 But ah! what use of Valour can be made,
 When Heav'n's propitious Pow'rs refuse their Aid? *Dryd. Virg.*
 God-like his Courage seem'd, whom no Delight
 Could soften, nor the Face of Death affright. *Wall.*
 All desperate Hazards Courage do create,
 As he plays frankly, who has least Estate;
 Presence of Mind, and Courage in Distress,
 Are more than Armies to procure Success.
 Their Courage dwells not in a troubled Flood
 Of mounting Spirits, and fermenting Blood;

Dryd. Aurel.

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the Soul, with Virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by Reason, and by Reason cool'd:
 In Hours of Peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the Field of Battle shown.

Add.

Meer Courage is to Madneſs near ally'd,
 A brutal Rage, which Prudence does not guide.

Blac.

Then *Hudibras*,

Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout,
 But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt;
 For Men will tremble and look paler
 With too much, or too little Valour.

Hud.

COURT. See Flattery, Greatneſs.

The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle,
 Upon whoſe magick Skirts a thouſand Devils,
 In ohryſtal Forms, ſit tempting Innocence,
 And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.

Lee Nero.

Be careful to avoid both Courts and Camps,
 Where dilatory Fortune plays the Jilt
 With the brave, noble, honeſt, gallant Man,
 To throw herſelf away on Fools and Knaves.

Otw. Orph.

Bertram has been taught the Art of Courts;
 To gild a Face with Smiles, and leer a Man to Ruin. *Dryd Span.*
 Learn the cruel Arts of Courts;

(Fry.

Learn to diſſemble Wrongs, to ſmile at Injuries,
 And ſuffer Crimes thou want'ſt the Pow'r to puniſh.
 Be eaſy, affable, familiar, friendly;
 Search, and know all Mankind's myſterious Ways,
 But truſt the Secret of thy Soul to none:

This is the way,

This only, to be ſafe in ſuch a World as this is.

Row. Ulyſſ.

Courts are the Places where beſt Manners flouriſh,
 Where the deſerving ought to riſe, and Fools
 Make Show. Why ſhould I vex, and chafe my Spleen,
 To ſee a gawdy Coxcomb ſhine, when I
 Have Senſe enough to ſooth him in his Follies,
 And ride him to Advantage as I pleaſe?

Otw. Orph.

What Man of Senſe would rack his gen'rous Mind,
 To praſtiſe all the baſe Formalities
 And Forms of Buſ'neſs? Force a grave ſtarch'd Face,
 When he's a very Libertine in's Heart?
 Seem not to know this or that Man in publick,
 When privately perhaps they meet together,
 And lay the Scene of ſome brave Fellow's Ruin.
 Such things are done in Courts.

Otw. Orph.

Virtue muſt be thrown off, 'tis a coarſe Garment,
 Too heavy for the Sunſhine of a Court.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

But Courtiers are to be accounted good,

When

When they are not the last and worst of Men. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
 Farewel Court,
 Where Vice not only has usurp'd the Place,
 But the Reward, and ev'n the Name of Virtue. *Denb. Soph.*

COW.

The Mother-Cow must wear a low'ring Look,
 Sowr-headed, strongly neck'd to bear the Yoke :
 Her double Dewlap from her Chin descends ;
 And at her Thighs the pond'rous Burthen ends.
 Long are her Sides and large, her Limbs are great,
 Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.
 Her Colour shining Black, but fleck'd with White,
 She tosses from the Yoke, provokes the Fight :
 She rises in her Gate, is free from Fears,
 And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears ;
 Her ample Forehead with a Star is crown'd :
 And with her Length of Tail she sweeps the Ground.
 The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain,
 But after Ten from nuptial Rites refrain :
 Six Seasons use, but then release the Cow,
 Unfit for Love, or for the lab'ring Plough.

Dryd. Virg.

The milky Mothers of the Plain.

*Dryd. Virg.*COWARD. *See Fear.*

The Good we act, the Ill that we endure ;
 'Tis all for Fear, to make our selves secure :
 Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst ;
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst.

Rock.

Let Fear upon the prosp'rous Hearts take hold :
 Cowards themselves in Miseries grow bold.

How. Vest. Virg.

As Cheats to play with those still aim,
 That do not understand the Game ;
 So Cowards never use their Might,
 But against such as will not fight.

*Hud.*CRANE. *See Creation, Pygmy.*CREATION of the WORLD. *See Death.*

They sung how God spoke out the World's vast Ball,
 From *Nothing*, and from *No Where* call'd forth *All*.

Cowl.

I saw the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep.
 I saw when at his Word this formless Mass,
 The World's material Mould came to a Heap :
 Confusion heard his Voice, and wild Uproar
 Stood rul'd, stood vast Infinity confin'd ;
 Till at his second Bidding, Darkness fled,
 Light shone, and Order from Disorder sprung.
 Swift to their several Quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Air, Fire,

And

And the ethereal Quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various Forms
 That rould orbicular, and turn'd to Stars.
 Each had his Place appointed, each his Course.
 Thus God the Heav'n's created, thus the Earth :
 Matter unform'd and void, Darkness profound
 Cover'd th'Abyss; but on the wat'ry Calm
 His brooding Wings the Spirit of God out-spread,
 And vital Vertue infus'd, and vital Warmth
 Throughout the fluid Mass; but downward purg'd
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal Dregs,
 Adverse to Life; then founded, then conglob'd
 Like things to like, the rest to sev'ral Place
 Disparted, and between spun out the Air;
 And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her Centre hung.

Light.

Let there be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, Quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the Deep; and from her native East
 To journey thro' the airy Gloom began,
 Spher'd in a radiant Cloud. And then God made

Firmament.

The Firmament, Expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, elemental Air, diffus'd
 In Circuit to the uttermost Convex
 Of this great Round.

Dry Land.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature, involv'd,
 Appear'd not: Over all the Face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
 Prolifick Humour softning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sate with genial Moisture.
 Immediately the Mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare Backs up-heave
 Into the Clouds, their Tops ascend the Sky.

Sea and Rivers.

So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow Bottom, broad and deep,
 Capacious Bed of Waters: Thither they
 Hasted with glad Precipitance, uproll'd,
 As Drops on Dust, conglobing from the Dry:
 Part rise in crystal Wall, or Ridge direct;

As Armies at a Call

Of Trumpet
 Troop to their Standard; so the wat'ry Throng,

Wave

Wave rolling after Wave, where way they found;
 If steep, with torrent Rapture; if thro' Plain,
 Soft ebbing: Nor withstood them Rock or Hill;
 But they or under Ground, or Circuit wide,
 With serpent Error wandring, found their way,
 And on the washy Ooze deep Channels wore;
 Within whose Banks the Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid Train.

Herbs, and Trees.

Next the Earth, till then
 Defart and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender Grass, whose Verdure clad
 Her universal Face with pleasant Green.
 Then Herbs of ev'ry Leaf, that suddain flow'r'd,
 Op'ning their various Colours, and made gay
 Her Bosom smelling sweet: And these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring Vine, forth crept
 The smelling Gourd, upstood the corny Reed
 Embattel'd in her Field, and th' humble Shrub,
 And Bush with frizzled Hair implicit: Last
 Rose, as in a Dance, the stately Trees, and spread
 Their Branches hung with copious Fruit, or gem'd
 Their Blossoms: With high Woods the Hills were crown'd,
 With Tufts the Valleys, and each Fountain Side
 With Borders long the Rivers.

Sun, Moon, and Stars.

Then of Celestial Bodies first the Sun,
 A mighty Sphere, he fram'd; unlight'som first,
 Tho' of ethereal Mold: He form'd the Moon
 Globose, and every Magnitude of Stars.
 Of Light by far the greater Part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy Shrine, and plac'd
 In the Sun's Orb, made porous to receive,
 And drink the liquid Light; firm to retain
 Her gather'd Beams: Great Palace now of Light!
 Hither, as to their Fountain, other Stars
 Repairing, in their golden Urns draw Light;
 And hence the Morning Planet gilds her Horns.
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen;
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rays; jocund to run
 His Longitude thro' Heav'n's high Road: The grey
 Dawn and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweet Influence. Less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level'd West was set,
 His Mirrour; with full Face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other Light she needed none.

In that Aspect, and still that Distance keeps
Till Night; then in the East her Turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle; and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds;
With thousand thousand Stars that then appear'd
Spangling the Hemisphere.

Fish.

Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek and Bay,
With Fry innumerable Swarm, and Shoals
Of Fish, that with their Fins and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculls that oft
Bank the Mid-Sea: Part single, or with Mate,
Grazes the Sea-weed their Pasture, and thro' Groves
Of Coral stray; or sporting with quick Glance,
Shew to the Sun their wav'd Coats drop'd with Gold;
Or in their pearly Shells at Ease attend
Moist Nutriment, or under Rocks their Food
In jointed Armour watch. On Smooth the Seal
And bended Dolphins play; part, huge of Bulk,
Wall'wing, unweildy, enormous in their Gait,
Tempest the Ocean: There *Leviathan*,
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep,
Stretch'd like a Promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving Lake; and at his Gills
Draws in, and at his Trunk spouts out a Sea.

Birds.

Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens, and Shores,
Their Brood as num'rous hatch from th'Egg, that soon
Bursting with kindly Rupture, forth disclos'd
Their callow Young: But feather'd soon and sledge,
They sum'd their Pens, and soaring th'Air sublime,
With Clang despis'd the Ground, under a Cloud
In Prospect: There the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar Tops their Eyries build.
Part loosely wing the Region, part more wise,
In common, rang'd in Figure, wedg'd their Way,
Intelligent of Seasons; and set forth
Their airy Caravan, high over Seas
Flying, and over Lands, easing their Wings
With mutual Flight: So steers the prudent Crane
Her annual Voyage born on Winds: The Air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd Plumes.
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with Song
Solac'd the Woods, and spread their painted Wings
Till Even; nor then the solemn Nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all Night tun'd her soft Lays.
Others in silver Lakes and Rivers bath'd

Their

Their downy Breast: The Swan with arched Neck,
 Between her white Wings mantling, proudly rows
 Her State with oary Feet; yet oft they quit
 The Dank, and, rising on stiff Pennons, tow'r
 The mid aerial Sky. Others on Ground
 Walk'd firm: The crested Cock, whose Clarion sounds
 The silent Hours; and th'other, whose gay Train
 Adorns him, colour'd with the florid Hue
 Of Rainbows and starry Eyes.

Beasts.

Then the Earth,
 Op'ning her fertile Womb, teem'd at a Birth
 Innum'rous living Creatures, perfect Forms,
 Limb'd and full grown: Out from the Ground up-rose,
 As from his Lair, the wild Beast where he wons
 In Forest wild, in Thicket, Brake or Den;
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd;
 The Cattle in the Fields and Meadows green:
 Those rare and solitary, those in Flocks,
 Past'ring at once, and in broad Herds up-sprung.
 The grassy Clods now calv'd; Now half appear'd
 The tawny Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder Parts; then springs as broke from Bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brinded Mane: The Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moal
 Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks: The swift Stag from under Ground
 Bore up his branching Head. Scarce from his Mold
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd
 His Vastness: Fleec'd the Flocks, and bleating rose,
 As Plants: Ambiguous between Sea and Land,
 The River-Horse and scaly Crocodile.

Creeping Things.

At once came forth whatever creeps the Ground,
 Insect or Worm: Those wav'd their limber Fans
 For Wings, and smallest Lineaments exact,
 In all the Liv'ries deck'd of Summer's Pride,
 With Spots of Gold and Purple, Azure and Green:
 These as a Line their long Dimension drew,
 Streaking the Ground with sinuous Trace. Not all
 Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kind,
 Wond'rous in Length and Corpulence, involv'd
 Their snaky Folds, and added Wings. First crept
 The parcimonious Emmet, provident
 Of Future; in small Room large Heart enclos'd;
 Pattern of just Equality.

Swarming next appear'd

The Female Bee, that feeds her Husband Drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells,
 With Honey stor'd.
 The Serpent, subtlest Beast of all the Field,
 Of huge Extent sometimes, with brazen Eyes,
 And hairy Main terrific.
 Now Heav'n in all her Glory shin'd, and rowl'd
 Her Motions, as the Great first Mover's Hand
 First wheel'd their Course. Earth in her rich Attire
 Consummate lovely smil'd: Air, Water, Earth,
 By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd.

Man.

There wanted yet the Master-work, the End
 Of all yet done; a Creature, who not prone,
 And brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
 With Sanctity of Reason, might erect
 His Stature, and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n:

He form'd thee, *Adam*, thee, O Man,
 Dust of the Ground, and in thy Nostrils breath'd
 The Breath of Life.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold! all was intirely Good,
 Answering his great Idea! Up he rode,
 Follow'd with Acclamations, and the Sound
 Symphonious of Ten thousand Harps that tun'd
 Angelick Harmonies; the Earth, the Air
 Refounded;

The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in their Station list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.

Milr.

Thus Heav'n from Nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
 And then with wond'rous Joy beheld its Beauty,
 Well-pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave.

Row. Fair. Pen.

He sung the secret Seeds of Nature's Frame,
 How Seas, and Earth, and Air, and active Flame
 Fell thro' the mighty Void, and in their Fall
 Were blindly gather'd in this goodly Ball.
 The tender Soil, then stiff'ning by degrees,
 Shut from the bounded Earth the bounding Seas:
 Then Earth and Ocean various Forms disclose,
 And a new Sun to the new World arose.
 And Mists, condens'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,
 And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply:

The

The rising Trees the lofty Mountains grace,
The lofty Mountains feed the Savage Race;
Yet few, and Strangers in th' unpeopl'd Place.

Dryd. Virg.

CRIES & Shrieks.

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar,
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War.

Dr. Virg.

The House is fill'd with loud Laments and Cries,
And Shrieks of Women rend the vaulted Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

The fearful Matrons raise a screaming Cry,
Old feeble Men with fainter Groans reply:
A jarring Sound results, and mingles in the Sky,
Like that of Swans remurm'ring to the Floods,
Or Birds of diff'ring Kinds in hollow Woods:

Dryd. Virg.

First from the frighted Court the Yell began,
Redoubled thence from House to House it ran:

The Groans of Men, with Shrieks, Laments, and Cries,
Of mixing Women, mount the vaulted Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

A Shout that struck the golden Stars ensu'd.

Dryd. Virg.

CRUSH'D to Pieces:

The Overthrow,

Crushing, to Dust pounded the Crowd below:

Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know.

Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcass did remain,

But a mash'd Heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain;

One vast Destruction; not the Soul alone;

But Bodies, like the Soul, invisibly are flown.

Dryd. Juv.

CUCKING-STOOL:

As Ovation was allow'd

For Conquest, purchas'd without Blood;

So Men decree these lesser Shows

For Vict'ry, gotten without Blows,

By Dint of sharp hard Words, which some
Give Battel with, and overcome.

These, mounted in a Chair Curule,

Which Moderns call a Cucking-Stool,

March proudly to the River's Side,

And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride;

Like Dukes of Venice, who are said

The Adriatick Sea to wed;

And have a gentler Wife, than those

For whom the State decrees these Shows,

Hud.

CUCKOLD. See Jealousie.

O Curse of Marriage!

That we can call those delicate Creatures ours,

And not their Appetites! I had rather be a Toad,

And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,

Than keep a Corner in the thing I love.

For

For others Uses. Yet 'tis the Plague of great ones ;

Prerogativ'd are they less than the Base ;

'Tis Destiny unhunnable like Death !

I had been happy if the gen'ral Camp,

Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet Body,

So I had nothing known.

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Than but to know't a little.

What Sense had I of her stol'n Hours of Lust ?

I saw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :

I slept the next Night well, was free and merry ;

I found not *Cassio's* Kisses on her Lips.

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Shak. Othello.

Inquisitive as jealous Cuckolds grow,

Rather than not be knowing, they will know,

What, being known, creates their certain Woe.

Rock.

Ingrateful Wretch ! that never thanks his Maker.

CUNNING-MAN and Quack.

He deals in Destiny's dark Counsels,

And sage Opinions of the Moon sells ;

To whom all People far and near,

On deep Importances repair :

When Bras and Pewter hap to stray,

And Linnen sinks out of the way ;

When Geese and Pullen are seduc'd,

And Sows of Sucking-Pigs are chous'd ;

When Cattle feel Indisposition,

And need th' Opinion of Physician ;

When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,

And Chicken languish of the Pip ;

When Yest and outward Means do fail,

And have no Pow'r to work on Ale ;

When Butter does refuse to come,

And Love proves cross and humourfom :

To him with Questions and with Urine,

They for Discov'ry flock, or Curing.

Hud.

CURSE. See Imprecations.

I curse thee not :

Who can better curse the Plague or Devil,

Can to be what they are : That Curse be thine ;

Dr. Don. Seb.

And let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,

Green haunt himself.

Dryd. Oedip.

Hear me, just Heavens !

Put down your Curses on this wretched Head

H

With

With never ceasing Vengeance: Let Despair,
Dangers or Infamy, nay all surround me.
Starve me with Wantings: Let my Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Comfort, nor my Heart know Peace:
But dash my Days with Sorrows, Nights with Horrors,
Wild as my own Thoughts are. *Otw. Ven. Pref.*

Let Mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry Hour
Of my loath'd Life yield me Increase of Horrour:
Oh let the Sun to these unhappy Eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever!
May ev'ry thing I look on seem a Prodigy,
To fill my Soul with Terrours, till I quite
Forget I ever had Humanity,
And grow a Curser of the Works of Nature. *Otw. Orph.*

Whip me, ye Devils,
Blow me about in Winds, roast me in Sulphur;
Wash me in steep-down Gulphs of liquid Fire. *Shak. Othel.*

Let Heav'n kiss Earth: Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd; let Order die;
And let the World no longer be a Stage
To feed Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one Spirit of the first-born *Gain*
Reign in all Bosoms; that each Heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkness be the Burier of the Dead. *(Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.)*

Now Hell's bluest Plagues
Receive her quick with all her Crimes upon her:
Let her sink spotted down; let the dark Host
Make Room, and point and hiss her as she goes:
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her Sex
Rejoice, and cry, here comes a blacker Fiend. *(Shak. Troil. and Cres.)*

O all tormenting Dreams, wild Horrors of the Night,
And Hags of Fancy, wing him thro' the Air;
From Precipices hurl him headlong down;
From *Charybdis* roar, and Death be set before him. *Lee Othel.*

Kind Heav'n! let heavy Curses
Gall his old Age; Cramps, Aches rack his Bones,
And bitterest Disquiet wring his Heart.
Oh let him live till Life becomes a Burden;
Let him groan under't long, linger an Age
In the worst Agonies and Pangs of Death,
And find it's Ease but late. *Otw. Vin. Pref.*

But Curses stick not: Could I kill with Cursing,
By Heav'n I know not thirty Heads in *Venice*

Should

Should not be blasted : Senators should rot
Like Dogs on Dunghills ; but their Wives and Daughters
Die of their own Diseases. Oh for a Curse
To kill with!

Otw. Ven. Pres.

CUSTOM.

Custom, that does still dispence
An universal Influence ;
And make things right or wrong appear,
Just as they do her Liv'ry wear.

Hud.

Custom, which often Wisdom over-rules,
And only serves for Reason to the Fools.

Rock.

Ill Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,
Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice.

Dryd. Ovid.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.

Dryd. Virg.

Habitual Evils change not on a suddain,
But many Days must pass, and many Sorrows :
Conscious Remorse and Anguish must be felt,
To curb Desire, to break the stubborn Will,
And work a second Nature in the Soul,
E'er Virtue can resume the Place she lost :
'Tis else Dissimulation.

Row. Ulyss.

For Custom will a strong Impression leave ;
Hard Bodies which the lightest Stroke receive,
In length of Time will moulder and decay,
And Stones with Drops of Rain are wash'd away.

Dryd. Lucr.

CYBELE.

Hail thou great Mother of the Deities !
Whose tinkling Cymbals charm'd th' *Idæan* Woods,
Who secrete Rites and Ceremonies taught,
And to the Yoke the savage Lions brought.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

Fierce Tigers rein'd and curb'd obey thy Will.
In Pomp she makes the *Phrygian* Round,
With golden Turrets on her Temples crown'd :
A hundred Gods her sweeping Train supply,
Her Offspring all, and all command the Sky.

Dryd. Virg.

CYCLOPS. See Polypheme, Smith.

Sacred to *Vulcan's* Name, an Isle does lie,
Between *Sicilia's* Coast and *Lipari*.

Rais'd high on smoking Rocks, and deep below
In hollow Caves the Fires of *Etna* glow :

The *Cyclops* here their heavy Hammers deal ;

Loud Strokes and Hissings of tormented Steel

Are heard around ; the boiling Waters roar,

And smoking Flames thro' fuming Tunnels soar.

Hither the Father of the Fire by Night,

Thro' the brown Air precipitates his Flight.

On their eternal Anvils, here he found
 The Brethren beating, and the Blows go round.
 A Load of pointles Thunder now there lies
 Before their Hands, to ripen for the Skies:
 These Darts for angry *Jove* they daily cast,
 Consum'd on Mortals with prodigious Waste.
 Three Rays of writhen Rain, of Fire three more;
 Of winged Southern Winds and cloudy Store
 As many Parts; the dreadful Mixture frame;
 And Fears are added, and avenging Flame.
 Inferiour Ministers for *Mars* prepare
 His broken Axle-Trees and blunted War;
 And send him forth again with furbish'd Arms,
 To wake the lazy War with Trumpets loud Alarms.
 The rest refresh the scaly Snakes that fold
 The Shield of *Pallas*, and renew their Gold:
 Full on the Crest the *Gorgon's* Head they place,
 With Eyes that roll in Death, and with distorted Face. *Dry. Vir.*
 So when the *Cyclops* o'er their Anvils sweat,
 And their swol'n Sinews echoing Blows repeat;
 From the *Vulcano* gross Eruptions rise,
 And curling Sheets of Smoke obscure the Skies.

D A R K N E S S.

Even Hell gap'd horrible,
 And thro' the Chasm let in prodigious Night;
 Night that extinguish'd the meridian Ray,
 And with its gloomy Deluge choak'd the Day.

Let Darkness to be felt,
 Impenetrable Darkness, such as dwelt
 On the dun Visage of primeval Night,
 Shut ev'ry Star-beam out from mortal Sight,
 And close up ev'ry Pass and Road of Light.

Darkness, thou first kind Parent of us all,
 Thou art our great Original!
 Since from thy universal Womb,
 Does all thou shad'st below, thy num'rous Offspring, come.
 Thy wond'rous Birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
 Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none;
 While Light did its first Being owe
 Unto that awful Shade it dares to rival now.
 Involv'd in thee we first receive our Breath,
 Thou art our Refuge too in Death!
 Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb!
 Where'er our Souls shall go, to thee our Bodies come.
 The silent Globe is struck with awful Fear
 When thy majestick Shades appear.
 Thou dost compose the Air and Sea;

And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to Rest and Thee.
 In thy serener Shades our Ghosts delight,
 And court the Umbrage of the Night.
 In Vaults and gloomy Caves they stray,
 But fly the Morning Beams and sicken at the Day.
 Thou dost thy Smiles impartially bestow,
 And know'st no Diff'rence here below :
 All things appear the same to thee,
 Tho' Light Distinction makes, thou giv'st Equality.
 In Caves of Night, the Oracles of old
 Did all their Mysteries unfold :
 Darkness did first Religion grace,
 Gave Terrors to the God, and Rev'rence to the Place.
 When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
 Thy Shades inclos'd the hallow'd Land :
 In Clouds of Night he was array'd,
 And venerable Darkness his Pavillion made.
 When he appear'd arm'd in his Pow'r and Might,
 He veil'd the beatifick Light ;
 When terrible with Majesty,
 In Tempests he gave Laws, and clad himself with thee.
 And fading Light its Empire must resign,
 And Nature's Pow'r submit to thine :
 A universal Ruin shall erect thy Throne,
 And Fate confirm thy Kingdom evermore thy own. Yald.
 Darkness, which fairest Nymphs disarms,
 Defends us ill from *Mira's* Charms :
 Mira can lay her Beauty by,
 Take no Advantage of the Eye,
 Quit all that *Lilly's* Art can take,
 And yet a thousand Captives make.
 Her Speech is grac'd with sweeter Sound,
 Than in another's Song is found.
 And all her well-plac'd Words are Darts,
 Which need no Light to reach our Hearts.
 As the bright Stars and milky Way,
 Shewn by the Night, are hid by Day,
 So we, in her accomplish'd Mind,
 Help'd by the Night, new Graces find ;
 Which, by the Splendour of her View
 Dazled before, we never knew.
 While we converse with her, we mark
 No want of Day, nor think it dark ;
 Her shining Image is a Light
 Fix'd in our Hearts, and conquers Night.
 Like Jewels to advantage set,
 Her Beauty by the Shade does get.

There Blushes, Frowns, and cold Disdain,
All that our Passion might restrain,
Is hid ; and our indulgent Mind
Presents the fair Idea kind.

Yet, friended by the Night, we dare,
Only in Whispers, tell our Care :
He, that on her his bold Hand lays,
With *Cupid's* pointed Arrows plays :
They, with a Touch, they are so keen,
Wound us, unshot ; and she, unseen.
So we th' *Arabian Coast* do know
At distance, when the Spices blow ;
By the rich Odour taught to steer,
Tho' neither Day nor Stars appear.

Wall.

Oh she does teach the Torches to burn bright !
Her Beauty hangs upon the Cheek of Night,
Fairer than Snow upon a Raven's Back,
Or a rich Jewel in an *Ethiop's* Ear ;
Were she in yonder Sphere, she'd shine so bright, (*Rom. & Jul.*
That Birds would sing, and think the Day were breaking. *Shak.*
Her Beauty gilds the more than Midnight Darkness,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day. *Row. Fair Pen.*

DEATH. See Life, Futurity.

Death's a black Veil, cov'ring a beauteous Face,
Fear'd afar off

By erring Nature : A mistaken Phantom !
A harmless Lameat Fire ! She kisses cold,
But kind and soft, and sweet as my *Cleora* !

Dryd. *Cleom.*

If she be like my Love,
She is not dreadful sure.

Dryd. *All for Love.*

Oh could we know
What Joy she brings, at least what Rest from Grief ;
How should we press into her friendly Arms,
And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy.

Dryd. *Cleom.*

Death ends our Woes,
And the kind Grave shuts up the mournful Scene. *Dryd. Spa. Fry.*
The Dead are only happy, and the Dying :
The Dead are still, and lasting Slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his Death, but turns about,
Shuffles a while to make his Pillow easy,
Then slips into his Shroud, and rests for ever.

Lee *Cæs. Br.*

Death is the Privilege of human Nature ;
And Life without it were not worth our taking.
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.

Row. *Fair Pen.*

Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.

Dryd. *Don Seb.*

Death

Death shuns the naked Throat, and proffer'd Breast ;
He flies when call'd to be a welcome Guest. *Sed. Ant. & Cleop.*

I wish to die, yet dare not Death endure !

Detest the Medicine, yet desire the Cure.

Oh had I Courage but to meet my Fate,

That short dark Passage to a future State ;

That melancholy Riddle of a Breath,

That Something or that Nothing after Death ! *Dryd. Aurel.*

Cowards die many times before their Death ;

The Valiant never taste of Death but once. *Shak. Jul. Cas.*

But Men with Horrour Dissolution meet ;

The Minutes ey'n of painful Life are sweet. *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

Poor abject Creatures ! How they fear to die ?

Who never knew one happy Hour in Life,

Yet shake to lay it down. Is Load so pleasant ?

Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,

That Men may dare to live ? *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Many are the Shapes

Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

To his grim Cave ; all dismal ! yet to Sense

More terrible at th' Entrance than within. *Milt.*

Tho' we each Day with Cost repair,

Death mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care ;

Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,

And he that lives the longest dies but young.

And once depriv'd of Light,

We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,

Another's ling'ring Death comes slow :

And what of Life they take from thee,

The Gods may give to punish me. *Osw. Mor.*

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above

Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love.

Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,

When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.

Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound ;

And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd :

The Chain still holds ; for tho' the Forms decay,

Eternal Matter never wears away.

For the first Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,

How long these perishable Forms shall last ;

Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd

By that all-seeing and all-making Mind :

Shorten their Hours they may, for Will is free,

But never pass th'appointed Destiny.

So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,

Throw off the Burden, and stubborn their Death.

Then since these Forms begin, and have their End,
 On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend;
 Part of the Whole are we; but God the Whole,
 Who gives us Life, and animating Soul:
 For Nature cannot from a Part derive
 That Being which the Whole can only give.
 He perfect stable, but imperfect We,
 Subject to change, and different in Degree,
 Plants, Beasts, and Men; and as our Organs are,
 We more or less of his Perfection share.
 But by a long Descent th'ethereal Fire
 Corrupts, and Forms, the mortal Part, expire;
 As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,
 And the same Matter makes another Mass.
 This Law th'omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
 That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live:
 That Individuals die, his Will ordains;
 The propagated Species still remains.

Dryd. Pal. & Art.

What makes all this but *Jupiter* the King,
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
 Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a Virtue of Necessity:
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
 The Bad grows better which we well sustain.
 And could we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
 'Tis best to die, our Honour at the Height,
 When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
 But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;
 Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose;
 So should we make our Death a glad Relief,
 From future Shame, from Sickness, and from Grief;
 Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
 And dying in our Excellence and Flow'r.
 Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend should run,
 And joy us of our Conquest early won.

While the malicious World with envious Tears,
 Should grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.

(& Art. Dryd. Pal.

When Honour's lost 'tis a Relief to die;
 Death's but a sure Retreat from Infamy.

Gar.

'Tis to the Vulgar Death too harsh appears;
 The Ill we feel is only in our Fears.

To die is landing on some silent Shore,
 Where Billows never break, nor Tempests roar;
 E'er well we feel the friendly Stroke 'tis o'er.
 The Wise thro' Thought th'Insults of Death defy,
 The Fools thro' blest Insensibility.

'Tis

'Tis what the Guilty fear, the Pious crave,
Sought by the Wretch, and vanquish'd by the Brave :
It eases Lovers, sets the Captives free ;
And tho' a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

Gar.

I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot :
This sensible warm Motion to become
A kneaded Clod ; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice :
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
Or blown with restless Violence about
The pendant World ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain Thought
Imagine howling ; 'tis too horrible !
The weariest and most loathed wordly Life,
That Pain, Age, Penury, and Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

Shak. Meas. for Meas.

The Thought of Death to one near Death is dreadful :

Oh 'tis a fearful thing to be no more ;
Or if to be, to wander after Death ;
To walk, as Spirits do, in Brakes all Day,
And when the Darkness comes, to glide in Paths
That lead to Graves, and in the silent Vault
Where lies your own pale Shroud, to hover o'er it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps,
And often, often vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless Lips.

Then like a lone, benighted Traveller
Shut out from Lodging, shall your Groans be answer'd
By whistling Winds, whose ev'ry Blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Dryd. Oedip.

Death is not dreadful to a Mind resolv'd,
It seems as natural as to be born.

Groans, and Convulsions, and discolour'd Faces,
Friends weeping round us, Blacks, and Obsequies,
Make Death a dreadful thing : The Pomp of Death
Is far more terrible than Death it self.

Lee L. I. Brut.

When the Sun sets, Shadows that shew'd at Noon
But small, appear most long and terrible :
So when we think Fate hovers o'er our Heads,
Our Apprehensions shoot beyond all Bounds :
Owls, Ravens, Crickets, seem the Watch of Death ;
Nature's worst Vermin scare her God-like Sons ;
Echoes, the very Leavings of a Voice,
Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves.

Each

Art.

Pal.

Gar.

}

Tis

Each Mole-Hill Thought swells to a huge *Olympus* ;
While we fantastick Dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an Imagination's Weight.

Lee Oedip.

Death's dark Shades

Seem, as we journey on, to lose their Horror ;
At near Approach the Monsters form'd by Fear,
Are vanish'd all, and leave the Prospect clear.

Amidst the gloomy Vale a pleasing Scene,
With Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
Inviting stands to take the Wretched in.

No Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Despair,
Disturb the Quiet of a Place so fair,
But injur'd Lovers find *Elixirum* there.

Row. Tamerl.

Death only can be dreadful to the Bad :
To Innocence, 'tis like a Bug-bear dress'd
To frighten Children : Pull but off his Mask,
And he'll appear a Friend.

Dryd. Oedip.

Oh that I less could fear to lose this Being !
Which like a Snow-ball in my Coward-hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd the faster melts away.

Dryd. All for Love.

From Death we rose to Life ; 'tis but the same,
Thro' Life to pass again from whence we came.
With Shame we see our Passions can prevail,
Where Reason, Certainty, and Virtue fail :
Honour, that empty Name, can Death despise ;
Scorn'd Love to Death, as to a Refuge, flies ;
And Sorrow waits for Death with longing Eyes.
Hope triumphs o'er the Thoughts of Death ; and Fate
Cheats Fools, and flatters the Unfortunate.

We fear to lose what a small Time must waste,
Till Life it self grows the Disease at last :
Begging for Life, we beg for more Decay,
And to be long a dying only pray.

Ham.

Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with Dangers and maintain'd with Strife ?
A Life which all our Care can never save ;
One Fate attends us, and one common Grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual Round,
We ne'er strike out, but beat the former Ground,
And the same maudish Joys in the same Track are found.
For still we think an absent Blessing best,
Which cloy, and is no Blessing when possess'd,
A new-aring With expels it from the Breast.
The feverish Thirst of Life increases still,
We call for more and more, and never have our Fill ;
Yet know not what to Morrow we shall try,
What Dregs of Life in the last Draught may lie ;

Nor

Nor by the longest Life we can attain,
 One Moment from the Length of Death we gain,
 For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
 The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
 Who dies to Day, and will as long be so,
 As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.

Dryd. Luc.

What has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
 If Souls can die as well as Bodies can ?
 For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
 So, when our mortal Frame shall be disjoyn'd,
 The lifeless Lump uncoupl'd from the Mind,
 From Sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free ;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not BE :
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
 The Soul could feel in her divided State ;
 What's that to us ? For WE are only WE
 While Souls and Bodies in one Frame agree :
 Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,
 And Matter leap into the former Dance,
 What Gain to us would all this Bustle bring ?
 The new-made Man would be another thing.
 When once an interrupting Pause is made,
 That individual Being is decay'd ;
 We who are dead and gone shall bear no Part
 In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew ;
 Because a Pause of Life, a gaping Space,
 Has come betwixt, where Memory lies dead,
 And all the wand'ring Motions from the Sense are fled.
 For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,
 Must BE when those Misfortunes shall arrive ;
 And since the Man who IS not, feels not Woe,
 (For Death exempts him, and wards off the Blow,
 Which we, the Living only, feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in Death to fear ?
 When once that Pause of Life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
 That after Death his mould'ring Limbs shall rot,
 Or Flames, or Jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
 Know he's an unsincere, unthinking Ass :
 The Fool is to his own cast Offals kind ;
 He boasts no Sense can after Death remain,
 Yet makes himself a Part of Life again,
 As if some other HE could feel the Pain.

}
If

If while he live this Thought molest his Head,
 He wastes his Days in idle Grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man;
 But thinks himself can still himself survive,
 And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
 Then he repines that he was born to die,
 Nor knows in Death there is no other HE,
 No living HE remains his Grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament.
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,
 From thy chaste Wife and thy dear prattling Boys!
 Ah Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me!
 One woful Day sweeps Children, Friends, and Wife,
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
 Thy Want and Wish of them is vanish'd too:
 Which, well consider'd, were a quick Relief
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief:
 For thou shalt sleep, and never wake again,
 And quitting Life shalt quit thy living Pain;
 But we, thy Friends, shall all those Sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful Death thou leav'st behind,
 No Time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind.
 The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound Slumber, and a long Good-night.
 Yet thus the Fools, who would be thought the Wits,
 Disturb their Mirth with melancholy Fits;
 When Healths go round, and kindly Brimmers flow,
 Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
 They whine, and cry, Let us make Haste to live,
 Short are the Joys that human Life can give.
 Eternal Preachers! who corrupt the Draught,
 And pall the God who never thinks with Thought.
 Even in Sleep the Body, wrapt in Ease,
 Supinely lies, as in the peaceful Grave,
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave:
 Were that sound Sleep eternal, it were Death.
 Then Death to us, and Death's Anxiety,
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be;
 For then our Atoms, which in Order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their Heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their Place,
 When once the Pause of Life has left an empty Space.
 And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all;
 What do'st thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,

And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more ?
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous Blessings I could give,
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And Pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve,
 Why do'st thou not give Thanks as at a plenteous Feast,
 Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise, and take thy Rest ?
 But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away,
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro', and would not stay,
 Why do'st thou wish for more to squander still ?
 If Life be grown a Load, a real Ill,
 And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
 Lay down thy Burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
 To please thee I have empty'd all my Store,
 I can invent, and can supply no more,
 But run the Round again, the Round I ran before.
 Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,
 Yet still the self-same Scene of Things appears,
 And would be ever, could'st thou ever live ;
 For Life is still but Life, there's Nothing new to give.
 But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
 Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date;
 She speaks aloud to him with more Disdain,
 Be still thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
 But if an old decrepid Sot lament ;
 What thou, she cries, who hast out-liv'd Content ?
 Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store ?
 Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,
 To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
 Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide ?
 What can we plead against so just a Bill ?
 We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.
 For Life is not confin'd to him or thee ;
 'Tis given to all for Use, to none for Property.
 Therefore when Thoughts of Death disturb thy Head,
 Consider, *Ancus*, great and good, is dead :
Ancus, thy Better far, was born to dye ;
 And thou, dost thou bewail Mortality ?
 So many Monarchs, with their mighty State,
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
 The Founders of invented Arts are lost,
 And Wits, who made Eternity their Boast.
 Where now is *Homer*, who possess'd the Throne ?
 Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
 Whose very Life is little more than Death ?

More

More than one Half by lazy Sleep possess'd,
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, (Dryd. Luc.)
 Day-Dreams, and sickly Thoughts revolving in thy Breast.

Ah! Why

Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to dye,
 Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find
 Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
 For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live
 Makes covetous of more than Life can give?
 Each has his Share of Good, and when 'tis gone,
 The Guest, tho' hungry, cannot rise too soon. Dr. Sig. & Guise.
 'Tis not the Stoick's Lesson, got by Rote,
 The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Dissertation,
 That can support thee in that Hour of Terrour:
 Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;
 But when the Tryal comes, they start and stand aghast.

Temple of Death.

(Rom. Fair Play)

In those cold Climates, where the Sun appears
 Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
 A dreadful Vale lies in a desert Isle,
 On which indulgent Heav'n did never smile.
 There a thick Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,
 Which none without an awful Horror sees,
 Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
 Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives:
 Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
 And Winter is the only Season there.
 Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
 And Springs of Blood a thousand Rivers yield;
 Whose Streams oppress'd with Carcasses and Bones,
 Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.

Within this Vale a famous Temple stands,
 Old as the World it self, which it commands:
 Round is its Figure, and Four Iron Gates
 Divide Mankind. By order of the Fates,
 There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,
 The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,
 Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors;
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
 The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode;
 And Tapers of a pitchy Substance made,
 With Clouds of Smoak encrease the dismal Shade.

A Monster void of Reason, and of Sight,
 The Goddefs is who sways this Realm of Night.
 Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,
 A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is Death.

North.

DYING.

DYING.

There Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath
Went in that Sigh. Death like a brutal Victor,
Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces
The lovely Frame he's master'd ; see how soon
Those starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre.

(Row. Amb. Step.

He fell, and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his Soul, with gushing Blood effus'd. *Mile.*

Grov'ling in Death he murmur'd on the Ground,
And pour'd his Life out from the gaping Wound. *Blac.*

He fell, and shiv'ring gasp'd his latest Breath,
And fainting sunk into the Arms of Death. *Blac.*

Biting the Ground he lies,
And Death's unwelcom Shade o'er-spreads his Eyes. *Blac.*

Gasping he lay, and from a grievous Wound
The crimson Life ebb'd out upon the Ground. *Blac.*

Shiv'ring Death crept cold along his Veins. *Blac.*

A gloomy Night o'erwhelms his dying Eyes,
And his disdainful Soul from his pale Bosom flies. *Blac.*

He staggers round, his Eye-balls roll in Death,
And with short Sobs he gasps away his Breath *Dryd. Virg.*

A hov'ring Mist came swimming o'er his Sight,
And seal'd his Eyes in everlasting Night. *Dryd. Virg.*

The ling'ring Soul th'unwelcom Doom receives,
And murmur'ing with Disdain the beauteous Body leaves. *Staff.*

He fetch'd his Breath in Sobs and double Sighs,
And often strove, but strove in vain, to rise : *(Virg.*

His Eyes, defrauded of their vital Ray,
Labour for Life, and catch the flying Day:

From the wide Wound a purple River flows,
And Life departs in strong convulsive Throes. *Blac.*

Thrice *Dido* try'd to raise her drooping Head,
And fainting thrice, fell grow'ling on the Bed ;

Thrice op'd her heavy Eyes, and sought the Light,
And having found it, sicken'd at the Sight ;

And clos'd her Lids at last in endless Night. }
The struggling Soul was loos'd, and Life dissolv'd in Air. *(Dryd. Virg.*

A gath'ring Mist o'erclouds her chearful Eyes,
And from her Cheeks the rosy Colour flies:

He swims before her Sight,
Inexorable Death, and claims his Right.

She staggers in her Seat with agonizing Pains ;
Dying, her open'd Hand forsakes the Reins,

Short and more short she pants ; by slow Degrees
Her Mind the Passage from her Body frees :

She

She drops her Sword, she nods her plummy Crest,
 Her drooping Head declining on her Breast :
 In the last Sigh her struggling Soul expires,
 And murmur'ing with Disdain to *Stygian* Sounds retires. *Dr. Virg.*
 And Life at length forsook her heaving Heart,
 Loath from so sweet a Mansion to depart. *Dryd. Virg.*

A deadly Cold has froze the Blood ;
 The pliant Limbs grow stiff, and lose their Use,
 And all the animating Fire is quench'd.
 Ev'n Beauty too is dead : An ashy Pale
 Grows o'er the Roses ; the red Lips have lost
 Their fragrant Hue, for want of that sweet Breath,
 That bless'd 'em with its Odours, as it pass'd. *Row. Tamerl.*

This was his last : For Death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below, his Iron Reign.
 Then upward to the Seat of Life he goes ;
 Sense fled before him ; what he touch'd he froze :
 Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,
 Tho' less and less of *Emily* he saw.

So, speechless for a little Space he lay,
 Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away. *Dryd.*

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt : (*Pal. & Arc.*)
 She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
 And bury'd half within her. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Oh she is gone ! the talking Soul is mute :
 She's hush'd : No Voice, no Musick now is heard :
 The Bow'r of Beauty is more still than Death.
 The Roses fade ; and the melodious Bird,
 That wak'd their Sweets, has left 'em now for ever. *Lee Alex.*

She's out : The Damp of Death has quench'd her quite ;
 Those spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
 Which never Gale of Life shall open more. *Lee Mithrid.*

He breaths short,
 The Taper's spent, and this is his last Blaze. *Lee Casf. Borg.*

His snowy Neck reclines upon his Breast,
 Like a fair Flow'r by the keen Share oppress'd :
 Like a white Poppy sinking on the Plain,
 Whose heavy Head is over-charg'd with Rain. *Dryd. Virg.*

Dying of *Old Age.*
 Of no Distemper, of no Blast he dy'd,
 But fell, like Autumn Fruit, that mellow'd long ;
 Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for Fourscore Years,
 Yet freshly ran he on Ten Winters more ;
 Till, like a Clock, worn out with eating Time,
 The Wheels of weary Life at last stood still. *Lee Oedip.*

DEFORMITY.

His livid Eyes, retreated from the Day,
 Deep in their hollow Orbits bury'd lay:
 His Back-bone, starting out, drew in his Breast;
 This Shoulder elevated, that depress'd:
 And his foul Chin his odious Bosom press'd.
 Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,
 His short ill-figur'd Body did sustain.

Blac.

Why, Love renounc'd me in my Mother's Womb,
 And for I should not deal in her soft Laws,
 He did corrupt frail Nature with some Bribe,
 To shrink my Arm thus like a wither'd Shrub,
 To make an envious Mountain on my Back,
 Where sits Deformity to mock my Body;
 To shape my Legs of an unequal Size,
 To disproportion me in ev'ry Part,
 Like to a *Chaos*, or unlick'd Bear's Whelp,
 That carries no Impression like the Dam.

Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.

Nature herself start back when thou wert born,
 And cry'd the Work's not mine.
 The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
 Thy Mountain-Back, and thy distorted Legs,
 Thy Face it self
 Half minted with the royal Stamp of Man,
 And half o'ercome with Beast, she doubted long
 Whose Right in thee were more;
 And knew not, if to burn thee in the Flames
 Were not the holier Work.

Am I to blame; if Nature threw my Body
 In so perverse a Mold? Yet when she cast
 Her envious Hand upon my supple Joints,
 Unable to resist, and rumpled 'em
 On Heaps in their dark Lodging; to revenge
 Her bungled Work, she stamp'd my Mind more fair;
 And as from *Chaos*, huddled and deform'd,
 The Gods struck Fire, and lighted up the Lamps
 That beautify the Sky; so she inform'd
 This ill-shap'd Body with a daring Soul:
 And making less than Man, she made me more.
 No! thou art all one Errour, Soul and Body!
 The first young Tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r,
 Made in the making Art, and Ape of *Jove*.
 Thy Body opens inward to thy Soul,
 And lets in Day to make thy Vices seen.
 Thy crooked Mind within hunch'd out thy Back,
 And wander'd in thy Limbs: Thou Blot of Nature!

Thou Enemy of Eyes! Excrescence of a Man!

Dryd. Oedip.

DEGENERATE.

Thus all below, whether by Nature's Curse,
Or Fate's Decree, degenerate still to worse.

Dryd. Virg.

Time sensibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next Age will see

A Race more profligate, than we,
With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be. *Rosc. Har.*

The Wicked, when compar'd with the more Wicked,
Look beautiful; and not to be the worst
Stands in some Rank of Praise.

Shak. K. Lear.

DELUGE.

Mean while the South-Wind Rose, and with black Wings,
Wide-hov'ring, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n: The Hills, to their Supply,
Vapour and Exhalation dusk and moist

Sent up amain: And now the thicken'd Sky,
Like a dark Cieling, stood: Down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen: The floating Vessel swam
Up-lifted; and secure, with beaked Prow,
Rode tilting o'er the Waves: All Dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them, with all their Pomp,
Deep under Water rowl'd: Sea cover'd Sea:
Sea without Shore! and in their Palaces,
Where Luxury lately reign'd, Sea-Monsters whelp'd,
And stabled: Of Mankind, so num'rous late,
All left, in one small Bottom swam imbarc'd.

Th'expanded Waters gather on the Plain,
They float the Fields, and over-top the Grain:
Then, rushing onwards, with a sweepy Sway,
Bear Flocks, and Folds, and lab'ring Hinds away:
Nor safe their Dwellings were; for, sap'd by Floods,
Their Houses fell upon their Households Gods.
The solid Piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o'er their Heads, behold a watry Wall.
Now Seas and Earth were in Confusion lost:
A World of Waters, and without a Coast.
One climbs a Cliff, one in his Boat is born,
And ploughs above, where late he sow'd his Corn.
Others o'er Chimney-Tops and Turrets row,
And drop their Anchors on the Meads below:
Or downward driven, bruise the tender Vine;
Or tost aloft, are knock'd against a Pine.
And where of late the Kids had crop'd the Grass,
The Monsters of the Deep now take their Place.

Insult

Insulting *Nereids* on the Cities ride,
 And wond'ring Dolphins o'er the Palace glide;
 On Leaves and Masts of mighty Oaks they browse;
 And their broad Fins entangle in the Boughs.
 The frighted Wolf now swims among the Sheep;
 The yellow Lion wanders in the Deep:
 His rapid Force no longer helps the Boar,
 The Stag swims faster than he ran before:
 The Fowls, long beating on their Wings in vain,
 Despair of Land, and drop into the Main.
 Now Hills and Vales no more Distinction know,
 And level'd Nature lies oppress'd below.

Dryd. Ovid.

DESPAIR.

Despair, whose Torments no Men sure
 But Lovers and the Damn'd endure.
 Despair of Life the Means of Living shews.

Coml.

Dryd. Virg.

We, when our Fate can be no worse,
 Are fitted for the bravest Course;
 Have time to rally, and prepare
 Our last and best Defence, Despair.
 Despair, by which the gallant'st Feats
 Have been achiev'd in greatest Streights;
 And horrid'st Dangers safely wav'd,
 By being courageously out-brav'd:
 As Wounds by other Wounds are heal'd,
 And Poysons by themselves expel'd.

Hud.

Despair, attended with her ghastly Train,
Anguish, Confusion, Horror, howling Pain,
 Shall at her hideous Army's Head advance,
 And shake against his Breast her bloody Lance;
 Shall draw her Troops of Terrour in Array,
 Muster her Grievs, and horrid War display:
 As Kings for Fight their warlike Ranks dispose;
 So shall she range her thick-embattel'd Woes.

Blac.

He makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair:
 He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no Use
 Of any thing but Thought; or if he talks
 'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
 Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
 Sometimes he gnaws his Lips, then draws his Mouth
 Into a scornful Smile.

Dryd. All for Love.

Now cold Despair
 To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red;
 His Blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins,
 Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains.

(Arc.

Dryd. Pal. G.

He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,
 He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair;

Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
 For, wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears.
 His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
 Bereft of Sleep, he loaths his Meat and Drink ;
 He withers at the Heart, and looks as wan
 As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man ;
 That Pale turns Yellow, and his Face receives
 The faded Hue of sapless boxen Leaves.
 In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
 Walks early out, and ever is alone ;
 Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasures shares,
 But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears.
 His Spirits are so low his Voice is drown'd,
 He hears as from afar, or in a Swound ;
 Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound.
 Uncomb'd his Locks, and squallid his Attire ;
 Unlike the Trim of Love or gay Desire :
 But full of museful Mopings, which preface
 The Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

I'm here! and thus the Shades of Night around me,
 I look as if all Hell were in my Heart !
 And I in Hell ! Nay surely 'tis so with me ;
 For ev'ry Step I tread, methinks some Fiend
 Knocks at my Breast, and bids it not be quiet.
 I've heard how desp'rate Wretches, like my self,
 Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night,
 To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walks :
 Sure I'm so curst, that tho' of Heav'n forsaken,
 No Minister of Darkness cares to tempt me. *Othw. Ven. Pref.*

Beneath this gloomy Shade,
 By Nature only for my Sorrows made,
 I'll spend this Voice in Cries,
 In Tears I'll waste these Eyes,
 By Love so vainly fed :

So Lust of old the Deluge punished.
 When Thoughts of Love I entertain,
 I meet no Words but *Never* and *In vain* !
Never ! Alas, that dreadful Name,
 Which fuels the eternal Flame!
Never my Time to come must waste !

In vain torments the Present and the Past !
 Then down I laid my Head,
 Down on cold Earth, and for a while was dead,
 And my freed Soul to a strange somewhere fled.

Ah ! sottish Soul, said I,
 When back to its Cage again I saw it fly :

Fool! to resume her broken Chain,
And row her Galley here again!
Fool to that Body to return,

Where it condemn'd, and destin'd is to burn!

Cowl.

My sad Soul

Has form'd a dismal melancholy Scene;
Such a Retreat as I would wish to find:
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesom Shade
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd only dwell:
No Sound to break the Silence, but a Brook
That bubbling winds among the Weeds: No Mark
Of any human Shape that had been there;
Unless a Skeleton of some poor Wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that sad Place out to despair and die in. *Row. Fair Pen,*

Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where Print of human Feet was never seen;
O'ergrown with Weeds of such a monstrous Height,
Their baleful Tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds;
Beneath whose ven'mous Shade I may have vent
For Horror that would blast the barb'rous World. *Lee Oedip.*

There let me groan my Horrors on the Earth,
There bellow out my utmost Gale,
There sob my Sorrows till I burst with sighing,
There gasp and languish out my wounded Soul. *Lee Oedip.*

This Pomp of Horror

Is fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
Here's Room for Meditation ev'n to Madness,
Till the Mind burst with thinking. *Row. Fair Pen,*

I fancy

I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature,
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
I live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene;
Cretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it.
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary Face: The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their Thirst while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There is a stupid Weight upon my Senses,
A dismal sullen Stillness, that succeeds
The Storm of Rage and Grief; like silent Death
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Would it were Death, (as sure 'tis wondrous like it)
For I am sick of living; my Soul's pall'd:

She kindles not with Anger or Revenge ;
 Love was th'informing active Fire within,
 Now that is quench'd the Mass forgets to move,
 And longs to mingle with its Kindred Earth. *Rom. Fair Pen.*
 For cold Despair begins to freeze my Bosom,
 And all my Pow'rs are now resolv'd on Death. *Lee Theod.*

There's nothing in this World can make me Joy :
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told Tale,
 Vexing the dull Ear of a drowsy Man. *Shak. K. John.*

Oh I have Cause to curse my Life, my Being ;
 To curse each Morn, each chearful Morn that dawns
 With healing Comfort, on its balmy Wings,
 To ev'ry wretched Creature but my self ;
 To me it brings more Pain and iterated Woes. *Rom. Ulyss.*

My Life's a Load, encumber'd with the Charge,
 I long to set th'imprison'd Soul at large. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

For I, the most forlorn of human kind,
 Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find ;
 But doom'd to drag my loathful Life in Care,
 For my Reward must end it in Despair.
 Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates,
 That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates ;
 Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand, can ease my Grief :
 Nothing but Death, the Wretches last Relief.
 Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell
 With Youth and Life ; and Life it self farewell. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Osivia here in Solitude he found,
 Her down-cast Eyes fixt on the silent Ground ;
 Her Dress neglected, and unbound her Hair,
 She seem'd the mournful Image of Despair. *Gar.*

But furious *Dido*, with dark Thoughts involv'd,
 Shook at the mighty Mischief she resolv'd :
 With livid Spots distinguish'd was her Face ;
 Red were her rowling Eyes, and discompos'd her Pace :
 Ghastly she gaz'd, with Pain she drew her Breath,
 And Nature shiver'd at approaching Death. *Dryd. Virg.*

Whither shall I fly ?
 Where hide me, and my Miseries together ?
 Oh *Belvidera* ! I'm the wretched'st Creature
 E'er crawl'd on Earth. Now, if thou'st Virtue, help me ;
 Take me into thy Arms, and speak the Words of Peace
 To my divided Soul that wars within me,
 And raises ev'ry Sense to my Confusion.
 By Heav'n, I'm tott'ring on the very Brink
 Of Peace, and thou art all the Hold I've left :
 Do thou at least, with charitable Goodness,
 Assist me in the Pangs of my Afflictions. *Otw. Ven. Po.*

Could

Could'st thou but think how I have spent the Night,
 Dark and alone, no Pillow to my Head,
 Rest in my Eyes, nor Quiet in my Heart,
 Thou would'st not, *Belvidera*, sure thou would'st not
 Talk to me thus; but like a pitying Angel,
 Spreading thy Wings, come settle on my Breast,
 And hatch warm Comforts there, e'er Sorrows freeze it.

Why then, poor Mourner, in what baleful Corner
 Hast thou been talking with that Witch, the Night?
 On what cold Stone hast thou been stretch'd along,
 Gathering the grumbling Winds about thy Head,
 To mix with theirs the Accents of thy Woes? *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Let us embrace, and from this very Moment,
 Vow an eternal Misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful Wretch?
 Never grow fond of chearful Peace again?
 Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,
 And find out Ways how to increase Afflictions?

We'll institute new Arts, unknown before,
 To vary Plagues, and make 'em look like new ones.

Then let's together,
 Full of our Guilt distracted where to roam,
 Like the first wretched Pair, expel'd their Paradise:
 Let's find some Place where Adders nest in Winter,
 Loathsom and venomous; where Poisons hang,
 Like Gums against the Walls: Where Witches meet
 By Night, and feed upon some pamper'd Imp,
 Fat with the Blood of Babes: There we'll inhabit,
 And live up to the Height of Desperation:
 Desire shall languish, like a with'ring Flow'r;
 And no Distinction of the Sex be thought of:
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing Harms,
 And I'll no more be caught with Beauty's Charms;
 But when I'm dying, take me in thy Arms. *Otw. Orph.*

All Hope of Succour but from thee is past.
 As when upon the Sands the Traveller
 Sees the high Sea come rouling from afar,
 The Land grow short, he mends his weary Pace,
 While Death behind him covers all the Place:
 So I by swift Misfortunes am pursu'd,
 Which on each other are like Waves renew'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

DEVIL. See Hell, Rage.

DEVOTION.

Devotion is the Love we pay to Heav'n. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Devotion ! that oft binds th'Almighty's Arms,
 And with her Pray'rs and Tears, her pow'rful Charms,
 Of all its Thunder his right Hand disarms.
 She passes quick Heav'n's lofty crystal Walls,
 And the high Gates fly open when she calls;
 Her Pow'r can sentenc'd Criminals reprieve,
 Judgment arrest, and bid the Rebel live.
 Her Voice did once the Sun's swift Chariot stay,
 And on the Verge of Heav'n, held back the falling Day.
 She makes contentious Winds forget their Strife,
 And calls back to the Dead departed Life.
 Charm'd by her Voice, Rivers have stop'd their Course,
 And the chill'd Fire laid down its burning Force.

Blac.

Devotion in Distress

Is born, but vanishes in Happiness.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

D I A N A.

Such on *Eurota's* Banks, or *Cynthus* Height,
Diana seems, and so she charms the Sight,
 When in the Dance the graceful Goddess leads
 The Quire of Nymphs, and over-tops their Heads.
 Known by her Quiver and her lofty Mien,
 She walks majestick, and she looks their Queen:
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
 And feeds with secret Joy her silent Breast.

Dryd. Virg.

Diana thus on *Cynthus* shady Top,
 Or by *Eurota's* Stream, leads to the Chace
 Her Virgin Train: A Thousand lovely Nymphs,
 Of Form celestial all, troop by her Side;
 Amidst a Thousand Nymphs the Goddess stands confest,
 In Beauty, Majesty, and Port Divine,
 Supream and eminent.

Row. Ulyss.

The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;
 About her Feet were little Beagles seen,
 That watch'd with upward Eyes, the Motions of the Queen.
 Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before,
 In act to shoot: A silver Bow she bore,
 And at her Back a painted Quiver wore.
 She trod a waxing Moon, that soon would wane,
 And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again.
 With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey

The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

O Goddess, Haunter of the Wood-land Green,
 To whom both Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas are seen;
 Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
 Thy silver Beams descend, and light the gloomy Sphere;
 Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts:

Thy

Thy Vot'ress from my tender Years, I am,
 And love, like thee, the Woods and *Sylvan* Game.
 Thou, Goddess, by thy triple Shape art seen
 In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

DISCORD.

Far on th'Infernal Frontiers, near the Shore
 On which th'insulting Waves of *Chaos* roar;
 There stands a high and craggy Cliff, that braves
 The neighb'ring Tempests, and tumultuous Waves.
 On this sharp Rock does the dire Fiend remain,
 Bound with a vast, unwieldy, brazen Chain.
 Her hideous Yells the gloomy Deep affright,
 And interrupt the Peace of lonesome Night.
 A Thousand horrid Mouths the Monster show'd,
 And each had Twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud:
 Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,
 And from her Wounds she drank the flowing Gore.
 With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,
 And from her Head pull'd off her snaky Hair.
 The Breath she belch'd did with a fearful Sound
 Make Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around.
 Her glaring, fierce, misplac'd, distorted Eyes,
 Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skies,
 Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,
 Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.
 Round her foul Waste a Thousand Monsters rag'd,
 A dreadful Sight! in endless Strife engag'd.
 These all each other and their Parent tear,
 And rend her Bowels with eternal War.
 Raving and restless on the Rock she turn'd,
 And with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd.

Blat.

Gar.

Discord ever haunts with hideous Mien,
 Those dire Abodes where *Hymen* once has been:

DISDAIN. See Scorn.

Disdainfully she look'd, then turning round,
 She fix'd her Eyes unmov'd upon the Ground;
 And what he says and swears regards no more
 Than the deaf Rocks when the loud Billows roar:
 But whirl'd away to shun his hateful Sight.

Dryd. Virg.

Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her Eyes,
 Despising what they look on. *Shak. Much ado about Nothing.*

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his Breath,
 Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to Death:

No Signs of Pity in his Face appear:
 Cramm'd with his Pride, he leaves no Room within,
 For Sighs to issue out, or Love to enter in. *Dryd. Cleom.*

Still to weep and still complain,
 Does but more provoke Disdain.

Dis-

Disdain and Love succeed by Turns,
 One freezes me, and t'other burns.
 Away, fond Love, thou Foe to Rest!
 Give Hate the full Possession of my Breast.
 Hate is the nobler Passion far,
 When Love is ill repaid;
 For at one Blow it ends the War,
 And cures the Love-sick Maid. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

DISEASES. See Infirmary.

Nigh the Recess of *Chaos* and dull *Night*,
 Where *Death* maintains his dread tyrannick Sway,
 In the close Covert of a Cypress Grove,
 Where Goblins frisk, and airy Spectres rove;
 Yawns a dark Cave most formidably wide,
 And there the Monarch's Triumphs are descry'd.
 Confus'd and wildly huddled to the Eye,
 The Beggar's Pouch, and Prince's Purple lye:
 Dim Lamps with sickly Rays scarce seem to glow,
 Sighs heave in mournful Moans, and Tears o'er-flow.
 Old mould'ring Urns, pale Fear, and dark Distress
 Make up the frightful Horror of the Place.
 Within its dreadful Jaws those Furies wait,
 Which execute the harsh Decrees of Fate.
Febris is first; the Hag relentless hears
 The Virgin's Sighs, and sees the Infant's Tears.
 In her parch'd Eye-balls fiery Meteors reign,
 And restless Ferments revel in each Vein.
 Then *Hydrops* next appears amongst the Throng,
 Bloated and big, she slowly sails along:
 But, like a Miser, in Excess she's poor,
 And pines for Thirst amidst her wat'ry Store.
 Now loathsome *Lepra*, that offensive Spright,
 With foul Eruptions stain'd, offends the Sight:
 She's deaf to Beauty's soft perswading Pow'r,
 Nor can bright *Hebe's* Charms her Bloom secure.
 Whilst meagre *Phthisis* gives a silent Blow,
 Her Strokes are sure, but her Advances slow:
 No loud Alarms, nor fierce Assaults are shewn;
 She starves the Fortress first, then takes the Town.
 Behind stood Crowds of more inferiour Fame,
 Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
 The Vassals of their Monarch's Tyranny,
 Who, at his Nod, on fatal Errands fly.

When raging Fevers boil the Blood,
 The standing Lake soon floats into a Flood:
 And ev'ry hostile Humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its Channel, bubbles o'er. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Gar.

Be.

Before the curing of a strong Disease,
Even in the Instant of Repair and Health,
The Fit is strongest: Evils that take Leave,
On their Departure most of all shew Evil.

Shak. K. John.

And where the greater Malady is fixt,
The lesser is scarce felt: When the Mind's free
The Body's delicate. The Tempest in my Mind
Does from my Senses take all Feeling else,
Save what beats there:

Shak. K. Lear.

Disease, thou ever most propitious Pow'r,
Whose kind Indulgences we taste each Hour;
Thou well canst boast thy num'rous Pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded Palaces thy Prowess reigns,
But flies the humble Sheds of Cottage Swains.
To you such Might and Energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple Conquerour in Chains you bind,
And are to us Physicians only kind.
And in return all Diligence we pay,
To fix your Empire and confirm your Sway.

Gar.

DISPUTE.

'Tis strange how some Mens Tempers suit,
Like Bawd and Brandy, with Dispute;
That for their own Opinion stand fast,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their Conſciences in Caſes,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Baſes,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument.

Make true or falſe, unjuſt or juſt,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſs'd:
Diſpute, and ſet a Paradox,
Like a ſtrait Boot, upon the Stocks;
And ſtretch it more unmercifully
Than *Helmont*, *Montaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
And when Diſputes are wearied out,
'Tis Int'reſt ſtill reſolves the Doubt.

Hud.

Diſputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that ſpring from Skulls.

Hud.

DISSEMBLER. See Woman.

Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile,
And cry *Content* to that which grieves my Heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificial Tears,
And frame my Face to all Occaſions.

Shak. Hen. 6. Part 3.

Now we muſt ſhew a Maſter-piece indeed;
To meet the Man whom we would make an End of,

Ev'n

Ev'n at that Time when mortal War's within,
 When the Blood boils and flushes to be at him ;
 Yet then to shew the Signs of heartiest Love,
 To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to swear. *(of Par. Lee Mass.)*

Thou shalt not break yet, Heart, nor shall she know
 My inward Torment by my outward Show :
 To let her see my Weakness were too base ;
 Dissembled Quiet sit upon my Face :

My Sorrow to my Eyes no Passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my Mind.

Falshood shall want its Triumph ! I begin
 To stagger, but I'll prop my self within :
 The spacious Tow'r no Ruin shall disclose,
 Till down at once the mighty Fabrick goes.

Dryd. Aæn.

These Words he spoke, but spoke not from his Heart ;
 His outward Smiles conceal'd his inward Smart.

Dryd. Virg.

Dissembling Hope, her cloudy Front she clears,
 And a false Vigour in her Eyes appears.

Dryd. Virg.

In vain you sooth me with your soft Endearments,
 And set the fairest Countenance to view ;

Your gloomy Eyes betray a Deadness,
 And inward Languishing : That Oracle
 Eats, like a subtle Worm, its venom'd Way,
 Preys on your Heart, and rots the noble Core ;
 Howe'er the beauteous Outside shews so lovely.

Lee Oedip.

Unhurt, untouch'd, did I complain,
 And terrify'd all others with my Pain ;

But now I feel the mighty Evil :

Ah there's no fooling with the Devil !

So wanton Men, while they would others fright,
 Themselves have met a real Spright.

Darts, and Wounds, and Flame, and Heat,

I nam'd but for the Rhyme or the Conceit ;

Nor meant my Verse should raised be,

To this sad Fame of Prophecy.

Truth gives a dull Propriety to my Stile,

And all the Metaphors does spoil.

In things where Fancy much does reign,

'Tis dangerous too cunningly to feign.

The Play at last a Truth does grow,

And Custom into Nature go.

By this curst Art of Begging, I became

Lame, with counterfeiting Lame.

My Lines of amorous Desire

I wrote to kindle and blow others Fire ;

And 'twas a barbarous Delight

My Fancy promis'd from the Sight :

But

But now, by Love, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My burning Bull the first do try.

Cowl.

DISSENSION.

Diffensions, like small Streams, at first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run :
So Lines that from their Parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.

Gat.

D O G S. See Hunting.

D O L P H I N.

As when a Dolphin sports upon the Tide,
Displays his Beauties and his scaly Pride ;
His various-colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,
Like a bright Rainbow in a wat'ry Cloud :
He from the Billows leaps with gamesom Strife;
Wanton with Vigour and immoderate Life.

Blac.

The Dolphins in the Deep each other chase
In Circles, when they swim around the wat'ry Race.

(Virg.)

Dryd.

D O U B T.

Doubt's the worst Tyrant of a gen'rous Mind,
The Coward's ill, who dares not meet his Fate,
And ever doubting to be fortunate,
Falls to the Wretchedness his Fears create.

Behn. }

Oh how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!
My Thoughts, like Birds, who frighted from their Rest,
Around the Place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter, and hardly settle any more.

Ow. Don Carl.

Floating in a Flood of Care,
This Way and that he turns his anxious Mind,
Thinks and rejects the Counsel he design'd :
Explores himself in vain in ev'ry Part,
And gives no Rest to his distracted Heart.

Dryd. Virg.

For various Thoughts began to bustle,
And with his inward Man to juggle.

He stop'd and paus'd upon the suddain,
And with a serious Forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which first he scratch'd, and after said :
Quoth he, in all my past Adventures
I ne'er was set so on the Tenters,
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,
And with inextricable Doubt,
Besets my puzzled Wits about.

Doubt is some Ease to those who fear the worst.

Hud.

Dryd. State of

(Inn.)

D O V E.

As when a Dove her rocky Hold forsakes ;
Rowz'd in a Fright, her sounding Wings she shakes :

The

The Cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
 And leaves her callow Care; and cleaves the Skies;
 At first she flutters, but at length she springs,
 To smother Flight, and shoots upon her Wings. *Dryd. Virg.*

DREAMS.

Dreams are but Interludes which Fancy makes,
 When Monarch Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes;
 Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,
 A Court of Coblers, and a Mob of Kings:
 Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad;
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad;
 And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the Brain, and come to mind;
 The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
 And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
 The Night restores our Actions done by Day;
 As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.
 In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece,
 Chimeras all, and more absurd or less. *Dryd. The Cock and the Fox.*

All Dreams

Are from Repletion and Complexion bred,
 From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
 And noxious Humours that infect the Blood.
 When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
 Of Flames, and all the Family of Red:
 Red Dragons and red Beasts in Sleep we view,
 For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
 From hence we dream of War and warlike things,
 And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.
 Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear,
 Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
 In sanguin airy Dreams aloft we bound;
 With Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers drown'd. *(Fox.)*
 The dominating Humour makes the Dream. *Dr. the Cock and the*

When heavy Sleep has clos'd the Sight;
 And sickly Fancy labours in the Night;
 We seem to run, and destitute of Force,
 Our sinking Limbs forsake us in the Course:
 In vain we heave for Breath, in vain we cry,
 The Nerves unbrac'd their usual Strength deny,
 And on the Tongue the fault'ring Accents die. *Dryd. Virg.*

As one, who in some frightful Dream would shun
 His pressing Foe, labours in vain to run;

And

And his own Slowness in his Sleep bemoans,
With thick short Sighs, weak Cries and tender Groans. *Dryd.*

His idle Feet

(*Conq. of Gran.*)

Grow to the Ground; his struggling Voice dies inward. *Dryd.*

As he, who in a Dream with Drought is curs'd, (*Troil. & Cress.*)

And finds no real Drink to quench his Thirst,

Runs to imagin'd Lakes his Heat to steep,

And vainly swills, and labours in his Sleep.

Dryd. Lucr.

A Dream o'ertook me at my waking Hour

This Morn'; and Dreams they say are then divine,

When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,

And some o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.

Dryd. Don Seb.

DRINKING. See Bowl, Silenus.

Crown high the Goblets with a chearful Draught;

Enjoy the present Hour, adjourn the future Thought. *Dr. Virg.*

They brim their ample Bowls.

Fill high the Goblets with a sparkling Flood.

Dryd. Virg.

Indulge thy Genius, and o'er-flow thy Soul,

Till thy Wit sparkle like the chearful Bowl.

Dryd. Persf.

The flowing Bowl

With a full Tide enlarg'd his chearful Soul.

Steph. Juv.

Make Haste to meet the gen'rous Wine,

Whose piercing is for thee delay'd,

The rosy Wreath is ready made,

And artful Hands prepare

The fragrant Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,

And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away:

Make Haste, and leave thy Bus'ness and thy Care;

No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.

Dryd. Her.

Here's to thee, Dick, this whining Love despise,

Pledge me, my Friend, and drink till thou art wise;

It sparkles brighter far than she;

'Tis pure, and right without Deceit,

And such no Woman e'er will be,

No! they are all sophisticate!

Here's to thee again: Thy senseless Sorrow drown'd,

Let the Glass walk till all Things too go round:

Again: Till these Two Lights are Four:

No Errors here can dang'rous prove;

Thy Passion, Man, deceives thee more:

None double see like Men in Love.

Cowl.

Fill the Bowl with rosy Wine:

Around our Temples Roses twine,

And let us chearfully awhile,

Like the Wine, and Roses, smile.

Crown'd with Roses we contemn

Gyges wealthy Diadem.

To

To Day is ours! what do we fear?
 To Day is ours! we have it here!
 Let's treat it kindly, that it may,
 With at least with us to stay.
 Let's banish Bus'ness, banish Sorrow,
 To the Gods belongs To-morrow.

Cowl. Anat.

Underneath this Myrtle Shade,
 On flow'ry Beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous Oils my Head o'er-flowing,
 And around it Roses growing,
 What should I do, but drink away
 The Heat and Trouble of the Day?
 In this more than Kingly State,
 Love himself shall on me wait:
 Fill to me, Love, may fill it up,
 And mingled, cast into the Cup,
 Wit, and Mirth, and noble Fires,
 Vig'rous Health, and gay Desires.
 The Wheel of Life no less will stay,
 In a smooth than rugged Way:
 Since it equally does flee,
 Let the Motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious Ointments show'r,
 Noble Wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous Flow'rs why do we spread,
 On the Monuments of the Dead?
 Nothing they but Dust can show,
 Or Bones that hasten to be so:
 Crown me with Roses whilst I live:
 Now your Wines and Ointments give:
 After Death I nothing crave,
 Let me alive my Pleasures have;
 All are Stoicks in the Grave.

Cowl. Anat.

The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
 By constant Drinking, fresh and fair:
 The Sea it self, which one would think
 Should have but little need of Drink,
 Drinks Ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun, and one would guess,
 By's drunken fiery Face no less,
 Drinks up the Sea, and when h'as done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
 They drink and dance by their own Light,
 They drink and revel all the Night.

Nothing

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high;
 Fill all the Glasses there; for why
 Should ev'ry Creature drink but I?
 Why, Man of Morals, tell me why? *Cowl. Anac.* }
 A thirsty Soul!

He took the Challenge and embrac'd the Bowl;
 With Pleasure swill'd the Gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
 Till he the Bottom of the Brimmer saw. *Dryd. Virg.*

He crown'd a Bowl, unbid;
 The laughing *Nectar* over-look'd the Lid:
 The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,
 Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.
 The Feast continu'd till declining Light,
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd; and then 'twas Night.
 Drunken at last, and drowsy, they depart
 Each to his House.

The thund'ring God,
 Ev'n he withdrew to Rest, and had his Load;
 His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd;
 And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side. *Dryd. Hom.*

The Vapours to their swimming Brains advance,
 And double Tapers on the Tables dance. *Dryd. Juv.*

Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the Feast with Mirth.
 The sprightly Bowl shall chearfully go round;
 None shall be grave, nor too severely wise:
 Losses and Disappointments, Cares and Poverty,
 The rich Man's Insolence, and great Man's Scorn,
 In Wine shall be forgotten all. To Morrow
 Will be too soon, to think and to be wretched. *Rom. Fair Pen.*

Come to the Banquet all,
 And revel out the Day, 'tis my Command:
 Gay as the *Persian* God our self will stand,
 With a crown'd Goblét in our lifted Hand:
 Young *Ammon* and *Statira* shall go round,
 While antick Measures beat the burden'd Ground,
 And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors sound.
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
 Mars and *Bellona* join to make us Musick.
 A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
 White as his Beams. Speak the big Voice of War,
 Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,
 Till we provoke the Gods to act our Pleasures
 In Bowls of Nectar and replying Thunder. *Lee Alex.*

Hard are the Laws of Love's despotick Rule,
 And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain.
 Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*,
Bacchus, the jolly God of laughing Pleasures.
 Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake ;
Apollo's Lyre and *Hermes* tuneful Shell.
 Let Wine and Musick join to swell the Triumph,
 To sooth uneasy Thought, and lull Desire.

Row. Ulyss.

D R U M.

It is the Trumpet and the Drum
 That make the Warriour's Stomach come ;
 Whose Noise whets Valour sharp, like Beer
 By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar :
 For if a Trumpet sound, or Drum beat,
 Who has not a Month's Mind to combat ?

Hud.

D U E L. See Gauntlets.

Now at the Time, and in th'appointed Place,
 The Challenger and Challeng'd, Face to Face,
 Approach : Each other from afar they knew,
 And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
 So stands the *Thracian* Herdsman with his Spear,
 Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear;
 And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees
 His Course at Distance by the bending Trees ;
 And thinks, here comes my mortal Enemy,
 And either he must fall in fight or I.
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart,
 A gen'rous Chillness seizes ev'ry Part ;
 The Veins pour back the Blood and fortify the Heart.
 Thus pale they meet, their Eyes with Fury burn ;
 None greets, for none the Greeting will return ;
 But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care,
 His Foe profess'd, as Brother of the War.
 Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
 Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance :
 They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore
 Their Corsets, and the thinnest Parts explore.
 Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood ;
 And wounded wound, till both were bath'd in Blood ;
 And not a Foot of Ground had either got,
 As if the World depended on that Spot.
 Fell *Arcite*, like an angry Tyger, far'd,
 And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd ;
 Or as two Boars whom Love to Battle draws,
 With rising Bristles and with frothy Jaws,
 Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound,
 With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around :

So

So fought the Knights ;
 In mortal Battel doubling Blow on Blow ;
 Like Light'ning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
 And shot a dreadful Gleam: So strong they strook,
 There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak. *Dryd. Pal. &*

Now in clos'd Field, each other from afar *(Arcs)*
 They view, and rushing on begin the War :
 They launch their Spears, then Hand to Hand they meet,
 The trembling Soil resounds beneath their Feet.
 Their Bucklers clash, thick Blows descend from high,
 And Flakes of Fire from their hard Helmets fly.
 Such was the Combat in the list'd Ground,
 So clash their Swords, and so their Shields resound.
 Rais'd on the Stretch, young Turnus aims a Blow
 Full on the Helm of his unguarded Foe ;
 But all in Pieces flies the Traytor Sword,
 And in the Middle struck, deserts its Lord ;
 The mortal-temper'd Steel deceiv'd his Hand,
 The shiver'd Fragments shone amid the Sand.
 Surpriz'd with Fear, he fled along the Field,
 And now forthright, and now in Orbits wheel'd.
 Ten times already round the list'd Place,
 One Chief had fled, and t'other giv'n the Chase.

Once more erect the Rival Chiefs advance,
 One trusts the Sword, and one the pointed Lance,
 And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal Chance. }

Turnus then trembling view'd the thund'ring Chief advance,
 And brandishing aloft the deadly Lance:

Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conqu'ring Foe,
 Forgets to ward, and waits the coming Blow :
 Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with Fear,
 Aim'd at his Shield he sees th'impending Spear.

The Heroe measur'd first with narrow View
 The destin'd Mark; and rising as he threw,
 With its full Swing the fatal Weapon flew.
 Not with less Rage the rattling Thunder falls,
 Or Stones from batt'ring Engines break the Walls.
 Swift as a Whirlwind from an Arm so strong ;
 The Lance drove on, and bore the Death along.
 Nought could his seven-fold Shield the Prince avail,
 Nor ought beneath his Arms the Coat of Mail ;
 It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grievous Wound
 Transfix'd his Thigh, and doubled him to Ground :
 Thus low on Earth the lofty Chief is laid,
 With Eyes cast upward, and with Arms display'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

DUNGEON.

Them to a Dungeon's Depth I sent, both bound,
Where, stow'd with Snakes and Adders, now they lodge;
Two Planks their Beds, slipp'ry with Ooze and Slime.
The Rats brush o'er their Faces with their Tails,
And croaking Paddocks crawl upon their Limbs: *Dryd. K. Arth.*

E A G L E. *See Nature.*

In the fiery Tracts above,

Appears in Pomp th'imperial Bird of *Jove*:
A Plump of Fowl he spies that swim the Lakes,
And o'er their Heads his sounding Pinions shakes;
Then stooping on the fairest of the Train,
In his strong Talons truss'd a silver Swan:
But while he lags, and labours in his Flight,
Behold the dastard Fowl return anew,
And with united Force the Foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal Hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a Cloud, o'er-shade the Sky;
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy Course,
Nor can th'incumber'd Bird sustain their Force;
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous Prey,
And lighten'd of his Burthen, wings his Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus on some silver Swan or tim'rous Hare,
Jove's Bird comes fousling down from upper Air;
Her crooked Talons truss the fearful Prey,
Then out of Sight she soars, and wings her Way. *Dryd. Virg.*

So stoops the yellow Eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled Serpent thro' the Sky,
Fast'ning his crooked Talons on the Prey,
The Pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid Way;
Resists the royal Hawk, and tho' oppress'd,
She fights in Volumes, and erects her Crest:
Turn'd to her Foe, she stiffens ev'ry Scale,
And shoots her forky Tongue, and whisks her threat'ning Tail.
Against the Victor all Defence is weak,
Th'imperial Bird still plies her with her Beak;
He tears her Bowels, and her Breast he gores,
Then claps his Pinions, and securely soars. *Dryd. Virg.*

So the Eagle,

That bears the Thunder of our Grandfire *Jove*;
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forfake the Nest, to try his tender Pinions
In the wide untrack'd Air; till bolder grown,
Now like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
He darts precipitate, and gries the Prey;
Or fixing on some Dragon's scaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feast,

Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
 Writhing his spiry Tail. [*Spoke by Ulysses.*] *Rom. Ulyss.*
 So the imperial Eagle does not stay

Till the whole Carcass he devour,
 That's fall'n into his Pow'r;
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood,
 That he can never want Plenty of Food:
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away,
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey. *Cowl.*

EARTHQUAKE.

Earth felt the Wound, and Nature, from her Seat,
 Sighing, thro' all her Works gave Signs of Woe. *Milt.*

As when pent Vapours run their hollow Round,
 Earthquakes, which are Convulsions of the Ground,
 Break bell'wing forth, and no Confinement brook,
 Till the third settles what the former shook. *Dryd.*

So the pent Vapours, with a rumbling Sound,
 Heave from below, and rend the hollow Ground:
 A sounding Flaw succeeds, and from on high
 The Gods with Hate behold the nether Sky.
 The Ghosts repine at violated Night,
 And curse th'invasive Sun, and sicken at the Sight. *Dry. Virg.*

ECHO.

Tir'd with the rough Denials of my Pray'r
 From that hard She whom I obey,
 I come, and find a Nymph much gentler here,
 That gives Consent to all I say.

Ah! gentle Nymph, who lik'st so well
 In hollow solitary Caves to dwell,
 Her Heart being such, into it go,
 And do but once from thence answer me so.

Complaisant Nymph! who dost thus kindly share
 In Grievs whose Cause thou do'st not know;
 Had'st thou but Eyes as well as Tongue and Ear,
 How much Compassion would'st thou shew!

Thy Flame, whilst living, or a Flow'r,
 Was of less Beauty, and less ravishing Pow'r:
 Alas I might as easily

Paint thee to her, as describe her to thee.
 By repercussion Beams ingender Fire;
 Shapes by Reflexion Shapes beget;

The Voice it self, when stop'd, does back retire,
 And a new Voice is made by it.

Thus things by Opposition
 The Gainers grow: My barren Love alone

Does from her stony Breast rebound,
Producing neither Image, Fire, nor Sound.

Cowl.

He forc'd the Valleys to repeat
The Accents of his sad Regret;
And *Echo* from the hollow Ground
His doleful Wailings did resound;
More wistfully by many times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her, in their ruthless Stories,
To answer to Inter'gatories,
And most unconscionably depose
To things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's Fancy.

Hud.

Echo in others Words her Silence breaks,
Speechless her self but when another speaks:
She can't begin, but waits for the Rebound,
To catch his Voice and to return the Sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter Tone,
With mimic Sounds, and Speeches not her own:

Add. Ovid.

ECLIPSE.

The silver Moon is all o'er Blood:
A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face;
A vast Eclipse darkens the lab'ring Planet.
Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War,
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Lee Oedip.

Shorn of his Beams, the Sun
In dim Eclipse disastrous Twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with Fear of Change
Perplexes Monarchs.

Milt.

Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day
On either Side of the black Orb that veil'd him. Dryd. Don Seb.

EDUCATION. See Religion.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by second Nature prone.

Dryd. Jun. Juv.

While thy moist Clay is pliant to Command,
Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand;
Now take the Mold, now bend thy Mind to feel
The first sharp Motions of the forming Wheel.

Dryd. Pers.

Soldierly Education.

Strong from the Cradle, of a sturdy Brood,
We bear our new-born Infants to the Flood;

There

There, bath'd amid the Stream, our Boys we hold,
 With Winter harden'd, and inur'd to Cold:
 They wake before the Day to range the Wood,
 Kill e'er they eat, nor taste unconquer'd Food.
 No Sports but what belong to War they know,
 To break the stubborn Colt, to bend the Bow:
 Our Youth, of Labour patient, earn their Bread,
 Always at work, with frugal Diet fed;
 From Ploughs and Harrows sent to seek Renown,
 They fight in Fields, and storm the shaken Town.
 No Part of Life from Toils of War is free;
 No Change in Age, or Diff'rence in Degree:
 We plough and till in Arms; our Oxen feel,
 Instead of Goads, the Spur and pointed Steel.
 Th'inverted Lance makes Furrows in the Plain:
 Our Helms defend the Young, disguise the Grey,
 We live by Plunder, and delight in Prey. *Dryd. Virg.*

ELDER BROTHER.

Is not the Elder

By Nature pointed out for Preference?
 Is not his Right enroll'd among those Laws
 Which keep the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order?
 Ask those thou nam'dst but now what made them Lords?
 What Titles had they had, if Merit only
 Could have conferr'd a Right? if Nature had not
 Strove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,
 And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership
 Upon their baser Metal? *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Birthright's a vulgar Road to kingly Sway,
 'Tis ev'ry dull-got elder Brother's Way.
 Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne,
 Grows of a Piece with that he sits upon: *(Auren. } Dryd. }*
 Heav'n's Choice! a low, inglorious, rightful Drone!

My Claim to her by Eldership I prove:
 Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my Claim,
 But will preserve the Birthright of my Passion. *Otw. Orph.*

ELEMENTS.

For this eternal World is said of old,
 But four prolific Principles to hold;
 Four diff'rent Bodies: Two to Heav'n ascend,
 And other two down to the Centre tend:
 Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky:

Then Air, because unclog'd in empty Space,
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place ;
 But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
 Lies on the Lap of Earth, and Mother Earth subsides ;
 All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
 And into these are all resolv'd again.
 Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
 The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar,
 Spreads as she flies, and weary of her Name,
 Extenuates still, and changes into Flame.
 Thus having by Degrees Perfection won,
 Restless, they soon untwist the Web they spun ;
 And Fire begins to loose her radiant Hue,
 Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew ;
 And Dew condensing does her Form forego,
 And sinks a heavy Lump of Earth below. *Dryd. Ovid.*
 The Force of Fire ascended first on high,
 And took its Dwelling in the vaulted Sky ;
 Then Air succeeds, in Lightness next to Fire,
 Whose Atoms from unactive Earth retire ;
 Earth sinks beneath, and draws a num'rous Throng
 Of pond'rous, thick, unweildy Seeds along ;
 About her Coasts unruly Waters roar,
 And, rising on a Ridge, insult the Shoar. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ELEPHANT. *See Paradise.*

ELIZIUM.

The verdant Fields with those of Heav'n may vie,
 With Æther vested, and a purple Sky.
 The blissful Seats of happy Souls below ;
 Stars of their own, and their own Sun they know.
 Their airy Limbs in Sports they exercise,
 And on the Green contend the Wrestlers Prize.
 Some in heroick Verse divinely sing,
 Others in artful Measures lead the Ring :
 The Chiefs behold their Chariots from afar,
 Their shining Arms, and Coursers train'd to War :
 Their Lances fix'd in Earth, their Steeds around,
 Free from their Harness, graze the flow'ry Ground.
 The Love of Horses which they had alive,
 And Care of Chariots, after Death survive.
 Some chearful Souls were feasting on the Plain ;
 Some did the Song, and some the Choir maintain.
 Here Patriots live, who for their Countries Good,
 In fighting Fields were prodigal of Blood.
 Priests of unblemish'd Lives here make Abode,
 And Poets worthy their inspiring God.

And searching Wits of more mechanick Parts,
 Who grac'd their Age with new invented Arts.
 Those who to Worth their Bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that Bounty to commend :
 The Heads of these, which holy Fillers bound,
 And all their Temples were with Garlands crown'd.
 In no fix'd Place the happy Souls reside ;
 In Groves they live, and lie on mossy Beds,
 By crystal Streams that murmur thro' the Meads. *Dryd. Virg.*

There in the Lands of unexhausted Light,
 Q'er which the God-like Sun's unwearied Sight
 Ne'er winks in Clouds, or sleeps in Night.
 An endless Spring of Age the Good enjoy :
 Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy.

There neither Earth, nor Sea they plow,
 Nor ought to Labour owe
 For Food, that while it nourishes does decay,
 And in the Lamp of Life consumes away.
 Soft-footed Winds with tuneful Voices there
 Dance thro' the perfum'd Air.

There silver Rivers thro' enamel'd Meadows glide,
 And golden Trees enrich their Side.
 Th'illustrious Leaves no dropping Autumn fear,
 And Jewels for their Fruit they bear ;
 Which by the Blest are gathered

For Bracelets to the Arm, and Garlands to the Head. *Cowli. Pind.*

Loose Breezes on their airy Pinions play,
 And with refreshing Sweets perfume the Way :
 Cold Streams thro' flow'ry Meadows gently glide,
 And as they pass, their painted Banks they chide.
 These blissful Plains no Blights nor Mildews fear,
 The Flow'rs ne'er fade, and Shrubs are Myrtles here. *Gar.*

ELOQUENCE.

Whene'er he speaks, Heav'n ! how the list'ning Throng
 Dwell on the melting Musick of his Tongue :
 His Arguments are th' Emblems of his Mien ;
 Mild, but not faint ; and forcing, tho' serene :
 And when the Pow'r of Eloquence he'd try,
 Here Lightning strikes you, there lost Breezes sigh. *Gar.*

His Tongue

Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better Reason, to perplex and dish
 Maturest Counsels : For his Thoughts were low,
 To Vice industrious, but to nobler Deeds
 Tim'rous and slothful ; yet he pleas'd the Ear. *Milt.*
 Nectar divine flow'd from his heavenly Tongue,
 And on his charming Lips Perswasion hung. *Blac. He*

He drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue. *Dryd. Juv.*
 Fine Speeches are the Instruments of Fools,
 Or Knaves, who use them when they want good Sense :
 But Honesty needs no Disguise, nor Ornament. *Orw. Orph.*
 But here bright Eloquence does always smile
 In such a choice, yet unaffected Stile,
 As does both Knowledge and Delight impart,
 The Force of Reason with the Flow'rs of Art :
 Clear as a beautiful transparent Skin,
 Which never hides the Blood, yet holds it in.
 Like a delicious Stream it ever ran,
 As smooth as Woman, but as strong as Man. *Norm.*

EMBRACE. *See Venus.*

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt lie,
 And like the Sea about it, I:
 Thou like fair *Albion* to the Sailors Sight,
 Spreading her beauteous Bosom all in White ;
 Like the kind Ocean I will be
 With loving Arms for ever clasping thee. *Cowl.*
 As the luxuriant Tendrils of the Vine
 Around the Elm with wanton Windings twine,
 My springing Arms flew round and lock'd in thine. *Den. Ovid.*
 Eternal Comfort's in thy Arms :
 To lean thus on thy Breast is softer Ease,
 Than downy Pillows deck'd with Leaves of Roses. *Orw. Ven. Pres.*
 Oh my *Jocasta* ! 'tis for this the wet
 Starv'd Soldier lies all Night on the cold Ground ;
 For this he bears the Storms
 Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms,
 To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd ;
 That I could hold thee ever ! Let me hold thee
 Thus to my Bosom : Ages let me grasp thee,
 Life of my Life ! and Treasure of my Soul !
 Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms,
 I'll break 'em with *Jocasta* in my Arms :
 Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'll wait my Doom ;
 And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the Room. *Lee Oedip.*
 A. I thought how those white Arms would fold me in
 And strain me close, and melt me into Love ;
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my Strength to ev'ry Blow.
 C. Come to me, come my Soldier, to my Arms,
 You've been too long away from my Embraces ;
 But when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken Murmurs and tumultuous Sighs,
 I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,

And

And mark you Red with many an eager Kiss.

A. My brighter *Venus* !

C. O my greater *Mars* !

A. Thou join'st us well, my Love !

Suppose me come from the *Phlegraean* Plains,
Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword,
And Mountain-Tops par'd off each other Blow,
To bury those I flew. Receive me Goddess ;
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtle Nets, like *Vulcan*.
In thy Embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once ;
And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
Let those who took us blush : I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their Frown,
As their superior God.

Dryd. All for Love.

Venus embracing Vulcan.

The Goddess straight her Arms of snowy Hue
About her unresolving Husband threw.
Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,
His Veins, his Marrow suddain Warmth inspire,
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half so swift the rattling Thunder flies,
Or Streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess proud of her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her Form, in secret smiles.

The Power obnoxious to her Charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:
Snatch'd the willing Goddess to his Breast,
Till in her Lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full Desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

Dryd. Virg.

For what do Lovers when they're fast

In one another's Arms embrac'd ;

But strive to plunder and convey

Each other like a Prize away ?

Hud.

EMPIRE and Emperour. See Greatness.

When Empire in its Childhood first appears,
A watchful Fate o'ersees its tender Years :
Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
And elbows all the Kingdoms round about :
The Place thus made for its first Breathing free,
It moves again for Ease and Luxury :
Till, swelling by Degrees, it has possess'd
The greater Space, and now crowds up the rest.
When from behind there starts some petty State,
And pushes on its now unwieldy Fate ;

Then

Then down the Precipice of Time it goes;
And sinks in Minutes, which in Ages rose. *Dryd. Genq. of Gran.*

Hast thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd
With scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun
To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
Ran courting up and down my Palace-Yards,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And at my least Command, all started out
Like Racers for the Goal. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Emperour! Why that's the Stile of Victory!
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unselt Wounds,
Salutes his Gen'ral so! but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Bars.
For I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier with inglorious Ease:
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate still, and saw it press'd by other Hands. *Dryd. All for Love.*

There's no true Joy in such unwieldy Fortune;
Eternal Gazers lasting Troubles make;
All find my Spots, but few my Brightness take.
Why was I born a Prince? Proclaim'd a God!
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad.
Thus Palaces in Prospect, bar the Eye,
Which, pleas'd and free, would o'er the Cottage fly,
O'er flow'ry Lawnds to the gay distant Sky.
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love!
By all the Gods I will to Wilds remove;
Stretch'd like a Sylvan God, on Grass lie down,
And quite forget that e'er I wore a Crown. *Lee Alex.*

Reign, reign, ye Monarchs that divide the World;
Busy Ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and Happiness like mine:
Like gawdy Ships, th' obsequious Billows fall,
And rise again to lift you to your Pride;
They wait but for a Storm, and then devour you. *Orw. Ven. Pref.*

To you the Drudgery of Pow'r I give;
Cares be your Lot: Reign you, and let me live:
Were I a God, the drunken Globe should rough
The little Emmets with the Human Soul
Care for themselves, while at my Ease I sate,
And second Causes did the Work of Fate. *Dryd. Aurn.*

Oh that I had been born some happy Swain,
And never known a Life so great, so vain!
Where I Extreams might not be forc'd to chuse,
And blest with some mean Wife, no Crown could lose;

Where

Where the dear Part'ner of my little State,
 With all her smiling Off-spring at the Gate,
 Blessing my Labours, might my Coming wait;
 Where in our humble Beds all safe might lie,
 And not in cursed Courts for Glory die. *Lee Throd.*

ENJOYMENT.

I saw 'em kindle to Desire,
 While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;
 Saw the Approaches of their Joy,
 He growing more fierce, and the less coy;
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,
 Exchanging Love a thousand Ways;
 Kind was the Force on either Side,
 Her new Desire she could not hide;
 Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd,
 The blessed Minute he pursu'd,
 Till she, transported in his Arms,
 Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms;
 His panting Breast to her's now joyn'd,
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd;
 Vast and luxuriant! such as prove
 The Immortality of Love!
 For who but a Divinity
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree,
 And melt them into Ecstasie?
 Now, like the Phoenix both expire,
 While from the Ashes of their Fire,
 Sprung up a new and soft Desire.

Like Charmers Thrice they did invoke
 The God, and Thrice new Vigour took. *Behn.*

Thus did this happy Pair their Love dispende,
 With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense.
 The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;
 And present at his own mysterious Feast.
 His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
 And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed:
 While folded in each others Arms they lay,
 He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play, *(Throc.)*
 And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat away. *Dryd.*

Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus they lay,
 Till Nature could no more suffice their Play. *Dr. Sig. & Guisc.*
Celia was coy, and hard to win;

With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part:
 But when she once had try'd the Sin,
 She hugg'd the charming tingling Dart;
 Cry'd, nearer, Dearest to my Heart;
 Thou'rt Lord of all within. *Mountfort.*

Love

Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
That at the Window-Eye does steal in,
To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
Steals out again a cloſer Way.

See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,
Next in Storms of Thunder ſpeak :
Then a kind Show'r from above
Brings a Calm : So 'tis in Love.
Flames begin our firſt Addreſs,
Like meeting Thunder we embrace ;
Then you know, the Show'rs that fall,
Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

How ſhould I thoſe Show'rs forget ?
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet :
They kill'd Love, I know it well,
I dy'd oft as e'er they fell.

Phyllis has a gentle Heart,
Willing to the Lover's Courting ;
Wanton Nature, all Love's Art
To direct her in her ſporting :
In th'Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination :
No falſe Raptures in the Blifs,
No feign'd Sighing in the Paſſion.
But oh ! who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſands ways of toying !
When ſhe does the Lover make,
All a God in her enjoying !
Who the Limbs that round him move,
And conſtrain him to the Blifses !
Who the Eyes that ſwim in Love,
And the Lips that ſuck in Kiſſes !
Oh the Freaks when mad ſhe grows,
Raves all wild with the poſſeſſing !
Oh the ſilent Trance which ſhews
The Delight above expreſſing !
Ev'ry way ſhe does engage,
Idly talking, ſpeechleſs lying,
She transports me with the Rage,
And ſhe kills me in her Dying.

Ye Gods ! the Raptures of that Night !
What fierce Convulſions of Delight !
How in each others Arms involv'd
We lay, confounded, and diſſolv'd !
Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,
Which ſhould moſt be loſt contending.

Hud.

Roch.

Darting

Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,
 Plunging into boundless Bliss;
 Our Bodies, as our Souls, on Fire,
 Tost by a Tempest of Desire,
 Till with utmost Fury driv'n,
 Down at once we sunk to Heav'n.

Thus when the youthful Pair more closely joyn, (twine;
 When Arms in Arms they lock, and Thighs in Thighs they
 Just in the raging Foam of full Desire,
 When both press on, both murmur, both expire;
 They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they dart,
 As each would force their Way to t'other's Heart,
 In vain: They only cruise about the Coast;
 For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost;
 As sure they strive to be, when both engage
 In that tumultuous momentary Rage.

So tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
 Till Man dissolves in that Excess of Joy.
 Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its Way,
 And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,
 A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
 Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;
 And then the same vain Violence returns;
 With Flames renew'd th'ere'st a Furnace burns.
 Again they in each other would be lost;
 But still by adamant Bars are cross.

Dryd. Lucr.

From ev'ry Part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
 They feel the trickling Joys, and run with Vigour to the Goal.
 Stir'd with the same impetuous Desire,
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares their Males require.
 Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly Pains.
 The lusty-Leap, th'expecting Female stands,
 By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
 Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by Love are ty'd,
 Nor hooting Boys nor Blows their Union can divide.
 At either End they strive the Link to loose
 In vain, for stronger *Venus* holds the Noose.

Dryd. Lucr.

'Tis with this Rage the Mother Lyon stung,
 Scours o'er the Plain, regardless of her Young;
 Demanding Rites of Love, she sternly stalks,
 And haunts her Lover in his lonely Walks:
 'Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes,
 In Woods and Fields a wild Destruction makes;
 Boars whet their Tusks; to Battel Tygers move,
 Enrag'd with Hunger, more inrag'd with Love.

The

The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent from far ;
 And snorts, and trembles for the distant Mare :
 Nor Bits, nor Bridles can his Rage restrain ;
 And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain.
 He makes his Way o'er Mountains, and contemns
 Unruly Torrents, and unforded Streams.
 The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing Wound,
 New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the Ground :
 The sleepy Lecher shuts his little Eyes,
 About his churning Chaps the frothy Bubbles rise :
 He rubs his Sides against a Tree, prepares,
 And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.
 The youthful Bull is oft with Love possess'd ;
 With Two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his Breast,
 He looks, and languishes, and leaves his Rest.
 Forfakes his Food, and pining for the Lass,
 Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing Grass.
 The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,
 The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.
 A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred ;
 The stooping Warriours, aiming Head to Head,
 Engage their clashing Horns with dreadful Sound ;
 The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.
 They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar,
 Their Dewlaps and their Sides are bath'd in Gore.
 Nor when the War is over is it Peace,
 Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release :
 But feeding in his Breast his antient Fires,
 And curling Fate, from his proud Foe retires.
 Driv'n from his native Land to foreign Grounds,
 He with a gen'rous Rage resents his Wounds,
 His ignominious Flight, the Victor's Boast ;
 And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd he lost.
 Often he turns his Eyes, and with a Groan,
 Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own ;
 And therefore to repair his Strength he tries,
 Hard'ning his Limbs with painful Exercise,
 And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.
 On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds ;
 Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds,
 His Horns, yet sore, he tries against a Tree,
 And meditates his absent Enemy :
 He snuffs the Wind, his Heels the Sand excite ;
 But when he stands collected in his Might,
 He roars, and promises a more successful Fight.
 Then to redeem his Honour at a Blow,
 He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe :

Nor with more Madneſs, rolling from aſar;
 The ſpummy Waves proclaim the wat'ry War:
 And mounting upwards with a mighty Roar,
 March onward and inſult the rocky Shore:
 They mate the middle Region with their Height,
 And fall no leſs than with a Mountain's Weight:
 The Waters boil, and belching from below,
 Black Sands as from a forceful Engine throw.
 I paſs the Wars that ſpotted Linxes make
 With their fierce Rivals, for the Females Sake;
 The howling Wolves, the Maſtiſſ's am'rous Rage,
 When ev'n the fearful Stag dares for his Hind engage.
 But far above the reſt the furious Mare,
 Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with Deſpair;
 Of Love defrauded in her longing Hour,
 She tears the Harneſs, and ſhe rends the Rein:
 For Love ſhe'll force thro' Thickers of the Wood;
 And climb the ſteepy Hills, and ſtem the Flood.
 Thus ev'ry Creature, and of ev'ry Kind,
 The ſecret Joys of ſweet Coition find;
 Not only Man's imperial Race, but they
 That wing the liquid Air or ſwim the Sea,
 Or haunt the Deſart, ruſh into the Flame:
 For Love is Lord of all, and is in all the ſame.

Dryd. Virg.

Ev'n rugged Lions love,
 And grapple and compel their ſavage Dames.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Once in a Season Beaſts too taſte of Love;
 Only the Beaſt of Reaſon is its Slave,
 And in that Folly drudges all the Year.

Osw. Orph.

Love's Power's too great to be withſtood
 By feeble human Fleſh and Blood;
 'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
 The heſt'ring Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
 Reduc'd his Leaguer-Lion's Skin
 T'a Petticoat, and made him ſpin;
 Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
 T'a feeble Diſtaff and a Spindle.
 He made the beauteous Queen of *Creta*
 To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet;
 'Twas he made Veſtal Maids Love-ſick,
 And venture to be bury'd quick.

'Tis he that proudeſt Dames enamours
 On *Laquays* and *Vallers de Chambres*;
 Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
 And makes them ſtoop to dirty Grooms;
 To ſlight the World, and to diſparage
 Claps, Iſſue, Infamy, and Marriage.

Hud.
 The

The Thund'rer, who, without the female Bed,
 Could Goddesses bring forth from out his Head;
 Chose rather Mortals this Way to create,
 So much h'esteem'd his Pleasure 'bove his State.

Cowl.

When Souls mix 'tis a Happiness,
 But not compleat till Bodies too combine,
 And closely as our Minds together join:
 But Half of Heav'n the Souls in Glory taste,
 Till by Love in Heav'n at last
 Their Bodies too are plac'd.

Cowl.

The Ties of Minds are but imperfect Bands,
 Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Then haste to Bed:

There let me tell my Story in thy Arms.
 There in the gentle Pauses of our Love,
 Between our Dyings, e'er we live again,
 Thou shalt be told the Battel and Success;
 Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
 For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
 And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk,
 That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer, things
 That are not of a Piece; but patch'd with Kisses,
 And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
 And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Dryd. Amphic.

I speak I know not what.

Speak ever so, and if I answer you
 I know not what, it shews the more of Love.
 Love is a Child that talks in broken Language,
 Yet then he speaks most plain.

Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

Love tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks
 Unknown to me within me.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Oh with what soft Devotion in her Eyes,
 The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice!
 Oh! how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
 Like too near Sweets, they took my Sense away,
 And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy!
 But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
 And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
 As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
 Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.

Otw. Don Car.

When all were gone,
 And none but I left with the charming Maid;
 What furious Fires did my hot Nerves invade?
 With open Arms upon my Bliss I ran,
 With Pangs I grasp'd her like a dying Man:
 Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay;
 We bless'd the Night, and curs'd the coming Day.

Lee Soph.

Theresa

There's no Satiety of Love in thee!
 Enjoy'd thou still art new : Perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms ; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place ;
 And I grow rich by giving. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Your Fruits of Love are like eternal Spring
 In happy Climes ; where some are in the Bud,
 Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall. *Dryd. Amphit.*

In thy Possession Years roul round on Years,
 And Joys in Circles meet new Joys again.
 Kisses, Embraces, Languishings, and Deaths,
 Till from each other to each other move,
 To crown the various Seasons of our Love. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day ;
 And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away :
 Soft as the Night our Minutes shall be worn,
 And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn. *Dryd. Set. Love.*

Immortal Pleasures shall our Senses drown,
 Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry Pow'r dissolv'd. *Othw. Orph.*

Let me not live, but thou art all Enjoyment ;
 So charming and so sweet, that not a Night,
 Of whole Eternity, were well employ'd *[Spoken by Jupiter.]*
 To love thy each Perfection as it ought. *Dryd. Amphit.*

They took their full Delight,
 Was restless Rage and Tempest all the Night ;
 Or greedy Love each Moment would employ,
 And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.
 Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd :
 The Stealth it self did Appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more. *(Guisc. Dryd. Sig. &)*

How dear, how sweet his first Embraces were !
 With what a Zeal he joyn'd his Lips to mine !
 Thought ! oh no ! 'tis false, I could not think :
 Was neither Life nor Death, but both in one.
 And sure his Transports were not less than mine ;
 For by the high-hung Taper's Light,
 I could discern his Cheeks were glowing red ;
 His very Eye-balls trembled with his Love,
 And sparkled thro' their Casements humid Fires :
 He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have spoke ;
 It was too fierce to throw away the Time ;
 He could say was, Love and *Leonora*, *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What said he not, when in the bridal Bed
 He clasp'd my yielding Body in his Arms ?
 When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
 And moulding with his Hands my throbbing Breasts,
 He swore the Globes of Heav'n and Earth were vile

To those rich Worlds ; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
And made me shame the Morning with my Blushes. *Lee Alch.*

A doubtful Trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
Then Wishes, and a Warmth unknown before ;
What follow'd was all Ecstasy and Trance !
Immortal Pleasures round my swimming Eyes did dance,
And speechless Joys, in whose sweet Tumult rest,
I thought my Breath and Being both were lost. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

Oh how I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.
Did not my Soul ev'n sparkle at my Eyes,
And shoot it self into your much lov'd Bosom ?
Did I not tremble with Excess of Joy,
Nay, agonize with Pleasure at your Sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion
As no false Love could feign ? *Dryd. Amph.*

Her Hand he seiz'd, and to a shady Bank,
Thick over Head, with verdant Roof embow'r'd,
He led her nothing loath : Flow'rs were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel,
And Hyacinth ; Earth's freshest softest Lap :
There they their Fill of Love and Love's Disport
Took largely ;

Till dewy Sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their am'rous Play.
Unhappy Mortals ! whose sublimest Joy
Preys on it self, and does it self destroy.

I hate Fruition now 'tis past,
'Tis all but Nastiness at best ;
The homeliest thing that we can do :
Besides 'tis short and fleeting too.
A Squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a Moment takes its Flight ;
A fulsom Blifs that soon does cloy,
And makes us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion blindly hurry'd on,
Like Beasts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Lust incites them too ;
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd.

And why this Niceness to that Pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her Joys in one ?
Gives all she can, and lab'ring still to give,
Makes it so great we can but taste and live ;
So fills the Senses that the Soul seems fled,
And Thought it self does for the Time lie dead :

Till, like a String scrud up with eager Haste,
breaks, and is too exquisite to last. *Dryd. Auren.*

And full Fruition will but raise Desire ;
as Heav'n possess'd exalts the Zealot's Fire. *Den.*

For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys,
by full Possession does but fan the Fire ;
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire. *Dryd. Lucr.*

ENTHUSIASM. See Sybil.

He comes! Behold the God! Thus while she said,
Her Colour chang'd, her Face was not the same,
and hollow Groans from her deep Spirir came :
Her Hair stood up ; convulsive Rage possess'd
Her trembling Limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring Breast :
Greater than Human-kind she seem'd to look,
and with an Accent more than mortal spoke :

Her staring Eyes with sparkling Fury roul,
When all the God came rushing on her Soul.
Thus full of Fate she grew, and of the God ;
struggling in vain, impatient of her Load
and lab'ring underneath the pond'rous God.

The more she strove to shake him from her Breast,
With more and far superior Force he press'd ;
Commands his Entrance, and without Controul
Surps her Organs and inspires her Soul.
Length her Fury fell, her Foaming ceas'd,
and, ebbing in her Soul, the God decreas'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Something I'd unfold,
that the God would wake ; for something still there lies
Heav'n's dark Volume, which I read thro' Mists :
is great, prodigious ! 'tis a dreadful Birth
of wond'rous Fate! and now just now disclosing!
See, I see ! how terrible it dawns,
and my Soul sickens with it!

Now the God shakes me ! He comes, he comes ! *Dryd. Oedip.*

I feel him now,
like a strong Spirit, charm'd into a Tree,
that leaps, and moves the Wood without a Wind.
The rowzed God, as all this while he lay
tomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself :
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury ; my old Arteries burst ;
My rivell'd Skin,
like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd Fire :
Thou shalt be young agen ! Manto, my Daughter,
thou hast a Voice that might have sav'd the Bard
of Thrace, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy Airs :
I charm this God, this Fury in my Bosom ;

Lull him with tuneful Notes and artful Strings,
With pow'rful Strains : *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly Godhead to be mild.

[Spoken by *Tiresias*, in *Oedipus*.] Lee.

The God of Battle rages in my Breast ;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws ev'ry Nerve thin as a Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold :
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Lee Miller.

PUBLICK ENTRIES.

Great *Bullingbrook*

Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
With slow, but stately Pace, kept on his Course.
You would have thought the very Windows spoke,
So many greedy Looks of young and old
Thro' Casements darted their desiring Eyes
Upon his Visage ; and that all the Walls,
With painted Imag'ry, had said at once,
God save thee, *Bullingbrook*.
But, as in a Theatre the Eyes of Men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his Prattle to be tedious ;
Ev'n so, or with much more Contempt, Mens Eyes
Did scowle on *Richard* : No Man cry'd, God save him ;
No joyful Tongue gave him his Welcom home :
But Dust was thrown upon his sacred Head,
Which with such gentle Sorrow he shook off,
His Face still combating with Tears and Smiles,
(The Badges of his Grief and Patience.)
That had not God, for some strong Purpose, steel'd
The Hearts of Men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pity'd him.

Shak. Rich. II.

Your glorious Father, my victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils and ever-living Lawrel,
Is entring now in martial Pomp the Palace :
Five hundred Mules precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth ;
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glitt'ring Gems,
Succeed ; and next a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills,
That bound, and foam, and champ the golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace :

Pris.

Pris'ners of War in shining Fetters follow,
 And Captains of the noblest Blood of *Africk*
 Sweat by his Chariot-Wheels, and lick and grind,
 With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
 The swarming Populace spread ev'ry Wall,
 And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
 Their Hold thro' clifted Stones, stretching and staring
 As they were all of Eyes, and ev'ry Limb
 Would feed its Faculty of Admiration. *Congr. Mourn. Bride.*

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
 To grace in captive Bands his Chariot Wheels?
 Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
 To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney Tops,
 Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sat
 The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
 To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?
 And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal Shout,
 That *Tyber* trembled underneath her Banks,
 To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
 Made in her concave Shores.

Shak. Jul. Cæs.

Loud Acclamations to the Clouds arise,
 And propagate the Triumph to the Skies.
 The confluent Tides to a high Deluge grow,
 And Waves of thronging Heads roll to and fro.
 The gazing Clusters to the Windows clung,
 And on the Roofs sublime and Ridges hung;
 Whence with luxurious Pomp they fed the Sight,
 And with their greedy Looks devour'd Delight;
 Their starting Eyes the Multitude did strain,
 And from their eager Pleasure suffer Pain.

Blac.

ENVY.

The Fury's trait

Crawl'd in, her Limbs cou'd scarce support her Weight:

A noisom Rag her pensive Temples bound,
 And faintly her parch'd Lips her Accents sound.

Gar.

Beneath the gloomy Covert of an Eugh,
 That taints the Grass with sickly Sweats of Dew;

No verdant Beauty entertains the Sight
 But baneful Hemlock and cold Aconite:

In a dark Grot the baleful Haggard lay,
 Breathing black Vengeance, and infecting Day:

Meagre, deform'd, and worn with spiteful Woes;

The cheerful Blood her livid Eyes forsook,

And Basilisks sate brooding in her Look.

A bald and bloated Toad-stool rais'd her Head,

And Plumes of boding Ravens were her Bed:

From her chapp'd Nostrils scalding Torrents fall,
And her sunk Eyes boil o'er in Floods of Gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward Pains,
While Seas of melted Ore lay waste the Plains.

Around the Fiend in hideous Order fate
Foul-bawling *Infamy* and bold *Debate* :
Gruff *Discontent*, thro' Ignorance misled,
And clam'rous *Faction* at her Party's Head :
Restless *Sedition*, still dissembling Fear,
And sly *Hypocrisy* with pious Leer.
Glouting with sullen Spight the Fury shook
Her clotted Locks, and blasted with each Look.
Then tore with canker'd Teeth the pregnant Scrolls,
Where Fame the Acts of Demi-Gods enrolls.
She blazons in dread Smiles her hideous Form ;
So Lightning gilds the unrelenting Storm.

Envy at last crawls forth from Hell's dire Throng,
Of all the direfull'st ! her black Locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling Serpents ; her pale Skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within ;
And at her Breast stuck Vipers, which did prey
Upon her panting Heart both Night and Day,
Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair,
Both Day and Night they left fresh Poysons there.
Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,
And torn by her own Hands, in which she bore
A knotted Whip and Bowl, which to the Brim
Did with green Gall and Juice of Wormwood swim ;
With which when she was drunk she furious grew,
And lash'd her self. *Envy*, the worst of Fiends ;
Envy, good only when she her self torments.

Aside he turn'd

For *Envy*, and with jealous Leer malign
Ey'd them askaunce.

Envy never dwells in noble Hearts.

Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With scorching Rays on all that's high and great.

ETERNITY.

Eternity no Parent does admit,
But on it self did first it self beget :
A Gulf whose large Extent no Bounds engage,
A still-beginning, never-ending Age.

Eternity that boundless Race,
Which Time himself can never run,
(Swift as he flies with an unweary'd Pace ;)
Which when ten thousand thousand Years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun,

EVEN

EVENING.

The Western Sun now shot a feeble Ray,
And faintly scatter'd the Remains of Day. *Add.*

The Sun
Declin'd, was hasting now with prone Career
To th' Ocean Isles, and in the ascending Scale
Of Heav'n, the Stars that usher Ev'ning rose. *Milt.*

Now came still Ev'ning on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober Liv'ry all things clad. *Milt.*

And see, yon sunny Hill the Shade extends,
And curling Smoke from Cottages ascends. *Dryd. Virg.*

The setting Sun descends
Swift to the Western Waves ; and guilty Night
Hasty to spread her Horrors o'er the World,
Rides on the dusky Air. *Row. Ulyss.*

See from afar the Hills no longer smoke:
The sweating Steers, unharness'd from the Yoke,
Bring, as in Triumph, back the crooked Plough ;
The Shadows lengthen, and the Sun goes low :
Cool Breezes now the raging Heats remove. *Dryd. Virg.*

Night rushes down, and headlong drives the Day. *Dryd.*

The Ev'ning now with Blushes warms the Air,
The Steer resigns his Yoke, the Hind his Care :
The Clouds aloft with golden Edgings glow,
And falling Dews refresh the Flow'rs below.
The Bat with sooty Wings flits thro' the Grove,
The Reeds scarce rustle, nor the Aspine move :
And all the feather'd Folks forbear their Lays of Love. *Gar.*

When the low Sun is sinking to the Main,
When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews,
And the cool Ev'ning Breeze the Meads renews.
When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful Sound,
And hollow Shores the *Halcyon's* Voice rebound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now the Day wears, the Sun-Beams faintly bound,
And taller Shadows stretch along the Ground. *Blac.*

The gilded Planet of the Day
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
Was now descending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the World,
But what from *Chloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd. *Behn.*

As when from Mountain-tops the dusky Clouds
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's chearful Face, the lowring Element
Scowls o'er the darken'd Lankskip Snow, or Show'r ;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell Sweet
Extend his Ev'ning-Beams, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings. *Milt.*
E U.

EUNUCH.

Pleasure forsook his earliest Infancy;
 The Luxury of others robb'd his Cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited (Love,
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind. Dryd. All for

Quoth he, it stands me much upon,

T'ennervate this Objection;

And prove my self by Topick clear

No Gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of Virility's averr'd

To be the Cause of Loss of Beard,

That does, like Embryo in the Womb,

Abortive in the Chin become.

This first a Woman did invent,

In Envy of Man's Ornament:

Semiramis of Babylon,

Who first of all cut Men o'th' Stone,

To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation

Of the Sow-geld'ring Operation:

Look on this Beard, and tell me whether

Eunuchs wear such, or Geldings either. Hud.

EXAMPLE.

Example is a living Law, whose Sway

Men more than all the written Laws obey. Sed. Ant. & Cleop.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Case is clear,

As thou hast prov'd it by their Practice,

No Argument like Matter of Fact is;

And we are best of all led to

Mens Principles by what they do: Hud.

EXPERIENCE.

Sixty Years have spread

Their grey Experience o'er thy hoary Head. Cree. Juv.

Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,

But we have sure Experience for our Guide. Dryd. The Cock and (the Fox.

Best Guide! thou open'st Wisdom's Way,

And giv'st Access, tho' secret she retire. Milt.

The Confident of Age, the Youth's scorn'd Guide. Dav.

EYES. See Beauty, Hell, Looks.

He star'd, and roul'd his haggard Eyes around. Dryd.

Thus did his Fury rise,

And Streaks of Fire flash'd from his raging Eyes. Blat.

Fate is in thy Face,

And from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,

And threatens e'er thou speak'st. Dryd. All for Love.

Who

Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,
 Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love. *Roch. Valent.*

Then only hear her Eyes ;

Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command :
 For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Pow'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
 Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
 Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
 And blest the Kindred Beauties of thy Eyes.
 Thy Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay,
 Might shine for him, and blest the World with Day. *Rowe Amb.*

So when the Night and Winter disappear, *(Stepm.)*
 The purple Morning rising with the Year,
 Salutes the Spring ; as her celestial Eyes
 Adorn the World, and brighten all the Skies. *Dryd. Theoc.*

Crown'd with Charms,
 She show'd her heav'nly Form without Disguise,
 And gives herself to his desiring Eyes.
 Proud of the Gift, he rowl'd his greedy Sight
 Around the Work, and gaz'd with vast Delight. *Dryd. Virg.*

Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

FACTIOUS.

Avoid the politick, the factious Fool,
 The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd Knave ;
 The quaint smooth Rogue, that sins against his Reason,
 Calls sawcy loud Sedition publick Zeal,
 And Mutiny the Dictates of his Spirit. *Orw. Orph.*

FAIR. See Beauty.

Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
 When Flow'rs first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear,
 And Winter had not yet deform'd th'inverted Year. *Dryd. Aurem.*

Less fair are Orchards in their Autumn Pride,
 Adorn'd with Trees, on some fair River Side.
 Less fair are Valleys, their green Mantles spread,
 Or Mountains with tall Cedars on their Head. *Cowf.*

As fair as Winter Stars, or Summer setting Suns. *Lee Theoc.*

Fairer to be seen

Than the fair Lilly on the flow'ry Green ;
 More fresh than May herself in Blossoms new :
 For with the rose Colour strove her Hue. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Form joyn'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare :
 Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair. *Dryd. Juv.*

FAIRIES.

Like Fairy Elves,
 Whose Midnight Revels, by a Forest Side,
 Or Fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while over Head the Moon

Sits

Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale Course; they on their Mirth and Dance
Intent, with jocund Musick charm his Ear. *Mil.*

They dance their Ringlets to the whistling Wind:
The Honey-Bags steal from the Humble-Bees,
And for Night-Tapers crop their waxen Thighs,
And light them at the fiery Glowworms Eyes;
And pluck the Wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beams from their sleeping Eyes. *Shak.*
(*Midsummer Night's Dream.*)

Robin Goodfellow.

I fright the Maidens of the Villages,
Skim Milk, and sometimes labour in the Quern;
And bootless make the breathless Hufwife chern:
And sometimes make the Drink to bear no Barm:
Mislead Night-wand'ers, laughing at their Harm:
And sometimes lurk I in a Gossip's Bowl,
And when she drinks against her Lips I bob,
And on her wither'd Dewlap, pour the Ale:
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest Tale,
Sometimes for Three-foot Stool mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her Bum, down topples she;
And Tailour cries, and falls into a Cough,
And then the whole Quire hold their Hips and laugh,
And waxen in their Mirth, and sneeze, and swear, (*Night's Dream.*)
A merrier Hour was never wasted there. *Shak. Midsummer*

In Days of old, when *Arthur* fill'd the Throne,
Whose Acts and Fame to foreign Lands were blown,
The King of Elfs, and little Fairy Queen
Gambol'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry Green:
And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,
The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver Light
Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.
Her Beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her Horns they staid,
From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey'd.
Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious Rings, and revel'd half the Year.
I speak of antient Times, for now the Swain
Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly Train:
In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,
The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest,
To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.

She

She sighs, and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,
 No silver Penny to reward her Pain :
 For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer,
 Have made the merry Goblins disappear:
 And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,
 Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor :
 And Fry'rs that thro' the wealthy Regions run,
 Thick as the Motes that twinkle in the Sun,
 Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls,
 And exorcise the Beds, and cross the Walls :
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the Place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace.
 But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been ;
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,
 The Midnight-Parson, posting o'er the Green,
 With Gown tuck'd up, to Wakes: For Sunday next,
 With humming Ale encouraging his Text,
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country Girl betwixt.
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,
 There haunts not any *Incubus*, but he.
 The Maids and Women need no Danger fear
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near :
 For by some Haycock, or some shady Thorn, (Bath's Tale.
 He bids his Beads both Even-Song and Morn. Dryd. Wife of

FALCON.

The Falcon from above,
 Trusses in middle Air the trembling Dove :
 Then plumes the Prey, in her strong Pounces bound ;
 The Feathers, foul with Blood, come tumbling to the Ground. (Dryd. Virg.

As when a Falcon, pinch'd with Hunger, spies
 A long-neck'd Hern, that traverses the Skies ;
 Eager of Blood, and meditating Death,
 With vig'rous Wings he rises from beneath :
 With wondrous Swiftnefs cuts his airy Way,
 And soon in distance lost pursues his tim'rous Prey. Blair.

Complaints of FALSHOOD. See Ingratitude.

She has a Tongue that can undo the World ;
 She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me,
 Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
 Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
 When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
 When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,
 Her Whispers trembled thro' my cred'lous Ears,
 And told the Story of my utter Ruin. Lee Mithrid.

Castalis ! Oh ! how often has he sworn,
 Nature should change, the Sun and Stars grow dark,

E'er

E'er he would falsify his Vows to me:
 Make Hastē Confusion thien! Sun, lose thy Light!
 And Stars, drop dead with Sorrow to the Earth!
 For my *Castalio's* false!
 False as the Wind, the Water, or the Weather!
 Cruel as Tygers o'er their trembling Prey!
 I feel him in my Heart, he tears my Breast,
 And at each Sigh he drinks the gushing Blood. *Otw. Orph.*

He hates, he loaths the Beauties that he has enjoy'd;
 Oh he is false! that great, that glorious Man,
 Is Tyrant 'midst of his triumphant Spoils,
 Is bravely false, to all the Gods forsworn!
 He that has warm'd my Feet with thousand Sighs;
 Then cool'd 'em with his Tears! Dy'd on my Knees!
 Out-wept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
 And groan'd, and sworn the wond'ring Stars away!
 False to *Scatira*! False to her that lov'd him,
 That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
 And took him bath'd all o'er in *Persian* Blood;
 Kifs'd the dear cruel Wounds, and wash'd 'em o'er
 And o'er in Tears, then bound 'em with my Hair;
 Laid him all Night upon my panting Bosom,
 Lull'd like a Child, and hush'd him with my Songs! *Lee Alex.*

Yet this was she, ye Gods, the very she,
 Who in my Arms lay panting all the Night,
 Who kifs'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kifs'd again,
 As if her Soul flew upward to her Lips
 To meet mine there, and panted at the Passage;
 Who, loath to find the breaking Day, look'd out,
 Then shrunk into my Bosom, there to make
 A little longer Darknefs. *Shak. Troil & Cress.*

There was a Time,
 When *Belvidera's* Tears, her Cries and Sorrows
 Were not despis'd: When if she chanc'd to sigh,
 Or but look sad. There was indeed a Time,
 When *Jaffier* would have ta'en her in his Arms,
 Eas'd her declining Head upon his Breast,
 And never left till he had found the Cause!
 But now let her weep Seas,
 Cry till she rend the Earth, sigh till she burst
 Her Heart asunder; still he bears it all,
 Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Last Night he flew not with a Lover's Hastē,
 Which eagerly prevents th'appointed Hour:
 I told the Clocks, and watch'd the wasting Light,
 And listen'd to each softly treading Step,
 In hopes 'twas he, but still it was not he:

At last he came, but with such alter'd Looks,
 So wild, so ghastly, as some Ghost had met him:
 All pale and speechless he survey'd me round;
 Then with a Groan he threw himself a-bed,
 But far from me, as far as he could move;
 And sigh'd, and toss'd, and turn'd, but still from me:
 At last I press'd his Hand, and laid me by his Side;
 He pull'd it back, as if he'd touch'd a Serpent:
 With that I burst into a Flood of Tears,
 And ask'd him how I had offended him;
 He answer'd nothing, but with Sighs and Groans:
 So restless pass'd the Night, and at the Dawn,
 Leap'd from the Bed and vanish'd. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

What have I done, ye Pow'rs! what have I done,
 To see my Youth, my Beauty, and my Love,
 No sooner gain'd, but slighted and betray'd?
 And, like a Rose, just gather'd from the Stalk,
 But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,
 To wither on the Ground! Tell me Heaven!
 Why name I Heav'n? There is no Heav'n for me:
 Despair, Death, Hell, have seiz'd my tortur'd Soul.
 When I had rais'd his grov'ling Fate from Ground,
 To Pow'r and Love, to Empire and to me,
 When each Embrace was dearer than the first;
 Then, then to be contemn'd; then, then thrown off;
 It calls me old, and wither'd, and deform'd,
 And loathsom!
 The Turtle flies not from his billing Mate,
 He bills the closer: But ungrateful Man,
 Base barb'rous Man, the more we raise our Love,
 The more we pall, and cool, and chill his Ardour:
 Racks, Poysons, Daggers, rid me but of Life,
 And any Death is welcom. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Nothing so kind as he, when in my Arms;
 In thousand Kisses, tender Sighs, and Joys,
 Not to be thought again, the Night was wasted;
 At Dawn of Day he rose, and left his Conquest:
 But when we met, and I with open Arms
 Ran to embrace the Lord of all my Wishes,
 Oh then! he threw me from his Breast,
 Like a detested Sin. As I hung too
 Upon his Knees, and beg'd to know the Cause,
 He dragg'd me like a Slave upon the Earth,
 And had no Pity on my Cries;
 Dash'd me disdainfully away with Scorn:
 He did: And more, I fear will ne'er be friends,
 Tho' I still love him with unabated Passion:

Alas!

Alas! I love him still, and tho' I ne'er
Clasp him again within these longing Arms,
Yet bless him, bless him, Gods, where-e'er he goes. *Orph. Orph.*

My mortal Injuries have turn'd my Mind;
And I could hate my self for being kind :
If there be any Majesty above,
That has Revenge in store for perjur'd Love;
Send, Heav'n, the swiftest Ruin on his Head;
Strike the Destroyer, lay the Victor dead,
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my Wrong,
In Height of Pomp, when he is warm and young,
Bolted with Thunder let him rush along.
And when in the last Pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may stand to dart him with my Eyes ;
Nay, after Death

Pursue his spotted Soul, and shoot him as he flies. *Lee Alex.*

I could tear out these Eyes that gain'd his Heart;
And had not Pow'r to keep it: Oh the Curse
Of doating on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear Witness Gods! you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith: I'll die, I will not bear it:
I can keep in my Breath, I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Dryd. All for Love.

Oh I could tear my Flesh,
Or him, or you, or all the World to Pieces.
My Soul is pent, and has not Elbow-room:
'Tis swell'd with this last Slight beyond all Bounds:
Oh that it had a Space might answer to
Its infinite Desire, where I might stand,
And hurl the Spheres about, like sportive Balls.

Lee Alex.

Drive me, O drive me from that Traitor Man;
So I might 'scape that Monster, let me dwell
In Lyons Haunts, or in some Tyger's Den!
Place me on some steep, craggy, ruin'd Rock;
That bellies out, just dropping in the Ocean:
Bury me in the Hollow of its Womb;
Where, starving on my cold and flinty Bed,
I may from far, with giddy Apprehension,
See infinite Fathoms down the rumbling Deep:
Yet not e'en there, in that vast Whirl of Death,
Can there be found so terrible a Ruin,
As Man! false Man! smiling destructive Man!

Lee Thind.

Oh! my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?
What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood?
The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction.
We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,

For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal!
 At first they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks
 Of Summer Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:
 Sometimes, like *Sirens*, charm us with their Songs;
 Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks;
 But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us;
 Or rather help the new Calamity;
 And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman!
 The Lightning follow'd with a Thunderbolt
 Is marble-hearted Woman! All the Shelves,
 The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,
 Are Woman all! the Wrecks of wretched Men! *Lee Mithrid.*

F A M E.

Fame, the great Ill, from small Beginnings grows;
 Swift from the first, and every Moment brings
 New Vigour to her Flights, new Pinions to her Wings.
 Soon grows the Pigmy to gigantick Size;
 Her Feet on Earth, her Forehead in the Skies.
 Inrag'd against the Gods, revengeful *Earth*
 Produc'd her last of the *Titanian* Birth:
 Swift is her Walk; more swift her winged Haste;
 A monstrous Phantom, horrible and vast.
 As many Plumes as raise her lofty Flight,
 So many piercing Eyes enlarge her Sight.
 Millions of op'ning Mouths to *Fame* belong,
 And ev'ry Mouth is furnish'd with a Tongue,
 And round with list'ning Ears the flying Plague is hung.
 She fills the peaceful Universe with Cries;
 No Slumbers ever close her wakeful Eyes:
 By Day from lofty Tow'rs her Head she shews,
 And spreads through trembling Crowds disastrous News.
 With Court-Informers haunts, and royal Spies; (with Lies,
 Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles Truth
 Talk is her Business, and her chief Delight
 To tell of Prodigies and cause Affright. *Dryd. Virg.*

There is a tall long-sided Dame,
 But wondrous light, ycleped *Fame*,
 That, like a thin Camelion, boards
 Her self on Air, and eats her Words.
 Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,
 Like Hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears;
 And Eyes and Tongues, as Poets list,
 Made good by deep Mythologist.
 With these she through the Welkin flies;
 And sometimes carries Truth, oft Lies.
 About her Neck a Pacquet-Mail,
 Fraught with Advice; some fresh, some stale:

Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
 And Cows of Monsters brought to bed,
 Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
 But both of clean contrary Tones;
 But whether both with the same Wind,
 Or one before and one behind,
 We know not; only this can tell,
 The one sounds vilely, th'other well;
 And therefore vulgar Authors name
 Th'one good, the other evil Fame.

Hud.

Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Crowd,
 Ever in Lies most confident and loud.

Rach. Valent.

While *Fame* is young, too weak to fly away,
Envy pursues her like some Bird of Prey;
 But once on wing, then all the Dangers cease,
Envy her self is glad to be at Peace;
 Gives over, weary'd with so high a Flight,
 Above her Reach, and scarce within her Sight.
 But such the Frailty is of human Kind,
 Men toil for *Fame*, which no Man lives to find.
 Long rip'ning under Ground this *China* lies;
Fame bears no Fruit till the vain Planter dies.

Norm.

How much the Thirst of Honour fires the Blood?
 How many would be great, how few be good?
 For who would Virtue for her self regard,
 Or wed without the Portion of Reward?
 Yet this mad Chace of *Fame*, by few pursu'd,
 Has drawn Destruction on the Multitude:
 This Avarice of Praise in Times to come,
 Those long Inscriptions crowded on the Tomb,
 Should some wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,
 And heave below the gawdy Monument,
 Would crack the marble Titles, and disperse
 The Characters of all the lying Verse.
 For Sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
 In Time's Abyss, the common Grave of all.

Dryd. Juven.

And with what rare Inventions do we strive
 Our selves then to survive?

Wise subtle Arts, and such as well besit
 That Nothing Man's no Wit.

Some with vast costly Tombs would purchase it,
 And by the Proofs of Death pretend to live.

Here lies the Great. — False Marble where?

Nothing but small and sordid Dust lies there.

Some build enormous Mountain-Palaces;

A lasting Life in well-hewn Stone they rear:

So he, who on th'*Egyptian* Shore

Wat.

Was slain so many hundred Years ago,
Lives in the dropping Ruins of his Amphitheatre.
His Father-in-law a higher Place does claim
In the seraphick Entry of Fame :

He, since that Toy his Death,
Does fill all Mouths, and breaths in all Men's Breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal Syllables remain ;
But, oh! ye learned Men explain,
What Essence, what Existence this,
What Substance, what Subsistence, what Hypostasis,
In six poor Letters is ?

In those alone does the Great *Cæsar* live ;
'Tis all the conquer'd World could give.
We Poets, madder yet than all,

With a refin'd phantastick Vanity,
Think we not only have, but give Eternity.

Fain would I see that Prodigal,
Who his To-morrow would bestow
For all old *Homer's* Life, e'er since he dy'd till now.

PALACE of F A M E.

Full in the midst of this created Space,
Betwixt Heav'n, Earth, and Seas, there stands a Place
Confining on all three, with triple Bound ;
Whence all things tho' remote are view'd around ;
And thither bring their undulating Sound.

The Palace of loud *Fame* ! Her Seat of Pow'r,
Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r ;

A thousand winding Entries, long and wide,
Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide ;

A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made ;
Nor Gates, nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.

'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News ;

Where Echoes in repeated Echoes play ;
A Mart for ever full, and open Night and Day.

Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease ;

Confus'd and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides receding from th'insulted Shoar ;

Or like the broken Thunder heard from far,
When *Jove* to Distance drives the rolling War.

The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entering in :

A Thorough-fare of News ; where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle Truth with Lies :

The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat ;
Attent to hear, and eager to repeat.

Error sits brooding there, with added Train
 Of vain *Credulity*, and *Joys* as vain:
Suspicion, with *Sedition* joyn'd, are near;
 And *Rumours* rais'd, and *Murmurs* mix'd, and panick *Fear*.
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject Ground, (Dryd. Ovid.)
 And Seas about, and Skies above; enquiring all around.

F A M I N E.

This *Famine* has a sharp and meagre Face:
 'Tis Death in an Undress of Skin and Bone:
 Where Age and Youth, their Land-mark ta'en away,
 Look all one common Sorrow. Dryd. Clem.

Famine so fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Use,
 Ev'n deadly Plants, and Herbs of poy's'nous Juice,
 Wild Hunger eats; and to prolong our Breath,
 We greedily devour our certain Death.
 The Soldier in th' Assaults of Famine falls,
 And Ghosts, not Men, are watching on the Walls. Dr. Ind. Emp.

He daily dies by Hours and Moments.
 All vital Nourishment but Air is wanting.
 Threerising Days and two descending Nights
 Have chang'd the Face of Heav'n and Earth by Turns,
 But brought no kind Vicissitude to him.

His State is still the same, with Hunger pinch'd,
 Waiting the slow Approaches of his Death,
 Which halting onwards as his Life goes back,
 Still gains upon his Ground. Dryd. Clem.

Death, like a lazy Master, stands aloof,
 And leaves his Work to the slow Hands of Famine. Dr. Clem.

F A N.

Flavia the least and slighted Toy
 Can with resistless Art employ:
 This Fan in meaner Hands would prove
 An Engin of small Force in Love;
 Yet she with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton Motions so,
 That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame. Altd.

F A N C Y.

There is a Place which Man most high does rear;
 The small World's Heav'n, where Reason rules the Sphere:
 Here in a Robe, which does all Colours show,
Fancy, wild Dame, with much lascivious Pride,
 By Twin-Camelions drawn, does gaily ride.
 Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about,
 Of Shapes and airy Forms an endless Rout.

A Sea rous on with harmless Fury there,
 Strait 'tis a Field, and Trees and Herbs appear ;
 Here in a Moment are vast Armies made,
 And a quick Scene of War and Blood display'd ;
 Here sparkling Wines, and brighter Maids come in,
 The Bawds for Sense, and living Baits for Sin.
 Here golden Mountains swell the cov'tous Place,
 And *Centaurs* ride themselves a painted Race. *Cowl.*

When *Reason* sleeps our mimick *Fancy* wakes,
 Supplies her Part, and wild Ideas takes
 From Words and Things ill-suited and misjoin'd, *(of Inn.*
 The Anarchy of Thought, and *Chaos* of the Mind. *Dryd. State*

How'er 'tis well, that while Mankind
 Thro' Fate's fantastick Mazes errs,
 They can imagin'd Pleasures find
 To combat against real Cares.
 Fancies and Notions we pursue,
 Which ne'er had Being but in Thought ;
 And, like the doating Artist, woo
 The Image we our selves have wrought. *Prior.*

F A T E. See Fortune, Predestination, and Free-Will.

The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,
 And executes on Earth what he foresees ;
 Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,
 Comes with resistless Force, and finds or makes her Way.
 Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r,
 One Moment can retard th'appointed Hour.
 Nor sure what e'er we Mortals hate or love,
 Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above ;
 They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
 And by Foresight necessitate the Will. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

An unseen Hand makes all our Moves:

And some are great and some are small ;

Some climb to good, some from good Fortune fall ;

Some wise Men, and some Fools we call ;

Figures, alas ! of Speech, for Destiny plays us all. *Cowl.*

'Tis Fate that casts the Dice, and as she flings,

Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings. *Dryd. Juw.*

What Heav'n decrees, no Prudence can prevent. *Dryd. Auren.*

Predestinated Ills are never lost. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Fate and the dooming Gods are deaf to Tears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind ;

He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her kind. *How. Ind. Queen.*

'Tis our own Wisdom moulds our State :

Our Faults and Virtues make our Fate. *Cowl.*

Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.

The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave,

But she's a Drudge when hestor'd by the Brave.
 If Fate weave common Thread, he'll change the Doom,
 And with new Purple spread a nobler Loom. *Dryd. Cong. of*

Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late, *(Gran,*
 Some lucky Revolutions of their Fate :
 Whose Motions if we watch and guide with Skill,
 (For human Good depends on human Will)
 Our Fortune rolls as from a smooth Descent,
 And from the first Impression takes the Bent :
 But if unseiz'd, she glides away like Wind,
 And leaves repenting Folly far behind. *Dryd. Abs. & Achil.*

On what strange Grounds we build our Hopes and Fears !
 Man's Life is all a Mist, and in the Dark
 Our Fortunes meet us.

If Fate be not, then what can we foresee ?
 And how can we avoid it if it be ?
 If by Free-Will in our own Paths we move,
 How are we bounded by Decrees above ?
 Whether we drive, or whether we are driv'n,
 If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the Act of Heav'n. *Dryd. Tempest.*

Some kinder Pow'r, too weak for Destiny,
 Took Pity, and indu'd his new-form'd Mass
 With Temp'rance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
 And ev'ry kingly Virtue ; but in vain ;
 For Fate that sent him hood-wink'd to the World,
 Perform'd its Work by his mistaken Hands. *Dryd. Oedip.*

To you, great Gods, I make my last Appeal ;
 Or clear my Virtues, or my Crimes reveal :
 If wandering in the Maze of Fate I run,
 And backward trod the Paths I sought to shun ;
 Impute my Errours to your own Decree ;
 My Hands are guilty, but my Heart is free. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Gods ! would you be ador'd for doing good,
 Or only fear'd for proving mischievous ?
 How would you have your Mercy understood,
 Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,
 Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be infamous ?
 Supream first Causes ! you whence all things flow,
 Whose Infiniteness does each Little fill ;
 You who decree each seeming Chance below,
 So great in Power, were you as good in Will,
 How could you ever have produc'd such Ill ?
 Had your eternal Minds been bent on Good,
 Could human Happiness have prov'd so lame ?
 Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,
 Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair, and Shame,
 Had never found a Being nor a Name !

'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,
 Evil with you has Coeternity ;
 Than blindly taking it the other Way,
 That merciful, and of Election free,
 You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.

Roch. Valent.

Be juster Heav'n ! such Virtue punish'd thus,
 Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
 And shuffles with a random Hand the Lots
 Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Dryd. All for Love.

Thus with short Plummets Heav'n's deep Will we found,
 That vast Abyss where human Wit is drown'd !
 In our small Skiff we must not launch too far ;
 We here but Coasters, not Discov'ers are.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Eternal Deities !

Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
 And write whatever Time shall bring to pass
 With Pens of Adamant on Plates of Brass :
 What is the Race of human Kind your Care,
 Beyond what all his Fellow-Creatures are ?

He with the rest is liable to Pain,
 And like the Sheep, his Brother Beast, is slain.
 Gold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,
 All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure :
 Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,
 When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail ?
 What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
 If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?

Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate ;
 Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;
 We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,
 And your Commands, not our Desires fulfil.
 Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
 Yet after Death at least he feels no Pain :

But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,
 Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.

(Arc.

Dryd. Pal. &

Good Heav'n's ! why gave you me
 A Monarch's Soul,

And crusted it with base Plebeian Clay ?
 Why gave you me Desires of such Extent,
 And such a Span to grasp them ? Sure my Lot
 By some o'er-hasty Angel was misplac'd
 In Fate's eternal Volume.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Tell me why, good Heav'n !
 Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the Spirit,
 Aspiring Thoughts, and elegant Desires,
 That fill the happiest Man ? Ah, rather why
 Didst thou not form me sordid as my Fate,

Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burthens?
 Why have I Sense to know the Curse that's on me?
 Is this just dealing, Nature?

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Was it for this, ye cruel Gods! you made me
 Great, like your selves, and as a King to be
 Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
 Why rather was I not a Peasant Slave,
 Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
 And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes?

Row. Amb. Stepm.

Ye cruel Powers!

Take me as you have made me, miserable!
 You cannot make me guilty! 'Twas my Fate,
 And you made that, not I.

Dryd. Don Seb.

'Tis thus that Heav'n its Empire does maintain;
 It may afflict, but Man may not complain.

Otw. Orph.

Yet 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppress'd,
 To think what their State is, and what it should be:
 Impatient of their Lot they reason fiercely,
 And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

Row. Ulyss.

But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain,
 Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
 God gives us what he knows our Wants require,
 And better things than those which we desire:
 Some pray for Riches, Riches they obtain;
 But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain:
 Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come,
 When guilty of their Vows, to fall at Home;
 Murther'd by those they trusted with their Life,
 A favour'd Servant or a Bosom Wife.
 Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,
 Because we know not for what things to pray.
 Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam,
 Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home,
 Yet knows not how to find th'uncertain Place,
 But blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.
 Thus all seek Happiness, but few can find,
 For far the greater Part of Men are blind.

Dryd. Pal. & Art.

The Gods are just;

But how can Finite measure Infinite?
 Reason! alas! it does not know it self:
 But Man, vain Man, would with this short-lin'd Plummet
 Fathom the vast Abyss of heav'nly Justice.
 Whatever is, is in its Causes just;
 Since all things are by Fate: But purblind Man
 Sees but a Part o'th'Chain; the nearest Link;
 His Eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
 That poises all above.

*Dryd. Oedip.
 Impute*

Impute not then to me
 The Fault of Fortune, or the Fate's Decree :
 Or call it Heav'n's imperial Pow'r alone,
 Which moves on Springs of Justice, tho' unknown :
 Yet this we see, tho' order'd for the best,
 The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd.
 Permitted Lawrels grace the lawless Brow,
 Th'Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below. *Dryd. Sig. & Guis.*

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
 And Wisdom early planted in thy Soul,
 That thou mightst know to rule thy fiery Passions,
 To bind their Rage, and stay their headlong Course ;
 To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change
 Of various Life ; to struggle with Adversity ;
 To wait the Leisure of the righteous Gods,
 Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
 Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once ;
 A long and shining Train, till thou well-pleas'd, (*Row. Ulyss.*)
 Shalt bow, and bless thy Fate, and own the Gods are just.

F E A R. See Runaway.

A deadly Fear o'er all his Vitals reigns,
 And his chill'd Blood hangs curdled in his Veins. *Blac.*
 Terrour froze up his Hair, and on his Face
 Show'rs of cold Sweat roll'd trembling down apace. *Cowl.*
 Aghast he wak'd, and starting from his Bed,
 Cold Sweats, in clammy Drops his Limbs o'er-spread. *Dryd.*
 His knocking Knees are bent beneath the Load,
 And shiv'ring Cold congeals his vital Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd :
 The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring Tongue. *Dryd. Theod. & Hon.*
 I feel my Sinews slacken'd with the Fright,
 And a cold Sweat trills down all o'er my Limbs,
 As if I were dissolving into Water. *Dryd. Temp.*

At thy dread Anger the fix'd World shall shake,
 And frighted Nature her own Laws forsake ;
 Do thou but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,
 And Thunder, echo'd to the trembling Sky ;
 While warring Seas swell to so bold a Height,
 As shall the Fires proud Element affright :
 Th'old drudging Sun from his long-beaten Way
 Shall at thy Voice start, and misguide the Day.
 The jocund Orbs shall break their measur'd Pace,
 And stubborn Poles change their allotted Place,
 Heav'n's gilded Troops shall flutter here and there,
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a Sphere :

Nay

Nay their God too—For fear he did, when we
Took noble Arms against his Tyranny :
So noble Arms, and in a Cause so great,
That Triumph they deserve for their Defeat.

Cowl.

[Spoken by Envy to the Devil.]

With that, with his long Tail he lash'd his Breast,
And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.
The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in amaze,
And at each other first, could only gaze :
A dreadful Silence fill'd the hollow Space,
Doubling the native Terror of Hell's Face.
Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the Shore :
No His of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known,
The Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan.

Cowl.

The silver Moon with Terror paler grew,
And neigh'ring *Hermion* sweated flow'ry Dew.

Cowl.

The Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight;
And, shrunk within their Sockets, lost their Light. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Who would believe what strange Bug-bears

Mankind creates it self of Fears !
That Spring, like Fern, that insect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed ;
And have no possible Foundation,
But meerly in th'Imagination.
And yet can do more dreadful Fears,
Than Hags, with all their Imps and Teats :
Make more bewitch and haunt themselves,
Than all the Nurseries of Elves.
For Fear does Things so like a Witch,
'Tis hard r'unriddle which is which.

Sets up Communities of Senses,
To chop and change Intelligences :

As Rosicrucian Virtuosis

Can see with Ears, and hear with Noses ;
And when they neither see nor hear,
Have more than both supply'd by Fear :
That makes them in the Dark see Visions,
And hag themselves with Apparitions ;
And when their Eyes discover least,
Discern the subtlest Objects best.
Do Things not contrary alone
To th'Force of Nature, but its own :
The Courage of the bravest daunt,
And turn Poltroons to valiant :
For Men as resolute appear
With too much, as too little Fear ;

And

And when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying :

Or turn again to stand it out,

And those that fled, like Lions rout.

Hud.

For Fear oft braver Feats performs,

Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms.

Hud.

It is an Ague that forsakes,

And haunts by Fits those whom it takes.

Hud.

Fear ever argues a degenerate Mind.

Dryd. Virg.

Fear is the last of Ills.

In time we hate that which we often fear. *Shak. Ant. & Cleop.*

FEMALE.

All Females have Prerogative of Sex :

The She's, ev'n of the Savage Herd, are safe ;

All, when they snarl or bite, have no Return,

But Courtship from the Male.

Dryd. Don Seb.

FIGHTING at Sea. See Battle, Duel, War.

The Ships wide Caves collected Vengeance bear,

Turgid with Death, and prominent with War.

Blac.

Now they begin the Tragick Play,

And with their smoky Cannon banish Day.

At the first Shock, with Blood and Powder stain'd,

Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former Face retain'd.

Fury and Art produce Effects so strange,

They trouble Nature, and her Visage change.

Night, Horror, Slaughter, with Confusion meets,

And in their sable Arms embrace the Fleets.

Thro' yielding Planks the angry Bullets fly,

And of one Wound Hundreds together dye :

Born under diff'rent Stars, one Fate they have,

The Ship their Coffin, and the Sea their Grave ;

The Sea that blush'd with Blood.

Wall.

Deform'd Destruction, and wild Horror ride

In fearful Pomp upon the crimson Tide.

Blac.

The wondring Skies with foreign Lightning shone.

And rung with Peals of Thunder not their own.

Blac.

The thundring Cannons

With their loud Roar the angry Seas assuage ;

Awe list'ning Winds, and calm their weaker Rage.

Blac.

The mighty Foe with Indignation burns,

And Fire for Fire, and Peal for Peal returns :

Broadside and Broadside they together lie,

And with alternate Deaths each other ply :

With dreadful Noise the bellowing Cannon play,

And mutual Wounds in mutual Fire convey :

Roaring Destruction from their Vessels broke ;

And pond'rous Deaths flew thick in Clouds of Smoke.

Blac.

On

On either Side the Foe outrageous grew,
And Deaths unseen in dreadful Tempests flew :
Destruction they exchange ; by Turns they give
Exploded Ruin, and by Turns receive.

The Cannons Roar did distant Regions scare,
Shake all the Shores, and torture all the Air ;
With a strange Tempest did becalm the Deep,
Compose the Waves, and lay the Winds asleep.

Blac.

Once *Jove* from *Ida* did both Hosts survey,
And when he pleas'd to thunder, part the Fray :
Here Heav'n in vain that kind Retreat should sound,
The louder Cannon had the Thunder drown'd.

Wall.

Vast Sheets of Flame, and pitchy Clouds arise ;
And burning Vomit spouts against the Skies :
Tempests of Fire th'astonish'd Heav'n's annoy,
Fierce as those Storms that from their Clouds destroy.

Blac.

Now Seas of Water mix with Seas of Blood,
And crimson Billows reek along the Flood :
The half-burnt Ships, which on the Ocean glide,
With ignominious Wreck deform the Tide.

Blac.

The burning Ships the banish'd Sun supply,
And no Light shines but that by which Men dye.

Wall.

To the tall Masts the raging Flame aspires,
And Neighbour sits to Heav'n's contiguous Fires :
Scorch'd Bodies, broken Masts, and smoking Beams,
Promiscuous Ruin, float along the Streams.

Blac.

Tost by a Whirlwind of tempestuous Fire,
A thousand Wretches in the Air expire :

Den.

Into the Waves some their pale Bodies throw,
And fly from Death above to Death below.

Blac.

As th'Elm, which of its Arms the Ax bereaves,
New Strength and Vigour from its Wounds receives ;
Their Rage by Loss of Blood is kindled more ;
And with their Guns, like Hurricanes they roar.

Like Hurricanes, the knotted Oaks they tear,
Scourge the vex'd Ocean, and torment the Air :
Whilst Earth, Air, Sea, in wild Confusion hurl'd,
With universal Wreck, and *Chaos*, threat the World.

Such would the Noise be should this mighty All,
Crush'd and confounded, into Atoms fall.
The Ships, which in magnificent Array,
But just before did their proud Flags display,

}

And seem'd with warring Destiny to play ;
Now from our Rage, despoil'd of Rigging, tow,
Or burn, or tip into the Air they blow.

Thus a large Row of Oaks does long remain

The Ornament and Shelter of the Plain :

With

With their aspiring Heads they reach the Sky,
 Their huge extended Arms the Winds defy :
 The Tempest sees their Strength, and sighs, and passes by. }
 When *Jove* concern'd that they so high aspire,
 Amongst them sends his own revenging Fire :
 Which does with dismal Havock on 'em fall ;
 Burns some, and tears up some, but rends them all ;
 From their dead Trunks their mangled Arms are torn,
 And from their Heads their scatter'd Glories born :
 Upon the Heath they blasted stand, and bare ;
 And those whom once they shelter'd, now they scare. *Dem.*

Amid the Main Two mighty Fleets engage,
 Their brazen Beaks oppos'd with equal Rage ;
 Moving they fight, with Oars and forky Prows
 The Froth is gather'd, and the Water glows :
 It seems as if the *Cyclades* again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the Main ;
 Or floating Mountains, floating Mountains meet ;
 Such is the fierce Encounter of the Fleet :
 Fireballs are thrown, and pointed Jav'lins fly :
 The Fields of *Neptune* take a purple Die. *Dryd. Virg.*

FIRE. See Funeral.

As when in Summer welcome Winds arise,
 The watchful Shepherd to the Forest flies,
 And fires the midmost Plants : Contagion spreads,
 And catching Flames infest the neighb'ring Heads ;
 Around the Forest flies the furious Blast, }
 And all the leafy Nation sinks at last,
 And *Vulcan* rides in Triumph o'er the Wasse :
 The Pastor, pleas'd with his dire Victory,
 Beholds the fatiate Flames in Sheets ascend the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawless Pow'r,
 And with outrageous Heat the Trees devour.
 The spreading Burning lays the Forest waste,
 And footy Spoils lie smoking where it pass'd. *Blac.*

The Lawrels crackle in the burning Fire,
 The frighted *Sylvans* from their Shades retire. *Dryd. Virg.*

For first the smould'ring Flame the Trunk receives ;
 Ascending thence it crackles in the Leaves :
 At length victorious to the Top aspires,
 Involving all the Wood in smoky Fires :
 But most, when driv'n by Winds the flaming Storm,
 Of the long Files destroys the beauteous Form. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when a Flood of Fire by Winds is born,
 Crackling it rouls, and mows the standing Corn. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Flames were blown aside,
 Fann'd by the Winds, and gave a ruffled Light. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 When

When strong rising Flames Resistance find,
Beat downwards by a fierce impetuous Wind ;
The liquid Pyramids with Labour bend
Their Tops, and sink, still struggling to ascend.

Blaz.

If in some Town a Fire breaks out by chance,
Th' impetuous Flames with lawless Pow'r advance ;
On ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,
Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Cries :
The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,
And ghastly Desolation howls behind.

Blaz.

The crackling Flames appear on high,
And driving Sparkles dance along the Sky :
Driv'n on the Wings of Winds, whole Sheets of Fire
Thro' Air transported to the Roofs aspire ;
With *Vulcan's* Rage the rising Winds conspire.

Dryd. Virg.

Ships on Fire. See Fighting at Sea.

The kindled Vengeance rears it's dreadful Head,
And all around *Erebus* Terrours spread.
With dismal Wings the cracking Flames arise,
Shoot out their ruddy Tongues, and lick the Skies :
The airy Region shines with hideous Light ;
And horrid Day dispels less horrid Night.
A dreadful Outcry on the Deep began ;
Ships fell on Ships, Gallies on Gallies ran ;
Rigging with Rigging met, and Mast with Mast,
And Sails with fatal Friendship Sails embrac'd.
With fruitless Toil the Crew oppose the Flame ;
No Art can now the spreading Mischief tame :
Some choak'd and smother'd did expiring lie,
Burn with their Ships, and on the Waters fry :
Some, when the Flames could be no more withstood,
By wild Despair directed, midst the Flood
Themselves in Haste from their tall Vessels threw,
And from a dry to liquid Ruin flew.

Sad Choice of Death ! when those who shun the Fire,
Must to as fierce an Element retire.

Uncommon Suff'rings did these Wretches wait :

Both burnt and drown'd, they met a double Fate.

What ghastly Ruin then deform'd the Deep !

Here glowing Planks, and flaming Ribs of Oak :

Here smoking Beams, and Masts in sunder broke ;

Nor Coal intirely, nor intirely Wood,

Roll on the Billows, and pollute the Flood.

Here guilded Sterns, there ample Lanthorns float ;

And curious Shapes by Master Carvers wrought.

There half-burnt Lions on the Water grin,

And sooty Leopards lose their spotted Skin.

The

The gazing Fish are all amaz'd to see
The Monsters of the Forest swim the Sea:

Blas.

The Flame, unstop'd at first, more Fury gains,
And *Vulcan* rides at large with loosen'd Reins;
Triumphant to the painted Sterns he soars,
And siezes in his way the Banks and crackling Oars.

A Storm of Sparkles and of Flames arise.
Nor will the raging Fires their Furies cease,
But lurking in the Seams with seeming Peace,
Work on their Way amid the smould'ring Tow,
Sure in Destruction, but in Motion slow.

The silent Plague thro' the green Timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy Flame by Fits.
Down to the Keels, and upward to the Sails,
The Fire descends, or mounts; but still prevails:
Not Buckets pour'd, nor Strength of human Hand
Can the victorious Element withstand,
Or stop the fiery Pest.

Dryd. Virg.

FIRE-WORKS.

Before th'Imperial Palace tow'ring stood
Rare Works of Fire encas'd in painted Wood;
Whose rival Glories did to Heav'n arise,
And Earth-born Thunder rung along the Skies.
The Heav'ns amaz'd with borrow'd Lustre shone,
With Lights and Meteors of a Race unknown,
With foreign Stars, as thick and splendid as their own.
Such Noise, such Flames fill'd all the ambient Air,
The very Triumph seem'd another War,
And with the dreadful Joy did all the People scare.

Blas.

FIRMAMENT. See Creation.

FISH. See Creation, Muse.

FLATTERY.

Give me Flattery.

Flatt'ry, the Food of Courts, that I may rock him,
And lull him in the Down of his Desires.

Beaum. Ro.

No Flattery, Boy! an honest Man can't live by't.
It is a little sneaking Art, which Knaves
Use to cajole, and soften Fools withall:

If thou hast Elattery in thy Nature, out with it;
Or send it to a Court, for there 'twill thrive.

Orw. Orph.

'Tis next to Money currant there;

To be seen daily in as many Forms,
As there are sorts of Vanities and Men.

The superstitious Statesmen has his Sneer,
To smooth a poor Man off, who cannot bribe him:

The grave dull Fellow of small Bus'ness sooths

The Humourist, and will needs admire his Wit.

Who

Who without Spleen could see a hot-brain'd Atheist
 Thanking a surly Doctor for his Sermon ?
 Or a grave Counsellor meet a smooth young Lord,
 Squeeze him by the Hand, and praise his good Complexion ?
 (Osw. Orph.)

There, like a Statue thou hast stood besieg'd,
 By Sycophants and Fools, the Growth of Courts :
 Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gawdy Round,
 Met nothing but a Lie in ev'ry Face ;
 And the gross Flatt'ry of a gaping Crowd,
 Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
 The Stuff, or Royal Nonsense : When I spoke,
 My honest homely Words were carp'd and censur'd,
 For want of courtly Style : Related Actions,
 Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts :
 Secure of Merit, if I ask'd Reward,
 Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
 And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 Nay, do not think I flatter :

For what Advancement may I hope from thee ?
 Thou no Revenue hast but thy good Spirits,
 To feed and cloath thee. Why should the Poor be flatter'd ?
 No : Let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
 And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
 Where Gain may follow Feigning. *Shak. Haml.*

Nothing mis-becomes
 The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery :
 Flatt'ry ! the meanest Kind of base Dissembling,
 And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools. *Row. Amb. Steph.*

FLOOD. See Deluge.

Thus Deluges, descending on the Plains,
 Sweep o'er the yellow Year, destroy the Pains
 Of lab'ring Oxen, and the Peasant's Gains ;
 Unroot the Forest Oaks, and bear away
 Flocks, Folds, and Trees, an undistinguish'd Prey.
 The Shepherd climbs the Cliff, and sees from far
 The wastful Ravage of the watry War. *Dryd. Virg.*

Not with so fierce a Rage the foaming Flood
 Roars when he finds his rapid Course withstood ;
 Bears down the Dams with unresisted Sway,
 And sweeps the Cattle and the Cots away. *Dryd. Virg.*

The fruitful Nile

Flow'd e'er the wonted Season, with a Torrent
 So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
 That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
 Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it. Men and Beasts
 Were born upon the Tops of Trees, that grow

On th'utmost Margin of the Water-mark:
 Then with so swift an Ebb the Flood drove backward,
 It slipp'd from underneath the scaly Herd:
 Here monstrous *Phoca* pant'd on the Shore;
 Forsaken Dolphins there, with their broad Tails,
 Lay lashing the departing Waves; hard by 'em
 Sea-Horses flound'ring in the slimy Mud, (*All for Love.*
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Opze about 'em. *Dryd.*

The flowing Water o'er the Valley spreads,
 And with a welcom Tide regales the Meads:
 Each joyful Field, caress'd by fruitful Streams,
 With verdant Births and gay Conceptions teems. *Black*
 FLOWERS. See Bower, Garden, Noon, Rose, Tulip, Youth;

Within the Chambers of the Globe they spy
 The Beds where sleeping Vegetables lie;
 Till the glad Summons of a genial Ray
 Unbind the Glebe, and call them out to Day.
 Hence Pancies trick themselves in various Hue;
 And hence Jonquils derive their fragrant Dew:
 Hence the Carnation and the bashful Rose,
 Their Virgin-blushes to the Morn disclose:
 Hence the chaste Lilly rises to the Light,
 Unveils her snowy Breast and charms the Sight.
 Hence Arbors are with twining Greens array'd,
 To oblige complaining Lovers with their Shade. *Car.*

You took her up a little tender Flower,
 Just sprouted on a Bank, which the next Frost
 Had nipt; and with a careful loving Hand
 Transplanted her into your own fair Garden,
 Where the Sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,
 Grew sweet to Sense and lovely to the Eye:
 Till at the last a cruel Spoiler came,
 Cropt this fair Rose, and rifled all its Sweetness;
 Then cast it, like a loathsome Weed, away. *Orw. Orph.*

These Flowers last but for a little Space,
 A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace.
 This way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n;
 Weak to sustain the Storms and Injuries of Heav'n,
 Prop'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head;
 But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed,
 In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
 For things of tender kind, for Pleasure made, (*Flower and the Leaf.*
 shoot up with swift Increase, and sudden are decay'd. *Dryd. The*
 All Flowers will droop in absence of the Sun,
 That wak'd their Sweets. *Dryd. Aur.*

Such on the Ground the fading Rose we see;
 By some rude Blast torn from the Parent Tree.

The Daffodil so leans his languid Head,
 Newly mown down upon his grassy Bed :
 Tho' from the Earth no more Supplies they gain,
 The splendid Form, in part, and lovely Hue remain. *Blac.*

Farewel, ye Flow'rs, whose Buds with early Care
 I watch'd, and to the chearful Sun did rear !
 Who now shall bind your Stems ? Or when you fall,
 With Fountain Streams your fainting Souls recall ? *Dryd.*
(State of Inn.

F O G S. *See Clouds, Mists.*

Thick Damps and lazy Fogs arise,
 And with their sluggish Treasures clog the Skies :
 Some from dark Caverns, far remote from Day,
 From each embowel'd Mount and hollow Vault,
 Crude Exhalations and raw Vapours brought.
 Some from deep Quagmires, Ponds, and sedgy Moors,
 Drive the dull Reeks, and shove the haizy Stores.
 To their appointed Station they repair,
 And with their heavy Wings encumber all the Air :
 The pond'rous Night's impenetrable Steams,
 Exclude the Sun, and choak his brightest Beams. *Blac.*

F O N D. *See Love, Marriage, Want.*

Fonder than Mothers to their first-born Joys. *Dryd.*

O she dotes on him !

Feeds on his Looks ; eyes him as pregnant Women
 Gaze at the precious things their Souls are set on. *Lee Cas. Bor.*
 She would hang on him,

As if Increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on. *Shak. Ham.*

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
 Was ever half so fond. *Dryd. All for Love.*

I joy more in thee,

Than did thy Mother when she hugg'd thee first,
 And bless'd the Gods for all her Travel past. *Otw. Ven. Pru.*

So the soft Mother, tho' the Babe be dead,
 Will have the Darling on her Bosom laid ;
 Will talk and rave, and with the Nurses strive ;
 And fond it still, as if it were alive :
 Knows it must go, yet struggles with the Crowd,
 And shrieks to see them wrap it in the Shroud.

(Lee Luc. Jun. Brat)

F O O L. *See Fortune.*

Some took him for a Tool
 That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool. *Ham.*

Fools are known by looking wise,
 As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes. *Ham.*

Fortune takes Care that Fools should still be seen;
She places 'em aloft, o'th'top-most Spoke

Of all her Wheel, Fools are the daily Work
Of Nature; her Vocation: If she form

A Man she loses by't; 'tis too expensive;

'Twould make ten Fools: A Man's a Prodigy. *Dryd. Oedip.*

He was a Fool thro' choice, not want of Wit.

His Foppery, without the Help of Sense,

Could ne'er have ris'n to such an Excellence;

Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,

As a Philosopher: The very Top

And Dignity of Folly we attain

By studious Search and Labour of the Brain;

By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought;

God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat:

We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;

An eminent Fool must be a Man of Parts.

For Fools are double Fools, endeavouring to be wise. *Reck.*

(Hind. & Pan.)

And Folly as it grows in Years,

The more extravagant appears. *Hud.*

FOREST.

There stood a Forest on a Mountain's Brow,

That over-look'd the shaded Plain below:

No sounding Ax presum'd those Trees to bite;

Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight! *Dryd. Ovid,*

Black was the Forest, thick with Beech it stood,

Horrid with Fern, and intricate with Thorn:

Few Paths of human Feet, or Tracks of Beasts were worn.

(Dryd. Virg.)

FORTITUDE.

Resign'd in ev'ry State,

With Patience bear, with Prudence push your Fate:

By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;

Fly when she frowns, and when she calls pursue. *Dryd. Virg.*

Endure and conquer; *Jove* will soon dispose

To future Good our past and present Woes:

Resume your Courage, and dismiss your Care;

An Hour will come, with Pleasure to relate

Your Sorrows past, as Benefits of Fate.

Endure the Hardships of your present State;

Live, and reserve your selves for better Fate. *Dryd. Virg.*

But thou, secure of Soul, unbent with Woes;

The more thy Fortune frowns, the more oppose.

No Terrour to my View,

No frightful Face of Danger can be new:

Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare: (Dryd. Virg.)
The Fates without my Pow'r, shall be without my Care.

Nor am I less, ev'n in this despicable Now,
Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights, (Seb.)
And froze your Hearts beneath the Torrid Zone. Dryd. Don

Dejected! No, it never shall be said,
That Fate had Pow'r upon a *Spartan* Soul:
My Mind on its own Centre stands unmov'd,
And stable, as the Fabrick of the World,
Propt on it self. Still I am *Cleomenes*.
I fought the Battel bravely which I lost;
And lost it but to *Macedonians*,
The Successors of those who conquer'd *Asia*.
'Twas for a Cause too! such a Cause I fought!
Unbounded Empire hung upon my Sword.
Greece, like a lovely Heifer, stood in view,
To see the rival Bulls each other gore;
But wish'd the Conquest mine.
I fled; and yet I languish not in Exile;
But here in *Egypt* whet my blunted Horns,
And meditate new Fights, and chew my Loss. Dryd. Cleom.

My Mind cannot be chang'd by Place or Time:
The Mind is its own Place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n. Milt.
Ev'n Time, that changes All, yet changes us in vain;
The Body, not the Mind; nor can controul
Th'immortal Vigour, or abate the Soul. Dryd. Virg.

What tho' the Field be lost,
All is not lost! th'unconquerable Will,
And Study of Revenge; immortal Hate,
And Courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome?
That Glory never shall his Wrath or Might
Extort from me. To bow, and sue for Grace
With suppliant Knee, and deify his Power,
Who from the Terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire; that were low indeed,
That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath
This Downfall. Milt.

Empire o'er the Sea and Main,
Heav'n that gave, can take again:
But a Mind that's truly brave,
Stands despising
Storms arising;

And can ne'er be made a Slave. Dryd. Alb. & Alban.
In struggling with Misfortunes
Lies the Proof of Virtue: On smooth Seas

How

How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
 And make an equal way with firmer Vessels?
 But let the Tempest once enrage the Sea,
 And then behold the strong-rib'd *Argosie*
 Bounding between the Ocean and the Air,
 Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus* :
 Then where are those weak Rivals of the Main ?
 Or to avoid the Tempest fled to Port, .
 Or made a Prey to *Neptune*. Even thus
 Do empty Show and true priz'd Worth divide
 In Storms of Fortune.

Shak. & Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

With such unshaken Temper of the Soul
 To bear the swelling Tide of prosp'rous Fortune,
 Is to deserve that Fortune. In Adversity
 The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempest ;
 But in Success dissolving, sinks to Ease,
 And loses all her Firmness.

Row. Tamerl.

Thou hast been
 As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing :
 A Man who Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal Thanks : And blest are they
 Whose Blood and Judgment mingled are so well,
 That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
 To sound what Stop she please.

Shak. Haml.

Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
 I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield,
 Can take in all, and Verge enough for more.
 Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's.
 Souls know no Conquerours.

Dryd. Don Seb.

We wage unequal War.
 With Men unconquer'd in the list'd Field ;
 Or conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.

Dryd. Virg.

So tho' less worthy Stones are drown'd by Night,
 The faithful Di'mond keeps his native Light ;
 And is oblig'd to Darknefs for a Ray,
 That would be more oppress'd than help'd by Day.

Cowl.

What e'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done,
 And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun.

Dryd. Pal.

But *Hudibras*, who scorn'd to stoop
 To Fortune, or be said to droop,
 Chear'd up himself with Ends of Verse,
 And Sayings of Philosophers.
 Quoth he,

(& Arc.

I am not now in Fortune's Power,
 He that is down can fall no lower.
 And as we see th'eclipsed Sun,
 By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,

Than when adorn'd with all his Light,
 He shines in serene Sky most bright:
 So Valour in a low Estate
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
 As Beards, the nearer that they tend
 To th'Earth, still grow more reverend;
 And Cannons shoot the higher Pitches,
 The lower we let down their Breeches:
 I'll make this low dejected Fate
 Advance me to a greater Height.

Hud.

F O R T U N E. See Fate, Fool, Vicissitude.

On high, where no hoarse Winds nor Clouds resort,
 The hood-wink'd Goddess keeps her partial Court.
 Upon a Wheel of Amethyst she sits;
 Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
 In this still Labyrinth around her lie
 Spells, Philtres, Globes, and Schemes of Palmestry.
 A Sigil in this Hand the Gypsy bears,
 In th'other a prophetick Sieve and Shears.

Gar.

Where Nature has deny'd, her Favours flow:
 'Tis she that gives, so mighty is her Pow'r!
 Faith to the Jew, Complexion to the Moor.
 She is the Wretches Wilh, the Rook's Pretence,
 The Sluggard's Ease, the Coxcomb's Providence:
 Souls heav'nly-born her faithless Boons defy;
 The Brave is to himself a Deity.

Gar.

Fortune a Goddess is to Fools alone,
 The Wise are always Masters of their own. J. Dryd. Jun. Juo.

Fortune was never worshipp'd by the Wise,
 But, set aloft by Fools, usurps the Skies. Dryd. Juo.
 She for her Pleasure can her Fools advance,
 And toss 'em topmost on the Wheel of Chance. Dryd. Juo.

Fortune! made up of Toys and Impudence,
 Thou common Jade, thou hast not common Sense!
 But, fond of Business, insolently darest
 Pretend to rule, and spoil the World's Affairs!
 She flutt'ring up and down her Favours throws
 On the next met, not minding what she does,
 Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
 Sometimes she smiles; then like a Fury raves,
 And seldom truly loves but Fools or Knaves.
 Let her love whom she please, I scorn to wooe her:
 While she stays with me I'll be civil to her;
 But if she offer once to move her Wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain giegaw things;
 And arm'd with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
 Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command.

I'll

I'll marry Honesty tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a blind dull Whore.

Buck.

Fortune's a Mistress, that with Caution's kind,
Knows that the Constant merit her alone:

They, who tho' she seem froward, yet court on. *Orw. Don Carl.*

Were she a common Mistress, kind to all,
Her Work would cease, and half the World grow idle. *Orw.*

When *Fortune* means to Men most Good, *(Orph:*
She looks upon them with a threatning Eye. *Shak. K. John.*

Fortune, that with malicious Joy

Does Man, her Slave, oppress;

Proud of her Office to destroy,

Is seldom pleas'd to bless.

Still various, and inconstant still,

But with an Inclination to be ill;

Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,

And makes a Lottery of Life.

I can enjoy her while she's kind;

But when she dances in the Wind,

And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,

I puff the Prostitute away.

The Little or the Much she gave is quietly resign'd:

Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;

And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,

Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,

If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black,

If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck;

Then let the greedy Merchant fear

For his ill-gotten Gain,

And pray to Gods that will not hear,

While the debating Winds and Billows bear

His Wealth into the Main.

For me, secure from *Fortune's* Blows,

Secure of what I cannot lose,

In my small Pinnacle I can sail,

Contemning all the bluff'ring Roar;

And running with a merry Gale,

With friendly Stars my Safety seek

Within some little winding Creek,

And see the Storm ashore.

Dryd. Hor.

Good *Fortune* that comes seldom, comes more welcom. *Dr. Oedip.*

Whose *Fortune* is not fitted to his Will,

Too great or little, is uneasy still:

Our Shooes and Fortunes sure are much ally'd,

We limp in strait, and stumble in the wide.

Staff. Hor.

O Mortals ! blind in Fate, who never know
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low ! *Dryd. Virg.*

Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life,
And every Change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to my self. *Dryd. Don Sch.*

In all my Wars good Fortune flew before me ;
Sublime I sat in Triumph on her Wheel. *Dryd. Don Sch.*

Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it ;
And purpled Greatness met my ripen'd Years.

When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People crowding to my Triumphs :

The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace.

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me ; till I took Pains

And work'd against my Fortune ; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose ; yet still she came again.

My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights
At length have wearied her ; and now she's gone,

Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever.
Fortune is Caesar's now, and what am I ?

Oh ! I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark :

The Rivers that ran in and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another Course.

What I have left is from my native Spring ;
I've still a Heart that swells in scorn of Fate,

And lifts me to my Banks.
Glutton of Fortune ! thy devouring Youth

Has starv'd thy wanting Age. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Ay me ! what Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron ?

What plaguy Mischiefs and Mishaps
Do dog him still with After-claps !

For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile,
And leer upon him for a while ;

She'll after shew him, in the Nick
Of all his Honours, a Dog-trick.

For *Hudibras* who thought h' had won
The Field as certain as a Gun ;

And, having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was cock-a-hoop ;

Found in few Minutes to his Cost,
He did but count without his Host ;

And that a Turn-stile is more certain,
Than in Events of War Dame Fortune.

Hud.

Events

Events are doubtful which on Battels wait ;
But where's the Doubt to Souls secure of Fate ? *Dryd. Virg.*

How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see
That Fate, which waits on Pow'r and Victory. *How.*

'Tis better not to be than be unhappy !

'Tis better not to be than to be *Creon* :

A thinking Soul is Punishment enough ;

But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,

Then every Thought draws Blood.

My Soul's ill marry'd to my Body :

I would be young, be handfom, be belov'd.

Could I but breath my self into *Adrastus* !

Were but my Soul in *Oedipus*, I were a King !

Then I had kill'd a Monster ! Gain'd a Battel !

And had my Rival Pris'ner ! Brave, brave Actions !

Why have not I done these ?

My *Fortune* hindred !

There's it : I have a Soul to do 'em all :

But *Fortune* will have nothing done that's great,

But by young handfom Fools ! Body and Brawn

Do all her Work : *Hercules* was a Fool,

And streight grew famous ; A mad boist'rous Fool !

Nay worse, a Woman's Fool.

Fool is the Stuff of which Heav'n makes a Hero. *Dryd.*

[Spoken by *Creon* in *Oedipus*.]

Nature meant me

A Wife, a silly harmless Household Dove,

Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit :

But *Fortune* that has made a Mistress of me,

Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd (*All for Love.*)

Of Falshood to be happy. [Spoken by *Cleopatra*.] *Dryd.*

Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,

Which knows not to disguise its Grief and Weakness,

But bears its Workings outward to the World ?

I am made a shallow foarded Stream,

Seen to the Bottom : All my Clearness scorn'd,

And all my Faults expos'd.

Dryd. All for Love.

Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,

But *Fortune*, at some Hours, to all is kind.

The Lucky have whole Days, which still they choose ;

Th'Unlucky have but Hours, and those they loose. *Dr. Tyr. Love.*

Who knows what changeful *Fortune* may produce ? *Dryd. Virg.*

F O W L. See *Mercury*.

So spread upon a Lake, with upward Eye

A Plump of Fowl behold their Foe on high :

They close their trembling Troop, and all attend

On whom the fousing Eagle will descend. *Dryd. Theod. & Hon.*

See

See over-head a Flock of new-sprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul;
Dark'ning the Sky they hover o'er, and throw'd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd Cloud. Wall.

F R E E D O M. *See Liberty.*

Freedom, the first Delight of Human-Kind ! Dryd. Pref.

Freedom with *Virtus* takes her Seat,
Her proper Place, her only Scene,
Is in the golden Mean.

She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.

The Wings of those *Necessity* has clipt,

And they're in *Fortune's* Bridewel whipt,

To the laborious Task of Bread :

These are by various Tyrants captive led.

Now wild *Ambition*, with imperious Force,

Rides, reins, and spurs them, like th'unruly Horse :

And servile *Au'rice* yokes them now,

Like toilsom Oxen to the Plough :

And sometimes *Lust*, like the misguiding Light,

Draws them thro' all the Labyrinths of Night.

If any few among the Great there be,

From these insulting Passions free,

Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see

By Custom, Bus'ness, Crowds, and formal Decency.

And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,

Impertinencies round them flow.

These are the small uneasy things,

Which about Greatness still are found,

And rather it molest than wound :

Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings :

But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings. Craw.

F R I E N D.

I had a Friend that lov'd me :

I was his Soul: He liv'd not but in me :

We were so clos'd within each others Breast,

The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.

That does not reach us yet : We were so mix'd,

As meeting Streams ; both to our selves were lost.

We were one Mass, we could not give or take,

But from the same : For He was I ; I, He :

Return my better half, and give me all my self,

For thou art all !

If I have any Joy when thou art absent,

I grudge it to my self : Methinks I rob

Thee of thy Part.

Dryd. All for Love.

Thou Brother of my Choice : A Band more sacred

Than Nature's brittle Tie. By holy Friendship,

Glory

Glory and Fame stood still for thy Arrival;
My Soul seem'd wanting of its better Half,
And languish'd for thy Absence; like a Prophet,
That waits the Inspiration of his God.

Row. Tam.

Art thou not half my self?

One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reason
Guided our Wills.

Row. Fair Pen.

Thus from our Infancy we Hand in Hand
Have trod the Path of Life in Love together:
One Bed has held us; and the same Desires,
The same Aversions, still imploy'd our Thoughts.
Whene'er had I a Friend that was not *Polydor's*,
Or *Polydor* a Foe that was not mine?

Osw. Orph.

Who knows the Joys of Friendship?
The Trust, Security, and mutual Tenderneß,
The double Joys, where each is glad for both?
Friendship, our only Wealth, our last Retreat and Strength,
Secure against ill Fortune and the World.

Row. Fair Pen.

Neither has any thing he calls his own,
But of each others Joys as Grieffs partaking:
So very honestly, so well they love,
As they were only for each other born.

Osw. Orph.

They both were Servants, they both Princes were.
If any Joy to one of them was sent,
It was most his to whom it least was meant:
And *Fortune's* Malice betwixt both was cross'd;
For striking one, it wounded th'other most.

Cowl.

Then *Theseus* join'd with bold *Perithous* came,
A single Concord in a double Name.
Their Love in early Infancy began,
And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man:
Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,
His Fellow, to redeem him, went to Hell.

Dryd. Ovid.

There have been fewer Friends on Earth than Kings.
Friendship, of it self a holy Tie,

Cowl.

Is made more sacred by Adversity.

Dryd. Hind. & Panth.

The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel.

Shak. Haml.

Ever note, *Lucilius*,

When Love begins to sicken and decay,

It uses an enforced Ceremony.

There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at Hand,
Make gallant Shew and Promise of their Mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Tryal.

Shak. Jul. Caf.

Pro.

Protestations of Friendship.

'Tis not indeed my Talent to engage
 In lofty Trifles, or to swell my Page
 With Wind and Noise ; but freely to impart,
 As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart :
 And in familiar Speech to let thee know,
 How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
 Knock on my Heart, for thou hast Skill to find,
 If it be solid, or be fill'd with Wind ;
 And thro' the Veil of Words, thou view'st the naked Mind.
 For this a Hundred Voices I desire,
 To tell thee what a Hundred Tongues would tire ;
 Yet never can be worthily express'd,
 How deeply thou art seated in my Breast !

Dryd. Pers.

Oh thou'rt so near my Heart, that thou may'st see
 Its Bottom ; sound its Strength and Firmness to thee.

Osw.

No Fate my vow'd Affection shall divide
 From thee, Heroick Youth ! Be wholly mine !
 Take full Possession : All my Soul is thine !
 One Faith, one Fame, one Fate shall both attend ;
 My Life's Companion, and my Bosom Friend !

Dryd. Virg.

But if some Chance, as many Chances are,
 And doct'ful Hazards in the Deeds of War ;
 If one should reach my Head, there let it fall,
 And spare thy Life ; I would not perish All.

*Dryd. Virg.*F R O S T. *See Winter.*

Swift Rivers are with suddain Ice constrain'd,
 And studded Wheels are on its Back sustain'd :
 An Hostry now for Waggon, which before,
 Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.
 The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd ;
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd :
 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence,
 By Weight the solid Portions they dispense.
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard
 Long Isicles depend, and crackling Sounds are hear'd :
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.

Dryd. Virg.

F R O W N.

With hostile Frown, and Visage all inflam'd.
 Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen Frown,
 Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heav'n,
 And while it kills, delights.

*Dryd.**Dryd. Dan Sch.*

All these Wrongs
 Have never made me fow'r my patient Cheek,
 Or bend one Wrinkle on my Face.

Shak. Rich. 2.

As when Two black Clouds,
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come ratling on

Over

Over the *Caspian*; then stand Front to Front,
 How'ring a Space, till Winds the Signal blow,
 To join their dark Encounter in mid Air;
 So frown'd the mighty Combatants.

Milt.

He parted frowning from me, as if Ruin
 Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
 Upon the daring Huntsman, who has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing.

Shak. Hen. 8.

Roman FUNERAL.

Mean time the Rites and Fun'ral Pomps prepare,
 Due to your dead Companions of the War:
 The last Respect the Living can bestow,
 To shield their Shadows from Contempt below.
 That conquer'd Earth be theirs, for which they fought,
 And which for us with their own Blood they bought.

They raise the Piles along the winding Strand:
 Their Friends convey the Dead to Fun'ral Fires.
 Then thrice around the kindled Piles they go,
 Thrice Horse and Foot about the Fires are led,
 And thrice with loud Laments they hail the Dead.
 Tears trickling down their Breasts bedew the Ground;
 And Drums and Trumpets mix their mournful Sound.
 Amid the Blaze their pious Brethren throw
 The Spoils, in Battle taken from the Foe:
 Helms, Bits emboss'd, and Swords of shining Steel.
 One casts a Target, one a Chariot-Wheel:
 Some to their Fellows their own Arms restore;
 The Fauchions, which in luckless Fight they bore:
 Their Bucklers pierc'd, their Darts bestow'd in vain,
 And shiver'd Lances, gather'd from the Plain.
 Whole Herds of offer'd Bulls about the Fire,
 And bristled Boars, and woolly Sheep expire.
 Around the Piles a careful Troop attends,
 To watch the wasting Flames, and weep their burning Friends.
 Part in the Places where they fell, are laid,
 And Part are to the neighb'ring Fields convey'd.
 The Corps of Kings, and Captains of Renown,
 Some off in State, are bury'd in the Town:
 The rest unhonour'd, and without a Name,
 Are cast a common Heap to feed the Flame.
 Now had the Morning thrice renew'd the Light,
 And thrice dispell'd the Shadows of the Night;
 When those who round the wasted Flames remain,
 Perform the last sad Office to the Slain.
 They rake the yet warm Ashes from below;
 These, and the Bones unburn'd, in Earth bestow:
 These Relicks with their Country's Rites they grace,
 And raise a Mount of Turf around the Place.

Dryd. Virg.
 Mean

Mean while the *Trojan* Troops, with weeping Eyes,
 To dead *Misenus* pay his Obsequies.
 In Altar-wise a stately Pile they rear,
 Of Pitch-Trees, Oaks, and Pines, and unctuous Fir,
 The Basis broad below, the Top advanc'd in Air.
 The Fabrick's Front with Cypress Twigs they strew,
 And stick the Sides with Boughs of baleful Yew;
 The topmost Part his glitt'ring Arms adorn;
 Warm Waters then, in brazen Cauldrons born,
 Are pour'd to wash the Body Joint by Joint,
 And fragrant Oyls the stiffen'd Limbs anoint.
 With Groans and Cries *Misenus* they deplore:
 Then on a Bier, with Purple cover'd o'er,
 The breathless Body, thus bewail'd, they lay;
 And fire the Pile, their Faces turn'd away;
 Such rev'rend Rites their Fathers us'd to pay.
 Pure Oyl and Incense on the Fire they throw,
 And Fat of Victims which his Friends bestow.
 These Gifts the greedy Flames to Dust devour,
 Then, on the living Coals, red Wine they pour,
 And last, the Relicks by themselves dispose,
 Which in a brazen Urn the Priests inclose.
 Old *Chorineus* compass'd Thrice the Crew,
 And dip'd an Olive-Branch in holy Dew;
 Which Thrice he sprinkl'd round, and Thrice aloud
 Invok'd the Dead, and then dismiss'd the Croud. *Dryd. Virg.*

FUNERAL PROCESSION.

Aeneas took his Way,
 Where, new in Death, lamented *Pallas* lay:
Acates watch'd the Corps.
 Th'Attendants of the Slain his Sorrow share;
 A Troop of *Trojans* mix'd with those appear,
 And mourning Matrons, with dishevell'd Hair.
 Soon as the Prince appears they raise a Cry,
 All beat their Breasts, and Echoes rend the Sky.
 They rear his drooping Forehead from the Ground;
 But when *Aeneas* view'd the grievous Wound,
 Which *Pallas* in his manly Bosom bore,
 And the fair Flesh distain'd with purple Gore;
 First, melting into Tears, the pious Man
 Deplor'd so sad a Sight:

Then gave the Word around,
 To raise the breathless Body from the Ground;
 And chose a thousand Horse, the Flow'r of all
 His warlike Troops, to wait the Funeral:
 To bear him back, and share *Ervander's* Grief;
 A well-becoming, but a weak Relief.

Of oaken Twigs they twist an easy Bier ;
 Then on their Shoulders the sad Burthen rear.
 The Body on this rural Herse is borne :
 Strew'd Leaves and funeral Greens the Bier adorn.
 Then Two fair Vests of wond'rous Work and Cost,
 Of Purple wove, and with Gold emboss'd,
 For Ornament the *Trojan* Hero brought ;
 One Vest array'd the Corps, and one they spread
 O'er his clos'd Eyes, and wrap'd around his Head ;
 That when the yellow Hair in Flame should fall,
 The catching Fire might burn the golden Caul.
 Besides, the Spoils of Foes in Battel slain,
 Arms, Trappings, Horses, by the Herse are led
 In long Array, (th'Atchievements of the Dead.)
 Then, pinion'd with their Hands behind, appear
 Th'unhappy Captives, marching in the Rear :
 Appointed Off'rings in the Victor's Name,
 To sprinkle with their Blood the fun'ral Flame.
 Inferior Trophys by the Chiefs are borne,
 Quantlets and Helms their loaded Hands adorn :
 And fair Inscriptions fix'd, and Titles Read,
 Of *Latian* Leaders conquer'd by the Dead.

Atates on his Pupil's Corps attends,
 With feeble Steps, supported by his Friends :
 Pausing at ev'ry Pace.
 The Champions Chariot next is seen to roul,
 Besmear'd with hostile Blood, and honourably foul.
 To close the Pomp, *Ethon*, the Steed of State,
 Is led, the Fun'ral of his Lord to wait :
 Stript of his Trappings, with a sullen Pace
 He walks ; and the big Tears run rouling down his Face.
 The Lance of *Pallas*, and the crimson Crest
 Are born behind ; the Victor sieg'd the rest.
 The March begins : The Trumpets hoarsly Sound ;
 The Pikes and Lances trail along the Ground.
 In long Procession rank'd, they thus direct their Course
 To *Pallantean* Tow'rs.

Rushing from out the Gate, the People stand,
 Each with a Fun'ral Flambeaux in his Hand :
 Wildly they stare, distracted with Amaze :
 The Fields are lighten'd with a fiery Blaze,
 That cast a sullen Splendor on their Friends,
 The marching Troop, which their dead Prince attends.
 Both Parties meet ; they raise a doleful Cry,
 The Matrons from the Walls with Shrieks reply :
 And their mixt Mourning rends the vaulted Sky.
 The Town is fill'd with Tumult and with Tears.

Dryd. Virg.
Grecian

Grecian FUNERAL.

The Peasants were enjoin'd

Sere-Wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find,
 With sounding Axes to the Grove they go;
 Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row;
Vulcanian Food: A Bier is next prepar'd,
 On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
 Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
 The Corps of *Arcite* in like Robes array'd.
 White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
 A Wreath of Lawrel mixt with Myrtle, spread.
 A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
 The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field:
 Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier;
 Menac'd his Count'nance, ev'n in Death severe.
 Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,
 To lie in solemn State, a publick Sight:
 Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,
 And unaffected Sorrow sate on ev'ry Face.
 Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,
 In sable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears:
 His auborn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
 Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd.
 But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
 A Virgin Widow, and a Mourning Bride.
 The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
 Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright;
 And cover'd with th' Achievements of the Knight.
 The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,
 His Lance of Cornel-Wood another held;
 The third his Bow: And glorious to behold,
 The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold,
 The noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,
 And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;
 With sober Pace they march'd, and often stay'd,
 And thro' the Master-street the Corps convey'd.
 The Houses to their Tops with Black were spread,
 And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
 The right Side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
 And on the left the royal *Theseus* wept:
 Each bore a golden Bowl of Work divine,
 With Honey fill'd, and Milk; and mixt with ruddy Wine.
 Then *Palamon*, the Kinsman of the Slain,
 And after him appear'd th' illustrious Train.
 To grace the Pomp came *Emily* the bright,
 With cover'd Fire, the fun'ral Pile to light.
 So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
 With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.

The

The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,
 With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion strow'd.
 The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,
 With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,
 To feed the Flames: The Trees were unctuous Fir,
 And Mountain Ash, the Mother of the Spear;
 The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak were there.
 The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane,
 Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain;
 And Laurel, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.

The Straw was laid below;
 Of Chips and Seer-Wood was the second Row;
 The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd;
 The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,
 And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array;
 In Midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.
 The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes
 The Stubble fir'd; the smouldring Flames arise.
 While the devouring Fire was burning fast,
 Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast;
 And some their Shields, and some their Lances threw,
 And gave the Warriour's Ghost a Warriour's Due.
 Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,
 Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood;
 And hissing Flames receive, and hungry lick the Food.
 Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
 The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound:
 Hail and Farewel they shouted thrice amain;
 Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again:
 Still as they turn'd they beat their clatt'ring Shields,
 The Women mix their Cries, and Clamour fills the Fields.
 The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night, *(Pal. & Arc.)*
 And fun'ral Games were play'd at new-returning Light. *Dryd.*

FURIE S. See Alecto.

Deep in the dismal Regions void of Light,
 Three Daughters at a Birth were born to Night:
 These their brown Mother, brooding on her Care,
 Indu'd with windy Wings to flit in Air,
 With Serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing Hair.
 In Heav'n the *Dire* call'd; and still at hand,
 Before the Throne of angry *Jove* they stand;
 His Ministers of Wrath! and ready still,
 The Minds of mortal Men with Fears to fill:
 Whene'er the moody Sire, to wreak his Hate,
 On Realms or Towns, deserving of their Fate,
 Hurls down Diseases, Death, and deadly Care,
 And terrifies the guilty World with War.

Dryd. Virg.
Infernal

Infernal Offsprings of the Night,
 Debar'd of Heav'n, their native Right;
 And from the glorious Fields of Light,
 Condemn'd in Shades to drag the Chain,
 And fill with Groans the gloomy Plain:
 Whose Good is Ill, whose Joy is Woe;
 Whose Work's t'embroil the Worlds above,
 Disturb their Union, disunite their Love, (Alb. & Alban.
 And blast the beauteous Frame of their victorious Foe. Dryd.

FUTURITY.

Distrust and Darkness of a future State,
 Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
 Death in it self is nothing, but we fear
 To be we know not what, we know not where. Dryd. Aurel.
 To be or not to be! that is the Question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
 The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
 Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
 And by opposing end them? To die! to sleep!
 No more! and by a Sleep to say we end
 The Heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks
 That Flesh is Heir to! 'Tis a Consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die! to sleep!
 To sleep, perchance to dream! I, there's the Rub;
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuff'd off this mortal Coyle,
 Must give us Pause. There's the Respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life:
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
 Th'Oppressor's Wrong, the poor Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th'Unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin. Who would these Fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life,
 But that the Dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Borne
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the native Hue of Resolution
 Is sickled o'er with the pale Cast of Thought;
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action. Shak. Ham.

In whatsoever Character

The Book of Fate is writ,

'Tis well we understand not it :

We should grow mad with too much Learning there:

Upon the Brink of ev'ry Ill we did foresee,

Undecently and foolishly,

We should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture

The fatal Flood to enter.

Since willing or unwilling we must do it,

They feel least Cold and Pain who plunge at once into it. *Cowp.*

Then ask not Bodies doom'd to die,

To what Abode they go ;

Since Knowledge is but Sorrow's Spy;

'Tis better not to know. *Dav.*

Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds;

And draw the distant Landskip as they please :

But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions;

To tell their Manners and relate their Laws? *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful Day,

How you will tremble there to stand expos'd

The foremost in the Rank of guilty Ghosts;

That must be doom'd for Murther! think on Murther!

That Troop is plac'd apart from common Crimes:

The Damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that Band;

As far more black and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible! it shakes; it staggers me:

I know this Truth, but I repell'd the Thought:

Sure there is none but fears a future State;

And when the most Obdurate swear they do not,

Their trembling Hearts belie their boasting Tongues. *Dr. Sparr.* *(Trj.)*

Consider former Ages past and gone,

Whose Circles ended long e'er thine begun:

Then tell me, Fool, what Part in them thou hast ;

Thus may'st thou judge the Future by the Past.

What Horreur seest thou in that quiet State?

What bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?

No Ghosts, no Goblins, that still Passage keep;

But all is there serene in that eternal Sleep.

For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,

Are verity'd on Earth, and not in Hell:

No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye;

Or dreads th'impending Rock to crush him from on high;

But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easy Hours;

Or vain-imagin'd Wrath of vain-imagin'd Pow'rs.

No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;

Nor could the Lobes of his rank Liver swell

To that prodigious Mass for their eternal Meal.

Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more ;
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Giant's Floor.
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lie,
 Nor could his Corps sufficient Food supply:
 But he's the *Tyrius*, who, by Love oppress'd,
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,
 And ever-anxious Thoughts, is robb'd of Rest.
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom Noise and Strife
 Seduce from all the soft Retreats of Life ;
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws :
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular Applause,
 He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
 And sweats, and toils in vain to mount the sov'rain Seat:
 For still to aim at Pow'r, and still to fail,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it but, in Reason's true Account,
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount ?
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with Pain, (Plain.
 Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and smoaks along the
 Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry Kind ;
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning Appetite,
 Tho' Years and Seasons vary thy Delight ;
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the Store,
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more ;
 This is the Fable's Moral which they tell
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell,
 To leaky Vessels which the Liquor spill,
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none cou'd ever fill.
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
 And all the vain infernal Trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here on Earth the Guilty have in view
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due :
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak ;
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th'avenging Horror of a conscious Mind,
 Whose deadly Fear anticipates the Blow,
 And sees no End of Punishment and Woe ;
 But looks for more at the last Gasp of Breath ;
 This makes a Hell on Earth, and Life a Death. *Dryd. Lucr.*
 Thus Men, too careless of their future State,
 Dispute, know nothing, and repent too late. *Dryd. D. of Guis.*

Then

Then whither went his Soul, let such relate,
 Who search the Secrets of the future State.
 Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
 For were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
 And Faith it self be lost in Certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save our selves, and not to damn the rest. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

G A L E S. See Paradise.

The Story of GANYMEDE in Needle-work.

There *Ganymede* is wrought with living Art,
 Chasing thro' *Ida's* Grove the trembling Hart:
 Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue ;
 When from aloft descends in open View
 The Bird of *Jove*, and fowling on his Prey,
 With crooked Talons bears the Boy away.
 In vain, with lifted Hand and gazing Eyes,
 His Guards behold him soaring thro' the Skies ;
 And Dogs pursue his Flight with imitated Cries. *Dryd. Virg.* }

G A R D E N.

Now did I not so near my Labours End
 Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend,
 My Song to flow'ry Gardens might extend. }
 To teach the vegetable Arts, to sing
 The *Pæstus* Roses, and their double Spring :
 How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams, and how
 Green Beds of Parsley near the River grow :
 How Cucumbers along the Surface creep,
 With crooked Bodies, and with Bellies deep ;
 The late *Narcissus*, and the winding Trail
 Of Bears-foot, Myrtle green, and Ivy pale.
 For where with stately Tow'rs *Tarentum* stands,
 And deep *Galefus* soaks the yellow Sands,
 I chanc'd an old *Corycian* Swain to know,
 Lord of few Acres, and those barren too ; }
 Unfit for Sheep or Vines, and more unfit to sow.
 Yet lab'ring well his little Spot of Ground,
 Some scatt'ring Pot-herbs here and there he found ;
 Which cultivated with his daily Care,
 And bruis'd with Vervain, were his frugal Fare :
 Sometimes white Lillies did their Leaves afford,
 With wholesom Poppy flow'rs to mend his homely Board.
 For late returning home, he supp'd at Ease,
 And wisely deem'd the Wealth of Monarchs less: }
 The Little of his own, because his own, did please.
 To quit his Care, he gather'd, first of all,
 In Spring the Roses, Apples in the Fall ;

And when cold Winter split the Rocks in twain,
 And Ice the running Rivers did restrain,
 He stripp'd the Bears-foot of its leafy Growth,
 And calling western Winds, accus'd the Spring of Sloth.
 He therefore first among the Swains was found
 To reap the Product of his labour'd Ground,
 And squeeze the Combs with golden Liquor crown'd.
 His Limes were first in Flow'r, his lofty Pines
 With friendly Shade secur'd his tender Vines;
 For ev'ry Bloom his Trees in Spring afford,
 An Autumn Apple was by Tale restor'd.
 He knew to rank his Elms in even Rows,
 For Fruit the grafted Pear-tree to dispose,
 And came to Plums the Sourness of the Sloes.
 With spreading Pluries he made a cool Retreat,
 To shade Good-fellows from the Summer's Heat. *Dryd. Virg.*

Bear me, some God, to *Baia's* gentle Seats,
 Or cover me in *Umbria's* green Retreats,
 Where ev'n rough Rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
 And trodden Weeds send out a rich Perfume.
 Where western Gales eternally reside,
 And all the Seasons lavish all their Pride:
 Blossoms, and Fruits, and Flow'rs together rise,
 And the whole Year in gay Confusion lies. *Adm.*

O blessed Shades! O gentle cool Retreat
 From all th'immoderate Heat

In which the frantick World does burn and sweat:
 Where Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,
 And sing above in ev'ry Tree,
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
 Than we, who lie, or walk below.

What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel
 That which within this Shade does dwell?
 To which we nothing pay or give:
 Birds, like other Poets, live

Without Reward or Thanks for their obliging Pains:
 'Tis well if they become not Prey.

The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,
 And a graye Base the mur'm'ring Fountains play.
Nature does all this Harmony bestow;

But to our Plants *Art's* Musick too,
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Ghittar we owe;

The Lute it self, which once was green and mute:

When *Orpheus* struck th'inspir'd Lute,
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood,
 By Sympathy, the Voice of Wood.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite;

And

And nothing does within Resistance make ;

Which yet we moderately take,

Who would not chuse to be awake,

When he's incompass'd round with such Delight,

To th'Ear, the Smell, the Touch, the Taste, the Sight ?

When *Venus* would her dear *Adonis* keep

A Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep ;

She od'rous Herbs and Shrubs beneath him spread,

As the most soft and sweetest Bed ;

Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.

We no-where Art do so triumphant see,

As when it grafts or buds the Tree ;

In other things we count it to excel,

If it a docil Scholar can appear

To Nature, and but imitate her well ;

It over-rules, and is her Master here.

Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand

O'er all the vegetable World command ?

He bids th'ill-natur'd Crab produce

The gentle Apple's winy Juice.

He does the savage Hawthorn teach

To bear the Medlar and the Pear ;

He bids the rustick Plum to rear

A nobler Trunk, and be a Peach.

Ev'n *Daphne's* Coynefs he does mock,

And weds the Cherry to her Stock ;

Tho' she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit,

Ev'n she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,

Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

Methinks I see great *Dioctesian* walk

In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,

Which by his own imperial Hands were made.

Methinks I see him smile while he does talk

With the Embassadors, who come in vain

T'invite him to a Throne again :

If I, my Friends, says he, should to you show

All the Delights that in this Garden grow ;

'Tis likelier much that you would with me stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away :

And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,

Than ever, after the most happy Fight,

In Triumph to the Capitol I rode,

(*Cowl.*)

To thank the Gods, and to be thought my self almost a God.

GARDEN of Eden. See Paradise.

GAUNTLETS.

He threw

Two pond'rous Gauntlets down in open View ;
 Gauntlets which *Eryx* wont in Fight to wield,
 And sheath his Hands within the lifted Field.
 With Fear and Wonder seiz'd, the Croud beholds
 The Gloves of Death, with seven distinguish'd Folds
 Of rough Bull-Hides: The Space within is spread
 With Iron, or with Loads of heavy Lead.
 These round their Shouldersto their Wrists they ty'd:
 Both on the Tiptoe stand, at full Extent,
 Their Arms aloft, their Bodies inly bent:
 Their Heads from aiming Blows they bear afar;
 And clashing Gauntlets then provoke the War.
 One on his Youth and pliant Limbs relies,
 One on his Sinews and his Giant Size:
 The last is stiff with Age, his Motion slow,
 He heaves for Breath, and staggers to and fro;
 And Clouds of issuing Smoke his Nostrils loudly blow.
 Yet equal in Success, they ward, they strike;
 Their Ways are diff'rent, but their Art alike.
 Before, behind, the Blows are dealt around;
 Their hollow Sides the ratling Thumps resound.
 A Storm of Strokes, well meant, with Fury flies,
 And errs about their Temples, Ears, and Eyes:
 Not always errs; for oft the Gauntlet draws
 A sweeping Stroke along the crackling Jaws.
 Heavy with Age, *Entellus* stands his Ground,
 But with his warping Body wards the Wound:
 His Hand and watchful Eye keep even Pace,
 While *Dares* traverses and shifts his Place:
 With Hands on high *Entellus* threatens the Foe,
 But *Dares* watch'd the Motion from below,
 And slip'd aside, and shun'd the long-descending Blow.
Entellus wastes his Forces on the Wind,
 And thus deluded of the Stroke design'd,
 Headlong and heavy fell; his ample Breast
 And weighty Limbs his antient Mother prest.
 He lays on load with either Hand amain,
 And headlong drives the *Trojan* o'er the Plain;
 Nor Stops, nor Stays, nor Rest, nor Breath allows,
 But Storms of Strokes descend about his Brows,
 A ratling Tempest, and a Hail of Blows.

His

His Mouth and Nostrils pour'd a purple Flood,
 And pounded Teeth came rushing with the Blood ;
 Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing Throng,
 And hung his Head, and trail'd his Legs along. *Dryd. Virg.*

GENERAL. See Battle, Soldier, War.

He in the Shock of charging Hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst Confusion, Horror, and Despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful Scenes of War :
 In peaceful Thought the Field of Death survey'd,
 To fainting Squadrons sent the timely Aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd Battallions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful Battle where to rage.
 So when an Angel by divine Command,
 With rising Tempests shakes a guilty Land ;
 Calm and serene he drives the furious Blast :
 And pleas'd the Almighty's Orders to perform,
 Rides in the Whirlwind, and directs the Storm. *Add.*

GHOST. See Negromancer, Night.

Forms without Body, and impassive Air,
 The squallid Spectres, that in dead of Night
 Break my short Sleep, and skim before my Sight ;
 Thin Shades, the Sports of Winds, are toss'd
 O'er dreary Plains, or tread the burning Coast. *Dryd. Virg.*

I've heard a Spirit's Force is wonderful,
 At whose Approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
 The Earth will shake, and the old Ocean groan ;
 Rocks are remov'd, and Trees are thunder'd down,
 And Walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant
 Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds. *See Oedip.*

It faded at the crowing of the Cock,
 And started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful Summons. *Shak. Haml.*

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee' Aires from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell,
 Be thy Events wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,
 That I will speak to thee : Oh ! oh ! answer me :
 Let me not burst in Ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearf'd in Earth,
 Have burst their Cearments ? Why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Has op'd its ponderous and marble Jaws,
 To let thee out again ? What may this mean,
 That thou, dear Coarse, again in compleat Steel
 Revisit'st thus the Glimpses of the Morn,
 Making Night hideous, and us Fools of Nature
 So horribly to shake our Disposition,

With

With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls?

I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Time to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires ;
Till the foul Crimes, done in my Days of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away.

Shak. Ham.

GIRDLE.

That which her slender Waste confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind.
No Monarch but would give his Crown,
His Arms might do as this has done.
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.
A narrow Compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's Good, and all that's Fair.
Give me but what this Ribband bound ;
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

Wal.

GOAT.

No more, my Goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy Cliffs, or crop the flow'ry Thyme :
No more, extended in the Grot below,
Shall see you browsing on the Mountain's Brow
The prickly Shrubs, and after on the Bare
Lean down the deep Abyfs, and hang in Air.

Dryd. Virg.

GOLD. See Money.

Gold ! yellow, glittering, precious Gold !
Gold ! that will make black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
Base, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant !
Ha ! you Gods, why this
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your Sides ;
Pluck stout Mens Pillows from below their Heads !
This yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions ; bless th' accurs'd ;
Make the hoar Leprosie ador'd : Place Thieves,
And give them Title, Knee, and Approbation,
With Senators on the Bench.

Shak. Tim. of Alb.

Gold makes a Patrician of a Slave ;
A Dwarf an *Atlas* ; a *Thersites* brave ;
It cancells all Defects.
It guides the Fancy, and directs the Mind :
No Bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

Gr.

Virtue now, nor noble Blood,
Nor Wit, by Love is understood ;
Gold alone does Passion move :
Gold monopolizes Love.
A Curse on her, and on the Man,
Who this Traffick first began.

A

A Curse, all Curses else above,
 On him who us'd it first in Love !
 Gold begets, in Brothers, Hate ;
 Gold, in Families, Debate ;
 Gold does Friendship separate.
 Gold does civil Wars create.
 These the smallest Harms of it ;
 Gold, alas ! does Love beget.

Cowl. Anas.

For Love in all his am'rous Battels,
 N' Advantage finds like Goods and Chattels.

Hud.

Take heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
 Nor be by glitt'ring Ills betray'd ;
 Thy self for Money ! Oh ! Let no Man know
 The Price of Beauty fall'n so low :

What Dangers ought'st thou not to dread,
 When Love that's blind, is by blind Fortune led.

Cowl.

Can Gold, alas ! with thee compare ?
 The Sun that makes it's not so fair.
 Thou'rt so divine a thing, that thee to buy
 Is to be counted Simony.

Cowl.

Let Honour and Preferment go for Gold ;
 But glorious Beauty is not to be sold :
 Or, if it be, 'tis at a Rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy.

Dryd.

Love, what a poor Omnipotence hast thou,
 When Gold and Titles buy thee ?

Dryd. Span. Fry.

O sacred Hunger of pernicious Gold !
 What Bands of Faith can impious Lucre hold !

Dryd. Virg.

When I made
 This Gold, I made a greater God than Jove,
 And gave my own Omnipotence away.

*(by Jupiter.**Dryd. Amphit. Spoken*

GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect ! What can be
 In Happiness compar'd with thee ?
 Fed with Nourishment divine,
 The dewy Morning's gentle Wine.
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant Cup does fill :
 All the Fields which thou dost see,
 All the Plants belong to thee ;
 All that Summer Hours produce,
 Fertile made with early Juice.
 Man for thee doth sow and plough ;
 Farmer he, and Landlord thou.
 Thee Country Hinds with Gladness bear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd Year !

To

To thee of all things upon Earth,
 Life is no longer than thy Mirth.
 Happy Insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither Age nor Winter know ;
 But when thou'rt drunk, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
 Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean Animal ;
 Sated with thy Summer Feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

Cowl. Anac.

G R E A T N E S S .

How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate,
 By so much more unhappy as we're great ! *Otw. Don Carl.*
 Greatness, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
 The wise Man's Fetter, and the Rage of Fools. *Otw. Alcibiad.*
 Greatness most envy'd when least understood,
 Thou art no real, but a seeming Good :
 Sick at the Heart, thou in the Face look'st well ;
 By thy exalted State we only gain,
 To be more wretched than the Vulgar can. *Sedh. Aut. & Cleop.*
 Greatness we owe to Fortune or to Fate,
 But Wisdom only can secure that State. *Denh. Sopley.*

We look on Men, and wonder at such Odds,
 'Twixt things that were the same by Birth :
 We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth.
 These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.
 The humblest and the proudest Oak
 Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.
 Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Pow'r,
 Have their short flourishing Hour ;
 And love to see themselves, and smile,
 And joy in their Preeminence a while :

Ev'n so in the same Land,
 Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand ;
 Alas ! Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.
 And all ye Men, whom Greatness does so please,

You feast, I fear, like *Damocles*.

If you your Eyes would upward move,
 But you, I fear, think nothing is above,
 You would perceive by what a little Thread
 The Sword is hanging o'er your Head ;
 No sparkling Wine would drown your Cares,
 No Mirth, no Musick over-noise your Fears :
 The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
 As not t'admit the Image of it, Sleep.

Go level Hills and fill up Seas,
 Spare nought that may your Fancy please ;

But

But trust me, when you've done all this,
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss. *Cowl. Hor.*
 Of Power and Honour the deceitful Light
 Might half excuse our cheated Sight,
 If it of Life the whole small Time should stay,
 And be our Sun-shine all the Day :
 Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud,
 Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud,
 While it begins, concludes its violent Race,
 And where it gilds it wounds the Place.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,
 Only to Men that stand not near !
 Proud Poverty ! that tinsel Brav'ry wears,
 And like a Rainbow, painted Tears.
 Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep ;
 In a weak Boat trust not the Deep :
 Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying rise,
 Pity great Men, great things despise.

Cowl.

Farewel, a long Farewel to all my Greatness !
 This is the State of Man ; to Day he puts forth
 The tender Leaves of Hopes ; to Morrow Blossoms,
 And bears his blushing Honours thick upon him :
 The third Day comes a Frost, a killing Frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy Man, full surely,
 His Greatness is a rip'ning, nips his Root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
 Like little wanton Boys that swim on Bladders,
 This many a Summer in a Sea of Glory,
 But far beyond my Depth. My high-blown Pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with Service, to the Mercy
 Of a rude Stream, that must for ever hide me. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

Upon the slipp'ry Tops of human State,
 The gilded Pinacles of Fate,
 Let others proudly stand, and for a while,
 The giddy Danger to beguile,
 With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,
 Till their Heads turn, and so they fall.
 Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near,
 That I no Fall to Earth may fear.
 And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat
 From the long Ruines of the Great.
 Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,
 As Time, that measures it, does glide :
 Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
 From Town to Town echo about my Name :

Not

Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be
 With Scutcheon or with Elegy.
 An old *Plebeian* let me die.

Alas! all then are such as well as I.

Cow! Sen;

I now begin to loath all human Greatness:
 I'll fly all Courts, and Love shall be my Guide;
 Love, that's more worth than all the World beside.
 Princes are barr'd the Liberty to roam;
 The fetter'd Mind still languishes at home;
 In golden Bands she treads the thoughtful Round,
 Business and Cares eternally abound;
 And when for Air the Goddess would unbind,
 She's clogg'd with Sceptres, and to Crowns confin'd. *Lee Theod.*

From publick Noise and factious Strife,
 From all the busy Ills of Life,
 Take me, my *Cloe*, to thy Breast,
 And lull my weary'd Soul to Rest:
 For ever in this humble Cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell.
 To painted Roofs and shining Spires,
 Th' uneasy Seats of high Desires,
 Let the unthinking Many crowd,
 Who dare be covetous and proud.
 In golden Bondage let them wait,
 And barter Happiness for State:
 But oh! my *Cloe*, when thy Swain
 Desires to see a Court again;
 May Heav'n around this destin'd Head,
 The Choicest of its Curses shed.
 To sum up all the Rage of Fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be False, and I be Great.

Prior.

For I disdain

All Pomp when thou art by: Far be the Noise
 Of Kings and Courts from us, whose gentle Souls
 Our kinder Stars have steer'd another Way.
 Free as the Forest Birds we'll pair together,
 Without remembring who our Fathers were;
 Fly to the Arbours, Grotts, and flow'ry Meads,
 And in soft Murmurs interchange our Souls;
 Together drink the Chrystal of the Stream,
 Or taste the yellow Fruit which Autumn yields:
 And when the golden Evening calls us home,
 Wing to our downy Beds, and sleep till Morn.

Lee Theod.

Thus I from tedious Toils of Empire free,
 The servile Pomp of Government despise;
 Find Peace, and Joy, and Love, and Heav'n in thee,
 And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.

Poor

Poor are the brutal Conquests we obtain
 O'er barb'rous Nations by the Force of Arms:
 But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,
 And plant our Trophies on our Conqueror's Charms,
 Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring:
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring. *Rash. Valent.*

Curse then thy Birthright,
 Thy glorious Titles and ill-suited Greatness,
 Since *Athenais* scorns thee. Take again
 Your ill-tim'd Honours; take 'em, take 'em, Gods!
 And change me to some humble Villager:
 If so at least for Toils at scorching Noon,
 In mowing Meadows, or in reaping Fields;
 At Night she will but crown me with a Smile,
 Or reach the Bounty of her Hand to bless me.

Lee Theod.

State grows uneasy when it hinders Love;
 A glorious Burthen, which the Wise remove.
 Whom Heav'n would bless, from Poms it will remove,
 And make their Wealth in Privacy and Love. *Dryd. Aurel.*
 GRIEF. See Despair, Funeral, Melancholy, Sorrow, Tears,
 Weeping.

'Tis not alone my inky Cloak,
 Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
 Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
 No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
 Together with all Forms, Moods, Shews of Grief,
 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
 For they are Actions that a Man might play;
 But I have that within which passes Show,
 These but the Trappings and the Suits of Woe.

Shak. Haml.

My Grief lies all within;
 And those external Manners of Laments
 Are merely Shadows to the unseen Grief,
 That swells with Silence in my tortur'd Soul:
 There lies the Substance.

Shak. Rich. 2.

Alas! I have no Words to tell my Grief;
 To vent my Sorrow would be some Relief:
 Light Sufferings give us Leisure to complain;
 We groan, but cannot speak in greater Pain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 Give Sorrow Words: The Grief that does not speak,
 Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break. *Shak. Macb.*
 I'm dumb, as solemn Sorrow ought to be:
 Could my Grievs speak, the Tale would have no End. *Orw. C. Mar.*
 Horror in all his Pomp was there:
 Mute and magnificent without a Tear. *Dryd.*
 It is the Wretches Comfort still to have
 Some small Reverse of near and inward Woe.

Some

Some unsuspected Hoard of darling Grief,
Which they unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And Glutton-like devour alone. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Time gives Increase to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come heavy-laden with th'oppressing Weight
To me ; with me successively they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief that did retard their Flight ;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
Their dire collected Dews on my poor Head :
Then fly with Joy and Swiftness from me. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Of Comfort no Man speak ;
Let's talk of Graves, and Worms, and Epitaphs !
Make Dust our Paper, and with rainy Eyes,
Write Sorrow in the Bosom of the Earth. *Shak. Rich. 2.*

Oh let no other Accents fill the Air,
But Strains of raging Grief, and Yellings of Despair. *Blak.*

I have been in such a dismal Place,
Where Joy ne'er enters, which the Sun ne'er cheers ;
Bound in with Darkness, over-spread with Damps :
Where I have seen, (if I could say I saw)
The good old King, Majestick in his Bonds,
And 'midst his Grievs most venerably great,
By a dim winking Lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy Vapours : He lay stretch'd along
Upon th'unwholsom Earth, his Eyes fix'd upward,
And ever and anon a silent Tear
Stole down, and trickled from his hoary Beard :
My Heart is wither'd at that piteous Sight,
As early Blossoms are with Eastern Blasts.
He sent for me, and while I rais'd his Head,
He threw his aged Arms about my Neck ;
And seeing that I wept, he press'd me close :
So leaning Cheek to Cheek, and Eyes to Eyes,
We mingled Tears in a dumb Scene of Sorrow. *Dryd. Span. Trj.*

His Grievs have rent my aged Heart asunder ;
Stretch'd on the damp unwholsom Earth he lies,
Nor had my Pray'rs or Tears the Pow'r to raise him.
Now motionless as Death his Eyes are fixt,
And then anon he starts, and casts 'em upwards,
And groaning cries, I am th'accurs'd of Heaven. *Row. Fair Pa.*

O take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee :
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear ;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the Stream, and weep for both. *Row. Fair Pa.*

No further Voice her mighty Grief affords ;
 For Sighs came rushing in betwixt her Words,
 And stopt her Tongue ; but what her Tongue deny'd,
 Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints supply'd. *Dr. Ov.*

In Sorrow drown'd,
 Betwixt their Arms he sinks upon the Ground ;
 Where, grov'ling while he lies, in deep Despair,
 He beats his Breast, and rends his hoary Hair.

Dryd. Virg.

Forgetful of his State, he runs along
 With a distracted Pace, and cleaves the Throng ;
 Falls on the Corps; and groaning there he lies,
 With silent Grief that speaks but at his Eyes.
 Short Sighs and Sobs succeed, till Sorrow breaks
 A Passage, and at once he weeps and speaks.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus long my Grief has kept me dumb:
 Sure there's a Lethargy in mighty Woe ;

Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow :
 Tears for a Stroke foreseen afford Relief ;
 But unprovided for a suddain Blow,

Like *Niobe*, we Marble grow,

And petrify with Grief.

Dryd.

His drooping Head was rested on his Hand ;
 His grisly Beard his pensive Bosom sought ;
 And all on *Lausus* ran his restless Thought.

Dryd. Virg.

He sat upon his Rump,
 His Head, like one in doleful Dump,
 Betwixt his Knees, his Hands apply'd
 Unto his Cheeks, on either Side ;
 And by him in another Hole,
 Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Jowl.

Hud.

Grief, tho' not cur'd, is eas'd by Company. *Dryd. Auren.*

That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,
 Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty. *Row. Amb. Steph.*

G R O V E. See Paradise.

And now my Muse what most delights her sees,
 A living Gallery of aged Trees :
 Bold Sons of Earth ! that thrust their Arms so high,

As if once more they would invade the Sky.
 In such green Palaces the first Kings reign'd,
 Slept in their Shades, and Angels entertain'd ;
 With such wise Councillors they did advise,
 And by frequenting sacred Groves grew wise.

Wall.

Straight as a Line, in beauteous Order stood,
 Of Oaks unshorn a venerable Wood :
 Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree
 At Distance planted in a due Degree.

Their branching Arms in Air, with equal Space,
 Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace.
 And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,
 Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter Green.
 The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
 Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing.
 Both Ears and Eyes receiv'd a like Delight, *(and the Leaf.*
 Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight. *Dryd. The Flower*

This shadowing Desert, unfrequented Woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled Towns.
 Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the Nightingale's complaining Notes *(of Ver.*
 Tune my Distresses, and record my Woes. *Shak. The two Gent.*

Ah happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
 Of sacred Silence; Rest's eternal Seat:
 How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
 Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid.
 Oh if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
 To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
 All my Ambition I would here confine,
 And only this *Elizium* should be mine. *Rosc. Pass. fid.*

Dear solitary Groves! where Peace does dwell!
 Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!
 How willingly could I for ever stay
 Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,
 List'ning to th'Harmony of warbling Birds,
 Tun'd with the gentle Murmur of the Streams;
 Upon whose Banks, in various Livery,
 The fragrant Offspring of the early Year,
 Their Heads, like graceful Swans, bent proudly down,
 See their own Beauties in the chrystal Flood. *Rock. Val.*

G T P S T.

A Gypsy Jewess whispers in your Ear,
 And begs an Alms: A High-Priest's Daughter she,
 Vers'd in their *Talmud* and Divinity;
 And prophesies beneath a shady Tree.
 Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed;
 She strouls, and telling Fortunes, gains her Bread.
 Farthings, and some small Monies, are her Fees;
 Yet she interprets all your Dreams for these:
 Foretells th'Estate, when the rich Uncle dies,
 And sees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
 She claps the pretty Palm to make the Lines more fair.
 The poorest of the Sex have still an Itch
 To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich:
 The Dairy-Maid enquires if she shall take
 The trusty Tailor, and the Cook forsake. *Dryd. Jew.*
 H A G.

H A G. See Witch.

In a close Lane, as I pursu'd my Journey,
 I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
 Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her self.
 Her Eyes with scalding Rheum were gall'd and red,
 Cold Palsy shook her Head; her Hands seem'd wither'd;
 And on her crooked Shoulders had she wrap'd
 The tatter'd Remnants of an old strip'd Hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her Carcass from the Cold:
 So there was nothing of a Piece about her.
 Her lower Weeds were all o'er courtly patch'd
 With different-colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
 And seem'd to speak Variety of Wretchedness. *Orw. Orph.*

H A I L.

The rattling Hail comes pouring on the Main,
 When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd Rain;
 The bellowing Clouds burst with a stormy Sound,
 And with an armed Winter strew the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when some Storm its chrystal Quarry rends,
 And *Jove* in rattling Show'rs of Ice descends;
 Mount *Aetha* shakes the Forests on his Brow,
 While down his wounded Sides fresh Torrents flow, *(Gar. }*
 And Leaves and Limbs of Trees o'er-spread the Vale below.

As when thick Hail comes rattling in the Wind,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,
 For Shelter to the neighb'ring Coverts fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lie;
 But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above them smiles,
 Return to Travel, and renew their Toils. *Dryd. Virg.*

H A I R. See Paradise, *Venus*.

His golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine,
 Like Locks of Sun-beams, curl'd with Art divine. *Blac.*

Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of Hair,
 A Ribband did her braided Tresses bind.
 The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run, *(& Arc.*
 With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun. *Dryd. Pal.*

My Locks, the plenteous Harvest of my Head,
 Hang o'er my manly Face; and dangling down,
 As with a shady Grove, my Shoulders crown. *Dryd. Ovid.*

H A P P I N E S S.

All Happiness is seated in Content. *Orw. C. Mar.*

In wishing nothing we enjoy still most;
 For ev'n our Wish is in Possession lost:
 Restless we wander to a new Desire,
 And burn our selves by blowing up the Fire:

We tofs and turn about our feav'rish Will,
When all our Ease must come by lying still ;
For all the Happiness Mankind can gain,
Is not in Pleasure, but in Rest from Pain.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

We barbarously call those blest'd,
Who are of largest Tenements possess'd,
While swelling Coffers break their Owners Rest.

More truly happy those that can,
Govern the little Empire, Man ;
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will
Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill ;
Who in a fix'd unalterable State,

Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate ;
Who Poyson less than Falshood fear,
Loth to purchase Life so dear ;

But kindly for their Friend embrace their Death, (*Steph. Her.*)
And seal their Countries Love with their departing Breath.

No Happiness can be where is no Rest,
Th'unknown, untalk'd-of Man is only blest.
He, as in some safe Cliff, his Cell does keep,
From thence he views the Labours of the Deep :
The Gold-fraught Vessel which mad Tempests beat,
He sees now vainly make to his Retreat ;
And when from far the tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in silent Joy that he's not there.

Dryd. Tyr. Lov.

To be Good is to be Happy: Angels
Are happier than Men because they're better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow ; 'tis the Fiend,
Th'avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings : The Blest'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n in Goodness. (*Pet. Rom. Fair*)

H A R E. See Hunting.
The Hare in Pastures or in Plains is found,
Emblem of human Life! who runs the Round ;
And after all his wandring Ways are done,
His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.

Dryd.

H A R P I E S.

Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent
From Hell's Abyss for human Punishment ;
With Virgin Faces, but with Wombs obscene,
Foul Paunches, and with Ordure still unclean,
With Claws for Hands, and Looks for ever lean.

With hideous Cry,
And clatt'ring Wings the hungry Harpies fly:

Their

Their fated Skin is proof to Wounds,
And from their Plumes the shining Sword rebounds. *Dr. Virg.*

H A V E N.

Within a long Recess there lies a Bay,
An Island shades it from the rolling Sea,
And forms a Port secure for Ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting Land on either Side,
In double Streams the briny Waters glide,
Between two Rows of Rocks : A sylvan Scene
Appears above, and Groves for ever green.
A Grot is form'd beneath with mossy Seats,
To rest the *Nereids*, and exclude the Heats.
Down through the Crannies of the living Walls,
The chrystal Streams descend in murmur'ing falls ;
No Haulsers need to bind the Vessels here,
Nor bearded Anchors ; for no Storms they fear. *Dryd. Virg.*

Here th'op'ning Land invites, with outstretch'd Arms,
The troubled Seas, free from the loud Alarms
Of the rough windy Pow'rs, to take their Ease,
And on its Bosom lie diffus'd in Peace :
The flowing Waters smooth their furrow'd Face,
And gently roll into the Land's Embrace ;
To secret Creeks the weary Billows creep,
And stretch'd on oozy Beds securely sleep. *Blac.*

The Land lies open to the raging East.
Then bending like a Bow, with Rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the Storms : The Winds and Waves complain,
And vent their Malice on the Cliffs in vain.
The Port lies hid within ; on either Side
Two tow'ring Rocks the narrow Mouth divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

H E A L T H.

The Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give ;
Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsick Wealth,
The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune. *Cowl.*

Auspicious *Health* appear'd on *Zephyr's* Wings ;
She seem'd a Cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than Air, more gay than Morning Light.
Hail blooming Goddess! thou propitious Pow'r,
Whose Blessings Mortals next to Life implore ;
With so much Lustre your bright Looks endear,
That Cottages are Courts when those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Find Ease in Chains, or Anguish in a Crown. *Gar.*

H E A R T.

My heavy Heart, the Prophetess of Woe,
Forbodes some Ill at hand. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

My lab'ring Heart, that swells with Indignation,
Heaves to discharge its Burthen ; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its Cell,
And never beat again.

Row. Fair Pen.

Now Heart,
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt ;
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vig'rous Blood
Thro' ev'ry active Limb for my Relief:
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Dryd. Den Seb.

His mounting Heart
Bounces against my Hands, as if it would
Thrust off his manly Soul.

Dryd. Cleem.

HEIRESS.

What did ever Heiress yet
By being born to Lordships get ?
When the more Lady she's of Mannors,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners ;
Pays for their Projects and Designs,
And for her own Destruction fines ;
And does but tempt them with her Riches,
To use her as the Devil does Witches ;
Who takes it for a special Grace,
To be their Cully for a Space,
That when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vassals.
So she, bewitch'd by Rooks and Spirits,
Betrays her self and all sh'inherits ;
Is bought and sold like stol'n Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds ;
Until they force her to convey,
And steal the Thief himself away.

Hud.

HELL.

Ye Realms yet unreveal'd to human Sight,
Ye Gods who rule the Regions of the Night,
Ye gliding Ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystick Wonders of your silent State.

Dryd. Virg.

Where *Lucifer* the mighty Captive reigns,
Proud 'midst his Woes, and Tyrant in his Chains.

Cowl.

Him th'Almighty Pow'r
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'ethereal Sky,
With hideous Ruin and Combustion down
To bottomless Perdition, there to dwell
In adamant Chains and penal Fire.

Milt.

Down, like Lightning with him struck, he came ;
And roar'd at his first Plunge into the Flame :

Myriads

Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there ;
With dropping Lights thick shone the sing'd Air.

Cowl.

Hell heard th'un sufferable Noise : Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled,
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark Foundations.

Milt.

Nine Days they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roar'd,
And felt ten-fold Confusion in their Fall
Through his wild Anarchy ; so huge a Rout
Incumber'd him with Ruin : Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd ;
Hell, their fit Habitation, fraught with Fire
Unquenchable, the House of Woe and Pain.

Milt.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal Men, he with his horrid Crew
Lay vanquish'd, rouling in the fiery Gulph ;
Confounded, tho' immortal : But his Doom
Reserv'd him to more Wrath ; for now the Thought
Both of lost Happiness and lasting Pain
Torments him : Round he throws his baleful Eyes,
That witness'd huge Affliction and Dismay,
Mix'd with odurate Pride and stedfast Hate :
At once, as far as Angels kenn, he views
The dismal Situation, waste and wild ;
A Dungeon horrible, on all Sides round,
As one great Furnace, flam'd ; yet from these Flames
No Light, but rather Darkness visible,
Serv'd only to discover Sights of Woe,
Regions of Sorrows, doleful Shades, where Peace
And Rest can never dwell, Hope never comes,
That comes to all ; but Torture without End
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge fed
With ever burning Sulphur unconsum'd.
There the Companions of his Fall, o'erwhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous Fire,
He soon discern'd, lie weltering about him :
His Head up-lift above the Wave, his Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a Rood ; in Bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous Size,
Briareus, or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By antient *Tarsus* held :
So stretch'd out huge in Length the Arch-Fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning Lake.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature : On each Hand the Flames

Driv'n backward, slope their pointed Spires, and rowl'd
 In Billows, leave i'th' Midst a horrid Vale :
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his Flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air,
 That felt unusual Weight ; till on dry Land
 He lights, if it be Land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid Fire.

He walk'd

Over the burning Marle; the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire.
 Yet this he so indur'd, till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea he stood, and call'd
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intranc'd,
 Thick as autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In *Vallembrosa*, where th'*Esrurian* Shades
 High over-arch'd imbrow'r :

They heard and were abash'd, and up they sprung,
 Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires.

Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime,
 Upon the Wing, or in swift Race contend,
 As at th'*Olympian* Games or *Pythian* Fields ;
 Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
 With rapid Wheels ; or fronted Brigades form ;
 As when to warn proud Cities, War appears
 Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush
 To Battel in the Clouds ; before each Van
 Prick forth the airy Knights, and couch their Spears,
 Till thickest Legions close ; with Feats of Arms
 From either Side of Heav'n the Welkin burns.
 Others with vast *Typhoean* Rage more fell,
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
 In Whirlwind : Hell scarce holds the wild Uproar.

Others more mild

Retreated in a silent Valley, sing
 With Notes angelical to many a Harp,
 Their own heroick Deeds and hapless Fall
 By Doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Their Song was partial, but the Harmony
 Suspended Hell, and took with Ravishment
 The thronging Audience. In Discourse more sweet,
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In Thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate ;
 Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,

And

And found no End, in wand'ring Mazes lost.
 Of Good and Evil much they argu'd then,
 Of Happiness and final Misery,
 Passion and Apathy, Glory and Shame ;
 Vain Wisdom all, and false Philosophy :
 Yet with a pleasing Sorcery could charm
 Pain for a while, or Anguish ; and excite
 Fallacious Hope, or arm th'obdurate Breast
 With stubborn Patience as with triple Steel.
 Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold Adventure, to discover wide
 That dismal World, bend
 Four Ways their flying March, along the Banks
 Of Four infernal Rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake their baleful Streams.
 Abhorred *Styx*, the Flood of deadly Hate ;
 Sad *Acheron*, of Sorrow black and deep :
Cocytus, nam'd of Lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful Stream : Fierce *Phlegeton*,
 Whose Waves of torrent Fire enflame with Rage :
 Far off from these a slow and silent Stream,
Lethe, the River of Oblivion rowls
 Her wat'ry Labyrinth ; whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former State and Being forgets,
 Forgets both Joy and Grief, Pleasure and Pain.
 Beyond this Flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual Storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm Land
 Thaws not, but gathers Heap, and Ruin seems
 Of antient Pile : All else deep Snow and Ice.

The parching Air
 Burns froze, and Cold performs th'Effect of Fire:
 Thither by Harpy-footed Furies hall'd,
 At certain Revolutions, all the Damn'd
 Are brought, and feel by Turns the bitter Change
 Of fierce Extreame, Extreame by Change more fierce :
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Their soft ethereal Warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of Time ; thence hurry'd back to Fire,
 They ferry over this *Lethæan* Sound
 Both to and fro, their Sorrow to augment ;
 And with, and struggle, as they pass to reach
 The tempting Stream, with one small Drop to lose
 In sweet Forgetfulness, all Pain and Woe ;
 But Fate withstands, and to oppose th'Attempt

Medusa with *Gorgonian* Terror guards
 The Ford, and of it self the Water flies
 All Taste of living Wight, as once it fled
 The Lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on,
 In confus'd March, forlorn, th'advent'rous Bands
 With shudd'ring Horror pale, and Eyes aghast,
 View'd first their lamentable Lot, and found
 No Rest: Thro' many a dark and dreary Vale
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery *Alp*,
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and Shades of Death:
 A Universe of Death,
 Where all Life dies, Death lives; and Nature breeds
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious Things.
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or Fear conceiv'd;
Gorgons, and *Hydras*, and *Chimeras* dire.

Mib.

Obscure they went through dreary Shades that led
 Along the waste Dominions of the Dead.
 Thus wander Travellers in Woods by Night,
 By the Moon's doubtful and malignant Light;
 When *Jove* in dusky Clouds involves the Skies,
 And the faint Crescent shoots by Fits before their Eyes.
 Just in the Gates, and in the Jaws of Hell,
 Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell;
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted Rage:
 Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-Brother, Sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their Centry keep;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty Mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind:
 The Furies Iron Beds, and Strife, that shakes,
 Her hissing Tresses, and unfolds her Snakes.
 Full in the midst of this infernal Road,
 An Elm displays her dusky Arms abroad:
 The God of Sleep there hides his heavy Head,
 And empty Dreams on ev'ry Leaf are spread:
 Of various Forms unnumber'd Spectres more,
Centaurs and double Shapes besiege the Door;
 Before the Passage horrid *Hydra* stands,
Briareus with all his Hundred Hands,
Gorgons, *Geryon* with his triple Frame,
 And vain *Chimera* vomits empty Flame.
 Before the Gates the Cries of Babes new-born,
 Whom Fate had from their tender Mothers torn,
 Assault his Ears: Then those whom Form of Laws
 Condemn'd to dye, when Traitors judg'd their Cause;

Nor

Nor want they Lots, nor Judges to review
 The wrongful Sentence, and award a new :
Minor, the strict Inquisitor, appears,
 And Lives, and Crimes, with his Assessors, hears :
 Round in his Urn the blended Balls he rolls,
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty Souls,
 The next in Place and Punishment are they,
 Who prodigally throw their Souls away :
 Fools, who, repining at their wretched State,
 And loathing anxious Life, suborn'd their Fate.
 With late Repentance now they would retrieve
 The Bodies they forsook, and wish to live :
 Their Pains and Poverty desire to bear,
 To view the Light of Heav'n, and breathe the vital Air.
 But Fate forbids : The *Stygian* Pools oppose, (Dryd. *Virg.*)
 And, with Nine circling Streams, the captive Souls inclose.

They hasten'd onward to the pensive Grove,
 The silent Mansion of disastrous Love.
 Here *Jealousy* with Jaundice Looks appears,
 And broken Slumbers, and fantastick Tears:
 The widow'd Turtle hangs her moulting Wings,
 And to the Woods in mournful Numbers sings.
 No Winds but Sighs are there ; no Floods but Tears.
 Each conscious Tree a tragick Signal bears:
 Their wounded Bark records some broken Vow,
 And Willow Garlands hang on ev'ry Bough.

Gar.

Not far from thence the mournful Fields appear,
 So call'd from Lovers that inhabit there:
 The Souls, whom that unhappy Flame invades,
 In secret Solitude, and Myrtle Shades,
 Make endless Moans, and pining with Desire,
 Lament too late their unextinguish'd Fire.
 The Heroe looking on the Left, espy'd
 A lofty Tow'r, and strong on ev'ry Side
 With treble Walls, which *Phlegeton* surrounds,
 Whose fiery Flood the burning Empire bounds : (sounds. }
 And press'd betwixt the Rocks, the bellowing Noise re- }
 Wide is the fronting Gate, and rais'd on high,
 With adamant Columns threats the Sky.
 Vain is the Force of Man, and Heav'n's as vain,
 To crush the Pillars which the Pile sustain :
 Sublime on these a Tow'r of Steel is rear'd,
 And dire *Tisiphone* there keeps the Ward ;
 Girt in her sanguin Gown by Night and Day,
 Observant of the Souls that pass the downward Way :
 From hence are heard the Groans of Ghosts, the Pains
 Of sounding Lashes, and of dragging Chains:

And

And loud Laments that rend the liquid Air.
 These dire Abodes
 Contain the Tortures of th'avenging Gods :
 These are the Realms of unrelenting Fate,
 And awful *Radamanthus* rules the State :
 He hears and judges each committed Crime,
 Enquires into the Manner, Place, and Time :
 The conscious Wretch must all his Acts reveal,
 Loath to confess, unable to conceal,
 From the first Moment of his vital Breath,
 To his last Hour of unrepenting Death.
 Strait o'er the guilty Ghosts the Fury shakes
 The sounding Whip, and brandishes her Snakes,
 And the pale Sinner, with her Sisters, takes.
 High o'er their Heads a mould'ring Rock is plac'd,
 That promises a Fall, and shakes at ev'ry Blast.
 They lie below on golden Beds display'd,
 And genial Feasts with regal Pomp are made :
 The Queen of Furies by their Sides is set,
 And snatches from their Mouths th'untasted Meat ;
 Which if they touch, her hissing Snakes she rears,
 Tossing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears.
 Then they, who Brothers better Claim disown,
 Expel their Parents; and usurp the Throne ;
 Defraud their Clients, and, to Lucre sold,
 Sit brooding on unprofitable Gold ;
 Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend
 To their poor Kindred, or a wanting Friend.
 Vast is the Throng of these ; nor less the Train
 Of lustful Youths for foul Adul'try slain :
 Hosts of Deserters, who their Honour sold,
 And basely broke their Faith for Bribes of Gold.
 All these within the Dungeon's Depth remain,
 Despairing Pardon, and expecting Pain.
 Some roul a weighty Stone ; some laid along,
 And bound with burning Wires, on Spokes of Wheels are hung.
 To Tyrants others have their Country sold,
 Imposing foreign Lords for foreign Gold.
 Some have old Laws repeal'd, new Statutes made,
 Not as the People pleas'd, but as they pay'd.
 With Incest some their Daughter's Bed prophan'd ;
 All dar'd the worst of Ills, and what they dar'd attain'd.
 Had I a Hundred Mouths, a Hundred Tongues,
 And Throats of Brass, inspir'd with Iron Lungs,
 I could not half those horrid Crimes repeat,
 Nor half the Punishments those Crimes have met. *Dryd. Virg.*

HEROE.

HERO E. *See Butcher, Fortune.*

HONEST.

I pay my Debts,

I steal from no Man ; would not cut a Throat,
To gain Admission to a great Man's Purse,
Or a Whore's Bed : I'd not betray my Friend,
To get his Place or Fortune : I scorn to flatter
A blown-up Fool above me, or crush the Wretch beneath me.

Honest as the Nature (*Orw. Ven. Pres.*)

Of Man first made, e'er Fraud and Vice were Fashions.

HONOUR.

Honour ! a raging Fit of Virtue in the Soul ;
A painful Burthen which great Minds must bear ;
Obtain'd with Danger, and possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

Honour is like a Widow, won

With brisk Attempt and pushing on ;

With entring manfully, and urging,

Not slow Approaches, like a Virgin. *Hud.*

O Honour ! frail as Life, thy fellow-Flow'r,
Cherish'd, and watch'd, and hum'rously esteem'd ;

Then worn for short Adornment of an Hour ;

And is, when lost, no more to be redeem'd ! *D'Aven.*

Honour is like that glassy Bubble

Which finds Philosophers such Trouble :

Whose least Part crackt, the whole does fly,

And Wits are crackt to find out why. *Hud.*

That Man is sure to lose

That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes ;

For where no Honour's to be gain'd,

'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd. *Hud.*

Honour in the Breech is lodg'd,

As wise Philosophers have judg'd ;

Because a Kick in that Part, more

Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before. *Hud.*

Honour, the Errour and the Cheat,

Of the ill-natur'd busie Great !

Fond Idol of the slavish Croud !

Nonsense invented by the Proud !

Oh curs'd Honour ! thou who first didst damn

A Woman to the Sin of Shame !

Honour, who first taught lovely Eyes the Art,

To wound and not to cure the Heart ;

With Love t'invite, but to forbid with Awe,

And to themselves prescribe a cruel Law.

His chiefest Attributes are Pride and Spight ;

His Pow'r is robbing Lovers of Delight !

Honour, that puts our Words that should be free,

Into a set Formality !

Thou

Thou base Debaucher of the gen'rous Heart,
That teaches all our Looks and Actions Art !

What Love design'd a sacred Gift,
What Nature made to be possess'd,
Mistaken Honour made a Theft :

Thou Foe to Pleasure ! Nature's worst Disease !

Thou Tyrant over mighty Kings !

Be gone to Princes Palaces ;

But let the humble Swain go on

In the blest Paths of the first Race of Man ;

That nearest were to Gods ally'd,

And, form'd for Love, disdain'd all other Pride.

Have I o'ercome all real Foes,

And shall this Phantom me oppose ?

Noisy nothing ! Stalking Shade !

By what Witchcraft wert thou made ?

Empty Cause of solid Harms !

'Tis Pride's Original, but Nature's Grave,

Scorn'd by the Base, 'tis courted by the Brave ;

The Heroes Tyrant, and the Coward's Slave.

Born in the noisy Camp, it lives on Air ;

And both exists by Hope, and by Despair :

Angry whene'er a Moment's Ease we gain ;

And reconcil'd at our Returns of Pain.

It lives when in Death's Arms the Heroe lies,

But if his Safety he consults, it dies.

Bigotted to this Idol we disclaim

Rest, Health, and Ease, for nothing but a Name.

What is this vain, fantastick, pageant Honour,

This busy, angry thing, that scatters Discord,

Amongst the mighty Princes of the Earth,

And sets the madding Nations in an Uproar ?

This Honour is the veriest Mountebank ;

It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,

And makes us freakish. What a Cheat must that be,

Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours ?

Beauty, our only Treasure, it lays waste ;

Hurries us over our neglected Youth,

To the detested State of Age and Ugliness :

Tearing our dearest Heart's Desire from us ;

Then, in Reward of what it took away,

Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,

It bountifully pays us all with Pride.

Poor Shifts ! still to be proud, and never pleas'd !

Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

Behn.

Cow.

Gar.

Row. Ulys.

Rob. Valent.

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Not all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
 A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown,
 Can awe the Spirit or allure the Mind,
 Of him who to strict Honour is inclin'd.
 Tho' all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
 On publick Places and Affairs of State,
 Should fondly court him to be base and great ;
 With even Passions and with settled Face,
 He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.
 Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise
 That Church Magicians in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
 He would unmoy'd the mighty Ruin bear ;
 Secure in Innocence, condemn them all,
 And, decently array'd in Honour, fall.
 Honour, that Spark of the celestial Fire,
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire,
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame
 With Thirst of Glory and Desire of Fame ;
 The richest Treasure of a gen'rous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
 Wit, Strength, and Courage are wild dang'rous Force,
 Unless this soften and direct their Course.
 Of Honour, Men at first, like Women nice,
 Raise maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice ;
 Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
 And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame :
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live ;
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in Sin ;
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite their Will ;
 Now fawn and flatter while this Tide prevails,
 But shift with ev'ry veering Blast their Sails.
 On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love :
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey.

H O P E.

Hope, of all Ills that Men endure
 The only cheap and universal Cure !
 Thou Captive's Freedom, and thou sick Man's Health !
 Thou Loser's Victory, and thou Beggar's Wealth !
 Thou Manna, which from Heav'n we eat ;
 To ev'ry Taste a several Meat !
 Thou strong Retreat ! thou sure-entail'd Estate,

Which

Which nought has Pow'r to alienate !
 Thou pleasant honest Flatterer ; for none
 Flatter unhappy Men but thou alone !

Hope, thou first Fruits of Happiness,
 Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,
 Who out of Fortune's Reach dost stand,
 And art a Blessing still in Hand.
 Happiness it self's all one
 In thee, or in Possession :

Only the Future's thine, the Present his ;
 Thine's the more hard and noble Bliss.
 Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast
 So long a Reach, and yet canst hold so fast !

Hope, thou sad Lovers only Friend !
 Thou Way that may'st dispute it with the End !
 Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee
 Some other Way again to thee.

Concl.

Hope, whose weak Being ruin'd is
 Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss !
 Whom Good or Ill does equally confound,
 And both the Horns of Fate's Dilemma wound !

Vain Shadow, which do'st vanish quite,
 Both at full Noon, and perfect Night !

Hope, thou bold Taster of Delight !
 Who, while thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite !
 Thou bring'st us an Estate ; yet leav'st us poor,
 By clogging it with Legacies before.

The Joys, which we intire should wed,
 Come desflour'd Virgins to our Bed :

Hope, Fortune's cheating Lottery !
 Where for one Prize, a hundred Blanks there be :
 Fond Archer Hope ! who tak'st thy Aim so far,
 That still, or short, or wide, thy Arrows are.

Thin empty Cloud ! which th'Eye deceives
 With Shapes, that our own Fancy gives :

A Cloud, which guilt and painted now appears,
 But must drop presently in Tears.

Brother of Fear ! More gaily clad !

The merrier Fool o'th' Two, but quite as mad ?
 Sire of Repentance, Child of fond Desire !
 Thou blow'st the Chymicks and the Lovers Fire !
 Leading them still insensibly along,

By the strange Witchcraft of Anon !

By thee, the one does changing Nature thro'
 Her endless Labyrinths pursue:
 And th'other chases Woman, while she goes
 More Ways and Turns than hunted Natures knows.

Concl.
 Hope

Hope with a goodly Prospect feeds the Eye,
Shews, from a rising Ground, Possession nigh :
Shortens the Distance, or o'er-looks it quite :
So easy 'tis to travel with the Sight !

Dryd. Aureli.

Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
At Objects in an airy Height ;
But all the Pleasure of the Game,
Is afar off to view the Flight.
The worthless Prey but only shews
The Joy consisted in the Strife :
Whate'er we take as soon we lose,
In *Homer's* Riddle, and in Life.
So whilst in fear'ish Sleeps we think,
We taste what waking we desire,
The Dream is better than the Drink,
Which only feeds the sickly Fire.
To the Mind's Eye things well appear
At Distance, thro' an artful Glass ;
Bring but the flatt'ring Object near,
They're all a senseless gloomy Mass.

Prior.

H O R S E. See the Centaur *Cyllarus*.

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight,
His Motions easy, prancing in his Gate ;
The first to lead the Way, to tempt the Flood,
To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trembling Wood ;
Dauntless at empty Noises, lofty neck'd,
Sharp-headed, barrel-belly'd, broadly back'd :
Brawny his Chest, and deep ; his Colour grey,
For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay :
Faint white and dun will scarce the Rearing pay.
The fiery Courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly Trumpets, and the Shout of War,
Pricks up his Ears, and trembling with Delight,
Shifts Place, and paws, and hopes the promis'd Fight :
On his right Shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd
Ruffles at speed, and dances in the Wind.
His horny Hoofs are jetty black and round ;
His Chine is double : Starting with a Bound,
He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid Ground.
Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow ;
He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

Dryd. Virg.

The trembling Ground th'outrageous Coursers tear,
And snorting, blow their Foam into the Air.
Their fervid Nostrils breath out Clouds of Smoke,
And Flames of Fire from their hot Eye-balls broke :
With furious Hoofs o'er slaughter'd Heaps they fly,
And dash up bloody Rain amidst the Sky.

Q

Reeking

Reeking in Sweat, and smear'd with Dirt and Gore,
They spurn the Sand, and thro' the Battel roar. *Blac.*

Pleas'd with the martial Noise, he snuffs the Air,
And smells the dusty Battel from afar ;
Neighs to the Captain's Thunder, and the Shouts of War. *Blac.*

Swift as a Dove pursu'd, or Mountain Hind,
His nimble Feet could overtake the Wind ;
Leave flying Darts, and swifter Storms behind. *Blac.*

Thus form'd for Speed, he challenges the Wind,
And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind.
He scours along the Field with loosen'd Reins,
And treads so light he scarcely prints the Plains. *Dryd. Virg.*

In such a Shape grim *Saturn* did restrain
His heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a Mane :
When half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,
The Leacher gallop'd from his jealous Queen ;
Ran up the Ridges of the Rocks amain,
And with shrill Neighings fill'd the neighb'ring Plain. *Dr. Virg.*

Wanton with Life, and bold with native Heat,
With thund'ring Feet he paws the trembling Ground,
He strikes out Fire, and spurns the Sand around ;
Does with loud Neighings make the Valley ring,
And with becoming Pride his Foam around him fling.
So light he treads, he leaves no Mark behind,
As if indeed descended from the Wind ;
And yet so strong he does his Rider bear,
As if he felt no Burden but the Air.

A Cloud of Smoke from his wide Nostrils flies,
And his hot Spirits brighten in his Eyes.
At the shrill Trumpets Sound he pricks his Ears,
With brave Delight surveys the glitt'ring Spears,
And covetous of War, upbraids the Coward's Fears. *Blac.*

Freed from his Keepers thus, with broken Reins,
The wanton Courser prances o'er the Plains ;
Or in the Pride of Youth o'er-leaps the Mounds,
And snuffs the Females in forbidden Grounds :
Or seeks his Wat'ring in the well-known Flood,
To quench his Thirst, and cool his fiery Blood ;
He swims luxuriant in the liquid Plain ;
And o'er his Shoulder flows his waving Mane :
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his Head on high ;
Before his ample Chest the frothy Waters fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

He sought the Coursers of the *Thracian* Race.
At his Approach they toss their Heads on high,
And proudly neighing, promise Victory.
The Drifts of *Thracian* Snow were scarce so white,
Nor northern Winds in Fleetness match'd their Flight: *Officer*

Officious Grooms stand ready by their Side;
 And some with Combs their flowing Manes divide, (*Dryd. Virg.*
 And others stroke their Chests, and gently sooth their Pride.

White were his Fetlocks and his Feet before,
 And on his Front a snowy Star he bore. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Beast was sturdy, large and tall,
 With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;
 I would say Eye, for he'd but one,
 As most agree, tho' some say none.
 He was well stay'd, and in his Gate
 Preserv'd a grave majestick State:
 At Spur or Switch no more he skip'd,
 Or mended Pace, than *Spaniard* whip'd;
 And yet so fiery, he would bound,
 As if he griev'd to touch the Ground;
 That *Cæsar's* Horse, who, as Fame goes,
 Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
 Was not by half so tender hoof'd,
 Nor trod upon the Ground so soft:
 And as that Beast would kneel and stoop
 (Some write) to take his Rider up;
 So *Hudibras's* ('tis well known)
 Would often do to set him down.
 His strutting Ribs on both Sides show'd
 Like Furrows he himself had plow'd;
 For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.
 His dragling Tail hung in the Dirt,
 Which on his Rider he would flirt;
 Still as his tender Side he prick'd,
 With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd:
 For *Hudibras* wore but one Spur,
 As wisely knowing, could he stir
 To active Trot one Side of's Horse,
 The other would not hang an Arse.

Hud.

H O R S E R A C E.

The Signal giv'n by the shrill Trumpets Sound,
 The Coursers start, and scour along the Ground:
 So *Boreas* starting from his northern Goal,
 Sweeps o'er the Mountains to the adverse Pole;
 His furious Wings the flying Clouds remove
 From the blue Plains and spacious Wilds above:
 Insulting o'er the Seas, he loudly roars,
 And shoves the tumbling Billows to the Shores.
 While for the Palm the straining Sreeds contend,
 Beneath their Hoofs the Grass does scarcely bend;

So long and smooth their Strokes, so swift they pass,
 That the Spectators of the noble Race,
 Can scarce distinguish by their doubtful Eye,
 If on the Ground they run, or in the Air they fly.
 So when the Earth smiles with a Summer's Ray,
 And wanton Swallows o'er the Valleys play,
 In Sport each other they so swiftly chase,
 Sweeping with easy Wings the Meadows Face,
 They seem upon the Ground to fly a Race.
 O'er Hills and Dales the speedy Coursers fly,
 And with thick Clouds of Dust obscure the Sky.
 With clashing Whips the furious Riders tear
 Their Courser's Sides, and wound th'afflicted Air.
 On their thick Manes the stooping Riders lie,
 Press forward, and would fain their Steeds outfly.
 By turns they are behind, by turns before,
 Their Flanks and Sides all bath'd in Sweat and Gore.
 Such Speed the Steeds, such Zeal the Riders shew,
 To reach bright Fame that swift before them flew.
 Upon the last, with spurning Heels, the first
 Cast Storms of Sand, and smothering Clouds of Dust :
 The hindmost strain their Nerves, and snort and blow,
 And their white Foam upon the foremost throw :
 Eager of Fame, and of the promis'd Prize,
 The Riders seize the Mark with greedy Eyes.
 Now Hope dilates, now Fear contracts the Breast,
 Alternately with Joy and Grief possess'd :
 Thus far with equal Fate the Riders pass,
 Uncertain who should conquer in the Race ;
 But now the Goal appearing does excite
 New Warmth, and calls out all their youthful Might ;
 They lash their Coursers Flanks with Crimson dy'd,
 And stick their goaring Spurs into their Side.
 Their native Courage, and the Rider's Stroke,
 T'extert their Force, the gen'rous Kind provoke.

Blas.

HOUNDS and HUNTING. See Physick.

Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds snowy fair,
 And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair ;
 A Match for Pards in flight, in grappling for the Bear.

(Dryd. Pal. & Art.)

With Cries of Hounds thou may'st pursue the Fear
 Of flying Hares, or chase the fallow Deer ;
 Rowze from their desert Dens the bristled Rage
 Of Boars, and beamy Stags in Toils engage.

Dryd. Virg.

So the staunch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
 And smells his Footsteps in the tainted Dews,
 The tedious Track unrav'ling by Degrees ;
 But when the Scent comes warm in ev'ry Breeze,

Field

Fir'd at the near Approach, he shoots away
On his full Stretch, and bears upon his Prey.

Add.

A noble Pack, or to maintain the Chace,
Or snuff the Vapour from the scented Grass.

Add. Ovid.

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a Wood of *Crete* they bay'd the Boar
With Hounds of *Sparta*. Never did I hear
Such gallant Chiding; for besides the Groves,
The Skies, the Fountains, ev'ry Region near
Seem'd all one mutual Cry. I never heard
So musical a Discord, such sweet Thunder!
My Hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* Kind;
So flu'd, so fanded, and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlap'd like *Thessalian* Bulls;
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable (*Night's Dream.*
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn. *Shak. Midsum.*

On Mountains will I chase,
Mix'd with the Wood-land Nymphs, the savage Race:
Nor Cold shall hinder me with Horns and Hounds,
To thrid the Thickets, or to leap the Mounds.
And now methinks o'er steepy Rocks I go, (*Dryd. Virg.*
And rush thro' sounding Woods, and bend the *Parthian* Bow.

My Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill Echo from the hollow Earth. *Shak. Taming of*
From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound; (*the Shrew.*
For Echo hunts along, and propagates the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

When thro' the Woods we chac'd the foaming Boar,
With Hounds that open'd like *Thessalian* Bulls,
Like Tygers flu'd, and fanded as the Shore,
With Ears and Chests that dash'd the Morning Dew;
Driv'n with the Sport, as Ships are tost in Storms,
We ran like Winds, and matchless was our Course;
Now sweeping o'er the Summit of a Hill,
Now with a full Career came thund'ring down
The Precipice, and sweat along the Vale. *Lee Theod.*

Now had they reach'd the Hills, and storm'd the Seat
Of salvage Beasts, in Dens, their last Retreat:
The Cry pursues the Mountain Goats; they bound
From Rock to Rock, and keep the craggy Ground:
Quite otherwise the Stags, a trembling Train,
In Herds unsingl'd scour the dusty Plain,
And a long Chace in open view maintain. }
The glad *Ascanius*, as his Courser guides,
Spurs thro' the Vale, and these, and those outrides. *Dryd. Virg.*

With well-breath'd Beagles you surround the Wood,
And often have you brought the wily Fox
To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks ;
Chas'd even amidst the Folds, and made to bleed,
Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.

Dryd.

Th' impatient Greyhound slip'd from far,
Bounds o'er the Glebe to course the fearful Hare ;
She in her Speed does all her Safety lay,
And he with double Speed pursues the Prey ;
O'er-runs her at her sitting Turn, and licks
His Chaps in vain, and blows upon the Flix.
She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring Covert strives,
And, gaining Shelter, doubts if yet she lives.

Dryd. Ovid.

Chace of a S T A G.

The youthful Train

With Horns and Hounds a hunting Match ordain ;
And pitch their Toils around the shady Plain.

}

The Pack is fir'd, they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry Nostrils with the Scent :
'Twas of a well-grown Stag, whose Antlers rise
High o'er his Front, his Beams invade the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

The unexpected Sound

Of Dogs and Men his wakeful Ears does wound :
Rowz'd with the Noise, he scarce believes his Ear,
Willing to think th' Illusion of his Fear
Had giv'n this false Alarm : But strait his View
Confirms that more than all his Fears is true.
Betray'd in all his Strength, the Wood beset,
All Instruments, all Arts of Ruin met ;
He calls to mind his Strength, and then his Speed,
His winged Heels, and then his armed Head ;
With those t' avoid, with this his Fate to meet ;
But Fear prevails, and bids him trust his Feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing Eye
Has lost the Chacers, and his Ears the Cry :
Exulting, till he finds their nobler Sense
Their disproportion'd Speed does recompence ;
Then curses his conspiring Feet, whose Scent
Betrays that Safety which their Swiftness lent :
Next tries his Friends ; among the baser Herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His Safety seeks : The Herd unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies ;
Like a declining Statesman left forlorn,
To his Friends Pity, and Pursuers Scorn,
With Shame remembers when himself was one

Of

Of the same Herd, himself the same had done.
 Then to the Coverts and the conscious Groves,
 The Scenes of his past Triumphs and his Loves ;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the Soil, and all the Herd his own ;
 And, like a bold Knight-Errant, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the Dame ;
 And taught the Woods to echo to the Stream,
 His dreadful Challenge and his clashing Beam ;
 Yet faintly now declines the fatal Strife,
 So much his Love was dearer than his Life !
 Now ev'ry Leaf, and ev'ry moving Breath,
 Presents a Foe, and ev'ry Foe a Death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd at last,
 All Safety in Despair of Safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their Assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now too late he wishes, for the Fight,
 That Strength he wasted in ignoble Flight :
 But when he sees the eager Chase renew'd,
 Himself by Dogs, the Dogs by Men pursu'd,
 He strait revokes his bold Resolve, and more
 Repents his Courage than his Fear before ;
 Finds that uncertain Ways unsafest are,
 And Doubt a greater Mischief than Despair :
 Then to the Stream, when neither Friends, nor Force,
 Nor Speed, nor Art avail, he shapes his Course ;
 Thinks not their Rage so desp'rate to essay,
 An Element moremerciless than they :
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the Flood
 Quench their dire Thirst ; alas ! they thirst for Blood.
 So tow'ards a Ship the oar-finn'd Galleys ply,
 Which wanting Sea to ride, or Wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last Fury of extream Despair.
 So fares the Stag among th'enraged Hounds,
 Repels their Force, and Wounds returns for Wounds :

At length resigns his Blood,
 And stains the chrystal with a purple Flood.

Denh.

Hunting the B O A R.

Some spread around

The Toils ; some search the Footsteps on the Ground ;
 Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.
 Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
 The Chiefs their honourable Danger sought.

}

The Boar was rous'd, and sprung amain,
 Like Lightning suddain, on the Warriour Train :

Q 4

Beats

Beats down the Trees before him, shakes the Ground,
 The Forest echoes to the crackling Sound :
 Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.
 All stood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
 With broad Steel Heads the brandish'd Weapons glar'd.
 The Beast impetuous with his Tusks aside,
 Deals glancing Wounds ; the fearful Dogs divide,
 All spend their Mouths aloof, but none abide.
Echion threw the first, but miss'd his Mark,
 And struck his Bow-spear in a Maple's Bark ;
 Then *Jason*, and his Jav'lin seem'd to take,
 But fail'd with over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.
Mopsus was next ;
 He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew.
 This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
 And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
 Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown
 Amid the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
 As flies the Beast : The left Wing put to flight,
 The Chiefs o'erborn, he rushes on the Right ;
Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
 In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Oncismus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
 The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
 And cut the Nerves ; the Nerves no more sustain
 The Bulk ; the Bulk unprop'd falls headlong on the Plain :
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds.
 Then trusting in his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
 And ranch'd his Hip with one continu'd Wound.
 And now both *Leda's* Twins, in ast to throw,
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the-Foe ;
 Nor had they miss'd, but he to Thickets fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, nor perview to the Steed.
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and hap'd to meet
 A rising Root that held his fasten'd Feet ;
 So down he fell, whom sprawling on the Ground,
 His Brother from the wooden Gyves unbound.
 Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
 T'expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow ;
 Beneath his Ear the fasten'd Arrow stood,
 And from his Wound appear'd the trickling Blood :
 She blush'd for Joy, a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew ;
 They shout, the Shouting animates their Hearts,
 And all at once employ their thronging Darts ;
 But out of Order thrown, in Air they join,
 And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.

With

With both his Hands the proud *Ancas* takes,
 And flourishes his double-biting Ax;
 Then forward to his Fate he took a Stride
 Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,
 The Boar is doom'd; then stretch'd on Tiptoe stood,
 Secure to make his empty Promise good.
 But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
 And upwards rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Ancas falls; His Bowels from the Wound
 Gush'd out, and clotted Blood distain'd the Ground.
Perithous, no small Portion of the War,
 Press'd on, and shook his Lance, his Jav'lin threw,
 Hissing in Air th'unerring Weapon flew;
 But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
 The Marks-man and the Mark, his Launce he fix'd.
 Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound
 The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound;
 And thro' the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground.
 Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand were sent
 With equal Force, but various in the Event.
 The first was fix'd in Earth, the second stood
 On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drunk his Blood.
 Now while the tortur'd Savage turns around,
 And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
 The Wound's great Author, close at Hand, provokes
 His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes,
 Wheels as he wheels, and with his pointed Dart
 Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.
 Quick, and more quick, he spins in giddy Gires,
 Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
 This Act with Hands Heav'n-high the friendly Band
 Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.
 Then all approach the Slain with vast Surprise;
 Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies.
 And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar, (Dryd. *Ovid*.)
 And blood their Points to prove their Partnership of War.

HUNTRESS.

Grace of the Woods! A Diamond Buckle bound
 Her Vest behind, which else had flow'd upon the Ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs: Her Head was bare,
 But for her native Ornament of Hair,
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,
 Sweet Negligence! unheeded Bait of Love;
 Her sounding Quiver on her Shoulder ty'd,
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.

Such

Such was her Face as in a Nymph display'd
A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.

Dryd. Ovid.

A Huntress in her Habit, and her Mien;
Her Dress a Maid, her Air confess'd a Queen.
Bare were her Knees, and Knots her Garments bind
Loose was her Hair, and wanton'd in the Wind: (*Dryd. Virg.*)
Her Hand sustain'd a Bow, her Quiver hung behind.

She cross'd the Lawn, or in the Forest stray'd.
A painted Quiver at her Back she bore,
Vary'd with Spots, a Linx's Hide she wore;
And at full Cry pursu'd the tusk'd Boar.

Dryd. Virg.

HURRICANE.

As when Two adverse Hurricanes arise,
Must'ring their stormy Forces in the Skies,
Of equal Fury, and of equal Force,
Against each other bend their rapid Course;
The Clouds their Lines extend in black Array,
And Front to Front a fearful War display:
Exploded Flames against each other fly,
And fiery Arches vault th'enlighten'd Sky:
Conflicting Billows against Billows dash;
Thunder 'gainst Thunder roars, Lightnings 'gainst Lightnings
Nor Flames, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Clouds will yield,
But equal Strength maintains a doubtful Field.

(*flash.*)

Blac.

HUSBAND and WIFE. *See Marriage.*

Are we not one? Are we not join'd by Heav'n?
Each interwoven with the others Fate?

Are we not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whose blended Waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the Sea one common Flood.

Row. Fair Pen.

Force, and the Will of our imperious Rulers
May bind Two Bodies in one wretched Chain;
But Minds will still look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm
Stands on the Shore, and sends his Wishes back
To the dear native Land, from whence he came.

Row. Fair Pen.

We think it Merit blindly to believe
Those pious Fallhoods we from Priests receive.
Faith is Religion's happy Lethargy;
The doubting Wife we brand with Heresie.
Husbands should more than the Religious strive,
Blindly to trust, and blindly to believe.

D'au. Circe.

What can be sweeter than our native home;
Thither for Ease, and soft Repose we come.
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
Secur'd from all Approaches but a Wife.

If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt :

None but an inmate Foe could force us out :

Clamours our Privacies uneasy make ;

Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake. *(Dryd. Aurem.)*

When Souls that should agree to will the same,

To have one common Object for their Wishes,

Look diff'rent Ways, regardless of each other,

Think what a Train of Wretchedness ensues!

Love shall be banish'd from the Genial Bed ;

The Nights shall all be lonely and unquiet ;

And ev'ry Day shall be a Day of Cares.

Row. Fair Pen.

What tho' some Fits of small Contest
Sometimes fall out among the best ?

That makes no Breach of Faith or Love,

But rather (sometimes) serves t'improve :

For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace

Is but between Two Legs a Race ;

In which both do their uttermost

To get before, and win the Post ;

Yet when they're at their Race's Ends,

They're still as kind and constant Friends ;

And to relieve their Weariness,

By Turns give one another Ease :

So all the false Alarms of Strife

Between the Husband and the Wife,

And little Quarrels, often prove

To be but new Recruits of Love :

When those who're always kind or coy,

In time must either tire or cloy.

In all Amours a Lover burns

With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by Turns :

And Hearts have been as oft with fullen,

As charming Looks surpriz'd, and stoll'n :

Then why should more bewitching Clamour

Some Lovers not as much enamour ?

For Discords make the sweetest Airs ;

And Curses are a kind of Pray'rs.

Hud.

And yet of Marriage Bands I'm weary grown ;

Love scorns all Ties, but those that are his own :

Chains that are dragg'd, must needs uneasy prove,

For there's a God-like Liberty in Love !

Dryd. Aurem.

Sure of all Ills domestick are the worst :

When we lay next us what we hold most dear,

Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear,

And cleaving Mischiefs.

Dryd. Aurem.

Secrets of Marriage still are sacred held :

Their Sweet and Bitter by the Wife conceal'd :

Errours

Errours of Wives reflect on Husbands still;
 And when divulg'd, proclaim they've chosen ill:
 And the mysterious Pow'r of Bed and Throne
 Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown. *Dryd. Auren.*

Men's Eyes are not so subtle to perceive
 My inward Misery: I bear my Grief
 Hid from the World. How am I wretched then?
 For ought I know all Husbands are like me;
 And every Man I talk to of his Wife,
 Is but a well Dissembler of his Woes,
 As I am. *Beau. Maid's Tragedy.*

Few know what Care a Husband's Peace destroys,
 His real Grievs, and his dissembled Joys. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy, the thriving'st Calling,
 The only Saint's-Bell that rings all in:
 In which all Churches are concern'd,
 And is the easiest to be learn'd.
 For no Degrees, unless th'employ it,
 Can ever gain much, or enjoy it.
 A Gift that is not only able
 To domineer among the Rabbble;
 But by the Law's impow'r'd to rout,
 And awe the Greatest that stand out;
 Which few hold forth against, for fear
 Their Hand should slip, and come too near:
 For no Sin else among the Saints,
 Is taught so tenderly against. *Hud.*

Seeming Devotion does but guild a Knave,
 That's neither faithful, honest, just, nor brave;
 But where Religion does with Virtue join,
 It makes a Hero like an Angel shine. *Wall.*

Yet few are truly by themselves express'd:
 He that seems Virtuous, does but act a Part,
 And shows not his own Nature, but his Art. *How. Vesp. Virg.*

JAVELIN.

She wrench'd the Jav'lin with her dying Hands:
 But wedg'd within her Breast the Weapon stands.
 The Wood she draws, the steely Point remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

Pois'd in his lifted Arm, his Lance he threw,
 The winged Weapon, whistling in the Wind,
 Came driving on, nor miss'd the Mark design'd.
 The Shield gave way: Through treble Plates it went
 Of solid Brass, of Linnen trebly roul'd,
 And Three Bull-hides which round the Buckler fold,
 All these it pass'd, resistless in the Course.

Transpierc'd his Thigh, and spent its dying Force. *Dryd. Virg.*
 His

His feeble Hand a Jav'lin threw,
Which, fluttering, seem'd to loiter as it flew ;
Just, and but barely, to the Mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen Shield. *Dryd. Virg.*

JEALOUSY.

The greater Care, the higher Passion shows :
We hold that dearest, we most fear to lose :
Distrust in Lovers is too warm a Sun,
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone :
And in those Climes which most his Scorching know,
He makes the noblest Fruits and Metals grow. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

What Arts can blind a jealous Woman's Eyes ?
Love the first Motions of the Lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in Safety fears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Jealousy is a noble Crime ;
'Tis the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever ;
A sickly Draught, but shews a burning Thirst. *Dryd. Amphit.*

For Jealousy is but a kind
Of Clap, or Crincam of the Mind :
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Pains and Aches prove. *Hud.*

Ah ! Why are not the Hearts of Women known ?
False Women to new Joys unseen can move,
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love :
All Goods besides by publick Marks are known, *(p. 2.)*
But that we most desire to keep has none. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

No Sign of Love in jealous Men remains, *(Gran. p. 2.)*
But that which sick Men have of Life, their Pains. *Dryd. Cong. of*

Small Jealousies, 'tis true, inflame Desire,
The Great not fan, but quite put out the Fire. *Dryd. Auren.*

O Jealousy ! thou raging Ill !
Why hast thou found a Place in Lover's Hearts ?
Afflicting what thou canst not kill, *(Alban.)*
And poy'sning Love himself with his own Darts. *Dryd. Alb. &*

What State of Life can be so blest
As Love, that warms a Lover's Breast ?
Two Souls in one ; the same Desire
To grant the Bliss, and to require.
But if in Heav'n a Hell we find,
'Tis Jealousy, thou Tyrant of the Mind !
All other Ills, tho' sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect Love :
In Absence, or unkind Disdain,
Sweet Hope relieves the Lover's Pain.
Thou art the Fire of endless Night,
The Fire that burns, and gives no Light. *Dr. Lewis Trinit.*

What

What Tortures can there be in Hell,
 Compar'd to those fond Lovers feel,
 When doating on some fair One's Charms,
 They think she yields them to their Rival's Arms?

As Lions, tho' they once were tame,
 Yet if sharp Wounds their Rage inflame,
 Lift up their stormy Voices, roar,
 And tear the Keepers they obey'd before.

So fares the Lover, when his Breast
 By jealous Frenzy is possess'd:
 Forfears the Nymph for whom he burns,
 Yet strait to her, whom he forswears, returns.

But when the Fair resolves his Doubt,
 The Love comes in; the Fear goes out:
 The Cloud of Jealousy's dispell'd;

And the bright Sun of Innocence reveal'd:
 With what strange Raptures is he blest,
 Raptures, too great to be express'd!

Tho' hard the Torment's to endure,
 Who would not have the Sickness for the Cure?

Walsh.

Love reigns a very Tyrant in my Heart;
 Attended on his Throne by all his Guard
 Of furious Wishes, Fears, and nice Suspicious.

Orw. Orph.

Think'st thou I'll make a Life of Jealousy,
 To follow still the Changes of the Moon
 With fresh Surmises? No, to be once in Doubt,
 Is to be resolv'd. But yet, *Jago*,
 I'll see before I doubt: When I doubt, prove;
 And on the Proof there is no more but this,
 Away at once with Love or Jealousy.

If I do prove her haggard,
 Tho' that her Jesses were my dear Heart-strings,
 I'd whistle her off, and let her down the Wind,
 To prey at Fortune.

Villain! be sure thou prove my Love a Whore,
 Be sure of it! give me the ocular Proof,
 Or by the Worth of my eternal Soul,
 Thou hadst much better have been born a Dog,
 Than answer my wak'd Wrath:
 Make me to see it, or at least so prove it,
 That the Probation bear no Hinge, no Loop
 To hang a Doubt on, or Woe upon thy Life!
 If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more, abandon all Remorse,
 On Horror's Head Horrors accumulate,
 Do Deeds to make Heav'n weep, all Earth amaz'd,
 For nothing canst thou to Damnation add,

Greater

Greater than that.

Give me a living Reason she's disloyal,
I'll have some Proof: My Name that was as fresh
As *Dian's* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own Face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poison or Fire, or suffocating Streams,
I'll not indure it: I'll be satisfy'd.

It is impossible you should see this;

But yet, I say,

If Imputation and strong Circumstances,
Which lead directly to the Door of Truth,
Will give you Satisfaction, you may have it.

Oh that the Slave had Forty thousand Lives!

One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge!

Now do I see 'tis true! Look here, *Jago*!

All my fond Love thus do I blow to Heav'n! 'Tis gone!

Arise black Vengeance from the hollow Hell:

Yield up, O Love, thy Crown and hearted Throne

To tyrannous Hate! swell, Bosom, with thy Fraught,

For 'tis of Aspicks Tongues. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,

Whose icy Current, and compulsive Course,

Ne'er knows retiring Ebb, but keeps due on

To the *Prepontick* and the *Hellespont*;

Ev'n so my bloody Thoughts, with violent Pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble Love,

Till that a capable, and wide Revenge

Swallow them up.

Shak. Othel.

Oh you have done an Act,

That blots the Face, and Blush of Modesty;

Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And makes a Blister there: Makes Marriage-Vows

As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a Deed!

Heav'n's Face does glow at it.

Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,

With tristful Visage, as against the Doom,

Is Thought-sick at the Act.

Shak. Haml.

Thou art as honest

As Summer Flies are in the Shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou Weed

Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,

That the Sense akes at thee!

Was this fair Paper, this most goodly Book

Made to write Whore upon? O thou publick Commoner,

I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,

That would to Cinders burn up Modesty,

Did I but speak thy Deeds.

Heav'n

Heav'n stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks,
The bawdy Wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Mine of Earth,
And will not hear it. *Shak. Othel.*

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name,
Let modest Matrons at thy Mention start;
And blushing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work. *Shak. Troil. & Cres.*

Had it pleas'd Heav'n
To try me with Afflictions: Had they rain'd
All Kinds of Sores and Shames on my bare Head,
Steep'd me in Poverty to the very Lips,
Giv'n to Captivity me and my utmost Hopes,
I should have found in some Place of my Soul
A Drop of Patience. But alas! to make me
The fix'd Figure for the Time of Scorn
To point his slow and moving Finger at!
Yet could I bear that too! Well, very well!
But there, where I had garner'd up my Heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no Life;
The Fountain from the which my Current runs,
Or else dries up: To be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a Cistern for foul Toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy Complexion there;
Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubim,
I here look grim as Hell. *Shak. Othel.*

O plague me, Heav'n, plague me with all the Woes
That Man can suffer: Root up my Possessions,
Ship-wreck my far-fought Ballast in the Haven,
Fire all my Cities, burn my Dukedoms down,
Let midnight Wolves howl in my desert Chambers,
May the Earth yawn! Shatter the Frame of Nature!
Let the wreck'd Orbs in Whirlwinds round me move!
But save me from the Rage of jealous Love! *Lee. Cas. Borg.*

For oh! what damned Minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves. *Shak. Othel.*
And Doubts and Fears to Jealousies will turn,
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn. *Con.*

How frail, how cowardly is Woman's Mind!
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling Wind;
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest Eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousy inflames the Soul,
The Weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul. *Lee. Alex.*

Torment me with this horrid Rage no more;
O smile, and grant one reconciling Kiss;
Ye Gods! she's kind, I'm Extasie all o'er!
My

My Soul's too narrow to contain my Blifs!

Thou pleasing Torture of my Breast!

Sure thou wert form'd to plague my Rest!

Since both the Good and Ill you do; alike my Peace destroy;

This kills me with Excess of Grief, that with Excess of Joy.

(Walsh.)

IGNORANCE.

Seeing aright, we see our Woes,

Then what avails us to have Eyes?

From Ignorance our Comfort flows,

The only wretched are the Wise,

Prior.

Ignorance, Discord's Parent, by her stood,

And from her Breast squeez'd Juice like blackish Blood,

Her hateful Offspring's most delicious Food.

A formidable Figure! black as Night!

That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight;

Exceeding fierce, but destitute of Sight.

A Crowd of howling Hell-hounds near her stay'd,

All hideous Forms! and her Commands obey'd.

Contention, Zeal, inexorable Rage,

And *Strife*, that wretched Men in Arms engage;

Various Division, Malice, deadly Hate,

That rend a Kingdom and dissolve a State.

Blat.

IMPRECATIONS. See Curse.

Final Destruction sieze on all the World:

Bend down, ye Heav'ns! and shutting round this Earth,

Crush the vile Globe into its first Confusion;

Scorch it with elemental Flames to one curst Cinder,

And all us little Creepers in't, call'd Men,

Burn, burn to nothing! But let *Venice* burn

Hotter than all the rest: Here kindle Hell

Ne'er to extinguish; and let Souls hereafter

(Pres.)

Groan here in all those Pains which mine feels now. *Otw. Ven.*

Oh that my Arms could both the Poles embrace,

And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base;

That all the crackling Frame might be disjoyn'd,

And bury in its Ruin Human-kind.

Blac.

That I could reach the Axle where the Pins are

Which bolt this Frame, that I might pull 'em out;

And pluck all into Chaos with my self!

Who would not fall with all the World about him?

Johns.

Oh that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen

(Caril.)

The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;

So now in very Deed I might behold

The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof,

Meet like the Hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind;

For all the Elements, and all the Powers

R

Celestial

Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
 Conspire the Rack of outcast *Oedipus*.
 Fall Darkness then, and everlasting Night
 Shadow the Globe: May the Sun never dawn;
 The silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
 And for a universal Rout of Nature,
 Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
 May there not be a Glimpse, one starry Spark,
 But Gods meet Gods, and justice in the Dark:
 That Jars may rise, and Wrath divine be hurld,
 Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

Lee Oedip.

Curst be the Hour that gave me Birth:
 Confusion and Disorder sieze the World,
 To spoil all Trust and Converse among Men;
 'Twixt Families engender endless Feuds,
 In Countries needless Fears, in Cities Factions,
 In States Rebellion, and in Churches Schism;
 Till all things move against the Course of Nature;
 Till Form's dissolv'd, the Chain of Causes broken,
 And the Original of Being lost.

Otw. Orph.

Loosen'd Nature

Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
 And fall the Skies to crush the nether World,

*(Love)**Dryd. All for*

I M P U D E N C E.

Get that great Gift and Talent, Impudence,
 Accomplish'd Mankind's highest Excellence;
 'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
 Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Estate;
 Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
 An Afs a Bishop; can vil't Blockheads rear
 To wear red Hats, and sit in porph'ry Chair:
 'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
 Worth, Merit, Honour, Virtue, Innocence.

Olaf.

For he that has but Impudence,
 To all things has a fair Pretence;
 And put among his Wants but Shame,
 To all the World he may lay Claim.

Hud.

I N C E S T.

Nature abhors

To be forc'd back again upon her self,
 And, like a Whirlpool, swallow her own Streams. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Custom our native Royalty does awe,
 Promiscuous Love is Nature's eldest Law:
 For whosoever the first Lovers were,
 Brother and Sister made the second Pair;
 And doubled by their Love their Piety.

Dryd. Aeneas.

Then is it Sin? or makes my Mind alone

Th

Th'imagin'd Sin? For Nature makes it none.
 What Tyrant then these envious Laws began?
 Made not for any other Beast but Man:
 The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
 The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride.
 What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
 Or more salacious Goat to rut their Dam?
 The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
 And make a Husband whom she hatch'd before:
 All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
 Whom not ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,
 Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
 But Man a Slave of his own making lives,
 The Fool denies himself what Nature gives.
 Too busy Senates, with an over Care,
 To make us better than our Kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause:
 Yet some wise Nations break the cruel Chains,
 And own no Laws but those which Love ordains;
 Where happy Daughters with their Sires are joyn'd,
 And Piety is doubly paid in Kind:
 O that I had been born in such a Clime!
 Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime:
 But whither would my impious Fancy stray!
 Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away. *Dryd. Ovid.*

INCONSTANCY. See Constancy, False.

I never yet could see that Face
 Which had no Dart for me;
 From fifteen Years to fifty's Space
 They all victorious be.
 Colour or Shape, good Limbs or Face,
 Goodness or Wit in all I find;
 In Motion or in Speech a Grace:
 If all fail yet 'tis Woman-kind.
 If tall, the Name of Proper slays,
 If fair, she's pleasant as the Light;
 If low, her Prettiness does please;
 If black, what Lover loves not Night:
 The fat, like Plenty, fills my Heart;
 The lean, with Love, makes me so too;
 If streight, her Body's *Cupid's* Dart
 To me; if crooked 'tis his Bow.

Nay, Age it self does me to Rage encline,
 And Strength to Women gives, as well as Wine.
 Him who loves always one why should we call
 More constant, than the Man loves always all?

All my past Life is mine no more,

The flying Hours are gone,

Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,

Whose Images are kept in Store,

By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come, is not;

How can it then be mine?

The present Moment's all my Lot,

And that as fast as it is got,

Phyllis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,

False Hearts, and broken Vows;

If I by Miracle can be

This live-long Minute true to thee,

'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

For as a *Pythagorean* Soul

Runs thro' all Beasts, and Fish, and Fowl,

And has a Smack of ev'ry one;

So Love does, and has ever done:

And therefore, tho' 'tis ne'er so fond,

Takes strangely to the Vagabond.

'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,

Whose hot Fit takes the Patient first;

That after burns with Cold as much,

As Ice in *Greenland* does the Touch:

Melts in the Furnace of Desire,

Like Glass; that's but the Ice of Fire;

And when his Heat of Fancy's over,

Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.

Change is Fate, and not Design;

Love, like us, must Fate obey:

Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,

Constancy alone is strange.

Inconstancy's the Plague that first or last

Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease.

I N F I R M A R Y.

Immediately a Place

Before his Eyes appear'd, sick, noisom, dark:

A Lazar-House it seem'd, wherein were laid

Numbers of all Diseases, all Maladies:

Dire was the tossing, deep the Groans: Despair

Tended the Sick, busy from Couch to Couch;

And over them triumphant Death his Dart

Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invoc'd

With Vows, as their chief Good and final Hope.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime.

Dryd. Don Sch.
And

Rash.

Had.

Rash.

(Ibid.

Lee Mi.

Mit.

And in this thankless World the Givers
 Are envy'd ev'n by the Receivers :
 'Tis now the cheap and frugal Fashion,
 Rather to hide than pay the Obligation :
 Nay, 'tis much worse than so,
 It now an Artifice does grow,
 Wrongs and Outrages to do,
 Left Men should think we owe.

Cowl. Pind.

Fate ne'er strikes deep but when Unkindness joins :
 But there's a Fate in Kindness;
 Still to be least return'd where most 'tis given. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*
 So often try'd, and ever found so true,
 'Has giv'n me Trust, and Trust has giv'n me Means
 Once to be false for all.

Dryd. Don Seb.

He trusts us both! mark that! shall we betray him?
 A Master who reposes Life and Empire
 On our Fidelity? I grant he is a Tyrant :
 That hated Name my Nature most abhors ;
 More, as you say, has loaded me with Shame,
 Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian* :
 Yet more, I know he vacates my Revenge,
 Which, but by this Revolt, I cannot compass.
 But while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part
 To fawn and yet betray, I should be his'd
 And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.
 Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,
 Thy Wealth and Honour, all, the pure Indulgence
 Of him thou would'st destroy ?
 And would his Creature, nay his Friend, betray him?
 Why then no Bond is left on Human-kind ;
 Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue ;
 Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands ;
 All must be Rapine, Wars, and Desolation,
 When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Both false and faithless!

Draw near ye well-joyn'd Wickedness, ye Serpents
 Whom I have in my kindly Bosom warm'd
 Till I am stung to Death.

My whole Life

Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship ;
 But now I wake, I'm like a Merchant row'd
 From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
 And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman !
 Who follow'd me but as the Swallow Summer,
 Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
 Singing her Flatteries to my morning Wake ;
 But now my Winter comes she spreads her Wings,

And seeks the Spring of *Caesar*.

(Said of *Cleopatra* by *Anthony*.)

He has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness.
Wish how secure a Brow and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.
See how he sets his Countenance for Deceit,
And promises a Lie before he speaks.

(Said of *Dolabella* by *Anthony*.)

Two, two such!

Oh! there's no further Name! Two such to me?
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,
Had no Desire, no Joy, no Life but you.
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart: I had no Use,
No Fruit of all but you; a Friend and Mistress
Was all the World could give. Oh *Cleopatra*!
Oh *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant Fondness
Lay lull'd between your Bosoms, and there slept
Secure of injur'd Faith. I can forgive
A Foe, but not a Mistress and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest; and the Soul resign'd
Is stab'd by her own Guards.

Dryd. All for Love.

To break thy Faith,

And turn a Rebel to so good a Master,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth:
The first revolting Angel's Pride could only
Do more than thou hast done: Thou copy'st well,
And keep'st the black Original in view.

Row. Tamerl.

INNOCENCE.

Virtue, dear Friend, needs no Defence,
The surest Guard is Innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear,
What Darts or poyson'd Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Thro' *Lybian* Sands and *Scythian* Snows,
Or where *Hydaspes* wealthy Side
Pays Tribute to the *Persian* Pride.

Refs. Hor.

A generous Fierceness dwells with Innocence,
And conscious Virtue is allow'd some Pride.

Dryd. Oedip.

Oh that I had my Innocence again,
My untouch'd Honour! but I wish in vain:

The

The Fleece that has been by the Dier stain'd,
Never again its native Whiteness gain'd. *Wall.*

Happy the Innocent, whose equal Thoughts
Are free from Anguish, as they are from Faults. *Wall.*

INSECTS. See Creation.

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,
And seeks with ebbing Tides his antient Bed ;
The fat Manure with heav'nly Fire is warm'd,
And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs, are form'd :
These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find,
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind ;
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth,
One half alive, and one of lifeless Earth. *Dayd. Ovid.*

INTEREST:

Interest is the most prevailing Cheat ;
The sly Seducer both of Age and Youth,
They study that, and think they study Truth.
Where Int'rest fortifies an Argument,
Weak Reason serves to gain the Will's Assent ; *(& Panth. }*
For Souls already warp'd receive an easy Bent. *Dryd. Hind. }*

Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate,
That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,
And with false Happiness smoothes o'er our Ills. *Otw. Don Carl.*

Int'rest makes all seem Reason that leads to it. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

All seek their Ends, and each would other cheat :
They only seem to hate and seem to love,
But Int'rest is the Point on which they move :
Their Friends are Foes, and Foes are Friends agen,
And in their Turns are Knaves and honest Men :
Our iron Age is grown an Age of Gold ;
'Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold. *Dryd. Amphit.*

JOUSTS and Tournaments. See Battle, Duel, War.

The Challenger with fierce Desy
His Trumpet sounds, the Challeng'd makes Reply ; *}*
With Clangor rings the Field, resounds the vaulted Sky. *}*
Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the Rest,
Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest ;
They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
And spurring, see decrease the middle Space.
A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,
And all at once the Combatants are lost :
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with Coursers jousting, Men with Men.
Aslab'ring in Eclipse awhile they stay,
Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day :
They look anew ; the beauteous Form of Fight
Is chang'd, and War appears a grievously Sight.

Two Troops in fair Array one Moment shew'd,
 The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd;
 Not half the Number in their Seats are found,
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
 The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
 The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight;
 The glittering Falchions cast a gleaming Light:
 Hawberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;
 Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.
 The mighty Maces with such Haste descend,
 They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend:
 This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;
 Down goes at once the Horseman and the Horse:
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
 And, found'ring, throws the Rider o'er his Head:
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.
 By Fits they cease; and leaning on the Lance,
 Take Breath awhile, and to new Fight advance.
 Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
 His utmost Force, for each forgot to ward.
 The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
 That other backward to the Crupper sent.
 Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous Blows
 Fall thick and heavy when on Foot they close:
 So deep their Falchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
 Pierc'd to the Quick; and equal Wounds they gave and took.
 Born far asunder by the Tides of Men,
 Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.
 So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's Blood,
 A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood,
 Roars loudly fierce, and challenges the Food:
 Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
 But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey:
 They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,
 The Swains come arm'd between, and both to Distance drive.
 Behold the noble Youths of Form divine, (*Dr. Pal. & Arc.*)
 Upon the Plain advancing in a Line;
 The Riders grace the Steeds, the Steeds with Glory shine.
 Thus marching on in military Pride,
 Shouts of Applause resound from Side to Side.
 Their Casques adorn'd with Laurel-Wreaths they wear,
 Each brandishing aloft a cornel Spear:
 Some at their Backs their gilded Quivers bore,
 Their Chains of burnish'd Gold hung down before.

Three graceful Troops they form'd upon the Green ;
 Three graceful Leaders at their Head were seen ;
 Twelve follow'd every Chief, and left a Space between.

Th'unfledg'd Commanders, and their martial Train,
 First make the Circuit of the sandy Plain :

Then at th'appointed Sign,
 Drawn up in beauteous Order, form a Line :
 The Second Signal sounds ; the Troop divides
 In Three distinguish'd Parts, with Three distinguish'd Guides.
 Again they close, and once again disjoyn,
 In Troop to Troop oppos'd, and Line to Line :
 They meet, they wheel, they throw their Darts afar
 With harmless Rage, and well dissembled War.
 Then in a Round the mingled Bodies run ;
 Flying they follow, and pursuing shun.
 Broken they break, and rallying they renew
 In other Forms the military Shew.
 At last, in Order, undiscern'd they joyn,
 And march together in a friendly Line.
 And, as the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old,
 With wand'ring Wave, and many a winding Fold,
 Involv'd the weary Feet, without Redress,
 In a round Errour, which deny'd Recess ;
 So fought the *Trojan* Boys in warlike Play,
 Turn'd, and return'd, and still a diff'rent Way.

Dryd. Virg.

JOY.

Great Joys, as well as Sorrows, make a Stay ;
 They hinder one another in the Crowd,
 And none are heard, while all would speak aloud.

Cowl.

Joy is in ev'ry Face without a Cloud :

As in the Scene of op'ning Paradise

The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being,

(Seb.)

Pleas'd to be what they were, pleas'd with each other.

Dryd. Don

Resistless Floods of sudden Pleasure roul

Along his Veins, and break in on his Soul ;

He sinks beneath the Pressure of his Joy,

And *Joseph's* Life does almost his destroy.

Blar.

A secret Pleasure trickles thro' my Veins ;

It works about the Inlets of my Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Now my Veins swell, and my Arms grasp the Poles,

My Breasts grow bigger with the vast Delight ;

'Tis Length of Rapture, and an Age of Fury.

Lee Alex.

Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,

I'm so o'erwhelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel

A latter Spring within my wither'd Limbs,

That shoots me out again.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Be gone my Cares ; I give you to the Winds,

Far

Far to be borne ; far from the happy *Altamont* ;

Far from the sacred *Era* of my Love :

A better Order of succeeding Days

Gomes smiling forward, white and lucky all.

Castilla is the Mistress of the Year,

She crowns the Seasons with auspicious Beauty,

And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful. *Row. Fair Pen;*

Be still my Sorrows, and be loud my Joys !

Fly to the utmost Circle of the Seas,

Thou furious Tempest that hast toss'd my Mind,

And leave no Thought but *Leonor's* there.

What's this I feel of boding in my Soul,

As if this Day were fatal ? Be it so !

Fate shall have but the Leavings of my Love !

My Joys are gloomy, but withal are great :

The Lion, tho' he sees the Toils are set,

Yet pinch'd with raging Hunger, scours away,

Hunts in the Face of Danger all the Day, *(Span. Fry.*

At Night, with fullen Pleasure, grumbles o'er his Prey. *Dryd.*

She bids me hope ! O Heav'n's ! she pities me ;

And Pity still fore-runs approaching Love,

As Light'ning does the Thunder. Tune your Harps,

Ye Angels, to that Sound ! and thou my Heart,

Make Room to entertain thy flowing Joys :

Hence all my Griefs, and ev'ry anxious Care,

One-Look, and one kind Glance can cure Dispair. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Am I then pity'd ? I have liv'd enough !

Death, take me in this Moment of my Joy :

But when my Soul is plung'd in long Oblivion,

Spare this one Thought, Let me remember Pity ;

And so deceiv'd, think all my Life was blest. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh you are so divine, and cause such Fondness,

That my Heart leaps, and beats, and fain would out,

To make a Dance of Joy about your Feet :

Such Extasie Life cannot carry long !

The Day comes on so fast, and beamy Joy

Darts with such Fierceness on me, Night will follow. *Lee Alex.*

Know, be it known to the Limits of the World ;

Yet farther, let it pass yon dazling Roof,

The Mansions of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf

With everlasting Peals of thund'ring Joy !

Oh for this News let Waters break their Bounds ;

Rocks, Valleys, Hills with splitting Jo's ring !

Io Jocasta ! Io Paen sing.

Lee Oedip.

Be this the gen'ral Voice sent up to Heav'n,

And ev'ry publick Place repeat this Echo.

To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day :

Let

Let Labour cease ; set out before our Doors
 The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
 With Lawrels crown'd : With Lawrel wreath your Posts,
 And strew with Flow'rs the Pavement. Let the Priests
 Do present Sacrifice ; pour out the Wine,
 And call the Gods to joyn with you in Gladness. *Dr. All for Love.*

Let Mirth go on ; Let Pleasure know no Pause,
 But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day. *Row. Fair Pen.*

But oh ! the Joy, the mighty Extasie
 Possess'd thy Soul at this Discovery !
 Speechless and panting at my Feet you lay,
 And short-breath'd Sighs told what you cou'd not say :
 A thousand Times my Hands with Kisses press'd,
 And look'd such Darts as none could e'er resist :
 Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
 New Joys fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine. *Behu.*

My charm'd Ears ne'er knew
 A Sound of so much Rapture, so much Joy :
 Not Voices, Instruments, nor warbling Birds,
 Not Winds, nor murmur'ing Waters joyn'd in Consort,
 Not tuneful Nature, nor th'according Spheres
 Utter such Harmony, as when my *Selima*
 With down-cast Looks and Blushes said, *I love.* *Row. Tamerl.*

Oh the dear Hour, in which you did resign !
 When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,
 And in a Kiss you said, your Heart was mine.
 Thro' each returning Year may that Hour be
 Distinguish'd, in the Rounds of all Eternity.
 Gay be the Sun that Hour in all his Light :
 Let him collect the Day to be more bright ;
 Shine all that Hour, and all the rest be Night ! *Cong.*

There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
 But should have smil'd that Hour thro' all his Care,
 And shook his Chains in Transport and rude Harmony. *Cong.*
 Oh my Soul's Joy ! *(Mourn. Bride.)*

If after ev'ry Tempest come such Calm,
 May the Winds blow till they have waken'd Death ;
 And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills of Seas,
Olympus high, and duck again as low
 As Hell's from Heav'n. If it were now to die,
 'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear
 My Soul has her Content so absolute,
 That not another Comfort, like to this,
 Succeeds in unknown Fate.

Shak. Orhel.

Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend
 This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
 Of Heav'n to bless me thus ! 'Tis Gold so pure,

It

It cannot bear the Stamp without Allay. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Mine is a Gleam of Bliss too hot to last ; *Dryd. Auren.*

Wat'ry it shines, and will be soon o'ercast. *Dryd. Sig. & Guisc.*

For, as Extreame are short of Ill and Good,

And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood :

So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,

Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy. *Weeping for Joy.*

My plenteous Joys,

Wanton in Fullness, seek to hide themselves

In Drops of Sorrow. *Shak. Macb.*

I cannot speak ; Tears so obstruct my Words,

And choak me with unutterable Joy. *Osw. Cai. Mar.*

Then into Tears of Joy the Father broke ;

Each in his longing Arms by turns he took,

Painted and paus'd, and thus again he spoke. *Dryd. Virg.*

My Joy stops at my Tongue ;

But it has found Two Channels here for One,

And bubbles out above. *Dryd. All for Love.*

ISIS.

Her moony Horns were on her Forehead plac'd,

And yellow Sheaves her shining Temples grac'd :

A Mitre, for a Crown, she wore on high ;

The Dog, and dappled Bull were waiting by.

Osyris, fought along the Banks of Nile,

The silent God, the sacred Crocodile :

And last a long Procession moving on

With Timbrels, that assist the lab'ring Moon. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The fortunate ISLANDS.

The happy Isles where endless Pleasures wait ;

Are stil'd by tuneful Bards, *The Fortunate.*

Eternal Spring with smiling Verdure here

Warms the mild Air, and crowns the youthful Year.

From chrystal Rocks transparent Riv'lets flow ;

The Rose still blushes, and the Vi'lets blow.

The Vine undress'd her swelling Clusters bears ;

The lab'ring Hind the mellow Oliues chears :

Blossoms and Fruit at once the Citron shows,

And as she pays, discovers still she owes ;

And the glad Orange courts the am'rous Maid

With golden Apples, and a silken Shade.

No Blasts e'er discompose the peaceful Sky,

The Springs but murmur, and the Winds but sigh.

The tuneful Swans on gliding Rivers float,

And warbling Dirges dye on ev'ry Note.

Where *Flora* treads, her Zephyr Garlands flings,

Shaking rich Odours from his purple Wings :

And

And Birds from Woodbine Bow'rs, and Jess'min Groves
 Chaunt their glad Nuptials, and unenvy'd Loves.
 Mild Seasons, rising Hills, and silent Dales,
 Cool Grottos, silver Brooks, and flow'ry Vales,
 In this blest Climate all the circling Year prevail. *Gar.*

J U N O,

Great Queen of gath'ring Clouds,
 Whose Moisture fills the Floods :
 Great Queen of nuptial Rites,
 Whose Pow'r the Soul unites,
 And fills the Genial Bed with chaste Delights. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

For *Juno* ties

The nuptial Knot, and makes the Marriage Joys. *Dryd. Virg.*
 The Majesty of Heav'n ! The Sister-Wife of *Jove*. *Dryd. Virg.*

J U P I T E R,

The Pow'r, whose high Command
 Is unconfin'd ; who rules the Seas and Land ;
 And tempers Thunder in his awful Hand. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Th'Imperial God,

Who shakes Heav'n's Axle with his awful Nod. *Dryd. Virg.*

Who rous

The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Pow'r immense & Eternal Energy !

The King of Gods and Men ; whose awful Hand

Disperes Thunder on the Seas and Land,

Disposing all with absolute Command. *Dryd. Virg.* }

The mighty Thund'rer, with majestick Awe,

Then shook his Shield, and dealt his Bolts around,

And scatter'd Tempests on the teeming Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when of old *Jove* from the *Titan* fled,

Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,

And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid ;

At length by Fate to Pow'r divine restor'd,

His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord : }

The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd. *Row. Tamerl.*

So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of Atoms,

And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet

Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,

But Discord and Confusion troubled all.

Calm and serene upon his Throne he sat,

Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate :

Safe in himself, because he knew his Pow'r,

And knowing what he was, he knew he was secure. *Row. Ulyss.*

J U S T I C E, See King.

Of all the Virtues, Justice is the best ;

Valour, without it, is a common Pest :

Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd,

Shew us how ill that Virtue may be plac'd :

'Tis

'Tis our Complexion makes us chaste or brave;
 Justice from Reason, and from Heav'n we have:
 All other Virtues dwell but in the Blood;
 That in the Soul, and gives the Name of Good:
Justice the Queen of Virtues! *Wal.*

Justice, tho' she's painted blind,
 Is to the weaker Side inclin'd,
 Like Charity; else Right and Wrong
 Could never hold it out so long. *Hud.*

Justice gives Sentence many times
 On one Man for another's Crimes.
 As lately't happen'd in a Town,
 Where liv'd a Cocker, and but one;
 That out of Doctrine could cut Use,
 And mend Mens Lives, as well as Shoes:
 This precious Brother having slain,
 In Times of Peace an *Indian*,
 The mighty *Tortipattimoy*
 Sent to our Elders an Envoy;
 Complaining sorely of the Breach
 Of League, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
 Against the Articles in Force
 Between both Churches, his and ours.
 For which he crav'd the Saints to render
 Into his Hands, or hang th'Offender.
 But they, maturely having weigh'd,
 They had no more but him o'th' Trade;
 (A Man that serv'd 'em in a double
 Capacity, to teach and cobbler)
 Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
 The *Indian Hogan Mogan* too
 Impartial Justice, in his stead did
 Hang an old Weaver that was bedrid. *Hud.*

So *Justice*, while she winks at Crimes,
 Stumbles on Innocence sometimes. *Hud.*

KINDNESS.

Kindness has resistless Charms,
 All things else but weakly move;
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,
 And clips the Wings of flying Love!
 Beauty does the Heart invade;
 Kindness can alone persuade:
 It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain. *Roch.*

Kindness can Indifference warm,
 And blow that Calm into a Storm. *Esther.*

KING: See Emperor, Tyrant, Usurper.
 A Monarch's Crown *Golden*

Golden in Shew, is but a Crown of Thorns;
 Brings Dangers, Troubles, Cares, and sleepless Nights;
 To him who wears the Regal Diadem;
 When on his Shoulders each Man's Burthen lies:
 For therein lies the Office of a King,
 His Honour, Virtue, Merit, and chief Praise,
 That for the Publick all this Weight he bears. *Milt.*

Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their Beams around,
 Pleas'd to be seen, while Glory's Race they run:
 Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.

Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;
 They live, like Drones, upon the publick Cost. *Dryd. Auren.*

Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 Some Kings the Name of Conquerours assum'd;

Some to be Great, some to be Gods presum'd:
 But boundless Pow'r, and arbitrary Lust,
 Made Tyrants still abhor the Name of Just:
 They shun'd the Praise this God-like Virtue gives,
 And fear'd a Title that reproach'd their Lives. *Dryd.*

Princes by Disobedience get Command,
 And by new-quell'd Rebellions firmer stand:
 Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
 They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness. *How.*

O polish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
 That keeps the Ports of Slumber open wide
 To many a watchful Night! O Majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy Bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich Armour, worn in Heat of Day,
 That scalds with Safety. *Shak. Hen. 4.*

A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Cost. *Dryd. Conq.*
 How wretchedly he rules, *(of Gran.)*

That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools! *Osw. Don Carl.*
 What's Royalty, but Pow'r to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,
 And my own Slaves the Sovereigns.
 Weak Princes flatter when they want the Pow'r
 To curb their People: Tender Plants must bend;
 But when a Government is grown to Strength,
 Like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,
 It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,
 And turns to sullen State. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Kings Titles commonly begins by Force,
 Which Time wears off, and mellows into Right;
 And Pow'r, which in one Age is Tyranny,
 Is ripen'd in the next to true Succession. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

All After-A&ts are sanctify'd by Pow'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness, give
 To Kings that Lustre which we think divine; *The*

The Wife, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
 Nay, sometimes weak ones too : The Croud indeed,
 Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
 Worship the Deity their Hands have made. *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

He's in Possession ! so Diseases are :
 Should not a lingring Feaver be remov'd,
 Because it long has rag'd within my Blood ?
 Do I rebel when I would thrust it out ?
 What ? shall I think the World was made for one,
 And Men are born for Kings as Beasts for Men,
 Not for Protection, but to be devour'd ?
 Mark those who doat on arbitrary Pow'r,
 And you shall find them either hot-brain'd Youth,
 Or needy Bankrupts, servile in their Greatness,
 And Slaves to some to lord it o'er the rest.
 O Baseness ! to support a Tyrant-Throne,
 And crush your free-born Brethren of the World ! *Dr. Span. Fry.*

Those Kings who rule with limited Command,
 Have Player's Sceptres put into their Hand.
 Pow'r has no Balance ! one Side still weighs down, *(of Gran.*
 And either hoists the Commonwealth or Crown. *Dryd. Cong.*

Force only can maintain
 The Pow'r that Fortune gives, or Worth does gain. *Cowt.*

Sov'raigns, ever jealous of their State,
 Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate ;
 Ev'n tho' th'Offence they seemingly digest,
 Revenge, like Embers rak'd within their Breast,
 Bursts forth in Flames, whose unresist'd Pow'r,
 Will seize th'unwary Wretch, and soon devour. *Dryd. Hom.*

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
 The Walks of muffled Gods ; sacred Retreat,
 Where none but whom they please t'admit approach. *Dryd.*

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred Privacy,
 Unknown and ven'erable to the Vulgar ;
 And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,
 None enter to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,
 Unbidden of the God that dwells within. *Row. Amb. Stepm.*

Sebastian was a Man
 Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to Divinity ;
 Brave, pious, gen'rous, great and liberal ;
 Just as the Scales of Heav'n that weigh the Seasons.
 He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd.
 His Goodness was diffus'd to human Kind.
 He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings ;
 For him their sighing Queens despis'd their Lords,
 And Virgin Daughters bluh'd when he was nam'd. *Dr. Don Seb.*

KISSING

KISSING.

She gather'd humid Kisses as she spoke. *Dryd. Lucr.*
 She brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his ;
 At which he whisper'd Kisses back on hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*

She printed melting Kisses as she spoke ;
 Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
 When they give up their Souls too with their Breath. *Oldb.*
 Balmy as Cordials that recover Souls ; *(Brut.*
 Chaste as Maids Sighs, and keen as longing Mothers. *Lee Junr.*
 They pour'd a Storm of Kisses thick as Hail. *Dryd. W. of Bath's*
 I felt the while a pleasing kind of Smart, *(Tale.*

The Kifs went tingling to my very Heart ;
 When it was gone the Sense of it did stay,
 The Sweetness cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
 Like Drops of Honey, loth to fall away. *Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode.* }

They kiss'd with such a Fervour,
 And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,
 That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood
 Flew flushing o'er their Faces. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

How I could dwell for ever on those Lips !
 Oh I could kiss 'em pale with Eagerness !
 So soft, by Heav'n ! and such a juicy Sweet,
 That ripen'd Peaches have not half the Flavour. *Dryd. Amphit.*
 The Nectar of the Gods to them is tasteless. *Dryd. Amphit.*

Such Heat and Vigour shall our Kisses bear,
 As if, like Doves, we did engender there :
 No Bound, nor Rule my Pleasures shall endure .
 In Love there's none too much an Epicure.

Nought shall my Hands or Lips controul,
 I'll kiss thee through, I'll kiss thy very Soul. *Cowd.*

Then thus we'll lie, and thus we'll kiss,
 Thus, thus improve the lasting Bliss ;
 There is no Labour here, no Shame,
 The solid Pleasure's still the same ;
 Never, oh never to be done,
 Where Love is ever but begun. *Oldb.*

As amorous, and fond, and billing,
 As *Philip* and *Mary* on a Shilling. *Hud.*

KNIGHTERRANTS.

Th'ancient Errant-Knights
 Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights ;
 And cut whole Giants into Fitters,
 To put them into am'rous Twitters ;
 Whose stubborn Bowels scorn'd to yield,
 Until their Gallants were half kill'd :
 But when their Sides were drub'd so sore ;
 They durst not wooe one Combat more ;

The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
 Subdu'd with Blows their Lovers felt :
 So *Spanish* Heroes with their Lances,
 At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies ;
 And he acquires the noblest Spouse,
 That widows greatest Herds of Cows.

Hud.

L A B Y R I N T H. See Jousts and Tournaments.

L A M B.

The tender Firstlings of the woolly Breed. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Come lead me forward now, like a tame Lamb
 To Sacrifice. Thus in his fatal Garlands
 Deck'd fine, and pleas'd, the Wanton skips and plays,
 Trots by th'enticing flatt'ring Priestests Side ;
 And much transported with its little Pride,
 Forgets his dear Companions of the Plain,
 Till by her bound, he's on the Altar lain, *(Ven. Pres.)*
 Yet then too hardly bleats, such Pleasure's in the Pain. *Osp.*
 A hundred Lambs
 With bleating Cries attend their milky Dams. *Dryd. Virg.*

L A R K. See Morning.

The Lark that shuns on lofty Boughs to build
 Her humble Nest, lies silent in the Field ;
 But if the Promise of a cloudless Day,
Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play ;
 Then strait she shews 'twas not for want of Voice,
 Or Pow'r to climb, she made so low a Choice ;
 Singing she mounts, her airy Wings are stretch'd
 Tow'rds Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her Note she fetch'd. *Wall.*

The wise Example of the heav'nly Lark,
 Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley*, mark :

Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,
 Thy humble Nest build on the Ground.

Cowl.

And now the Herald Lark
 Left his Ground-Nest, high tow'ring to descry
 The Morn's Approach, and greet her with his Song.

Milt.

D A P H N E chang'd into a Laurel.

Scarce had she finish'd, when her Feet she found
 Benum'd with Cold, and fasten'd to the Ground.
 A filmy Rind about her Body grows ;
 Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms extend to Boughs :
 The Nymph is all into a Laurel gone,
 The Smoothness of her Skin remains alone.
 Yet *Phæbus* loves her still, and casting round
 Her Bole his Arms, some little Warmth he found ;
 The Tree still panted in th'unfinish'd Part,
 Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her Heart :
 He fix'd his Lips upon the trembling Rind ;

It

It swerv'd aside, and his Embrace declin'd.
 To whom the God ; Because thou canst not be
 My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree.
 Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown,
 The deathless Poet, and the Poem, crown:
 Thou shalt the *Roman* Festivals adorn,
 And after Poets, be by Victors worn:
 Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* Triumphs grace,
 When Pomp shall in a long Procession pass:
 Wreath'd on his Posts before the Palace wait,
 And be the sacred Guardian of the Gate.
 Secure from Thunder, and unharm'd by *Jove*,
 Unfading as th'immortal Pow'rs above:
 And as the Locks of *Phæbus* are unshorn,
 So shall perpetual Green thy Boughs adorn.
 The grateful Tree was pleas'd with what he said,
 And shook the shady Honours of her Head. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Thus Laurel is the Sign of Labour crown'd,
 Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground.
 From Winter-Winds it suffers no Decay,
 For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is May:
 Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
 Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow;
 The Life is in the Leaf, and still between (*Flower and the Leaf*,
 The Fits of falling Snow appears the streaky Green. *Dryd. The*
 The Story of *Phæbus* and *Daphne* apply'd.

Thirsis, a Youth of the inspir'd Train,
 Fair *Sacharissa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
 Like *Phæbus* sung the noless am'rous Boy,
 Like *Daphne* she, as lovely and as coy:
 With Numbers he the flying Nymph pursues,
 With Numbers such as *Phæbus* self might use.
 Such is the Chase, when Love and Fancy leads
 O'er craggy Mountains and thro' flow'ry Meads;
 Invok'd to testify the Lovers Care,
 Or form some Image of his cruel Fair.
 Urg'd with his Fury, like a wounded Deer,
 O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
 Whom all his Charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet what he sung in his immortal Strain,
 Tho' unsuccessful, was not sung in vain;
 All but the Nymph who should redress his Wrong,
 Attend his Passion and approve his Song.
 Like *Phæbus* thus, acquiring unsought Praise,
 He catch'd at Love, and fill'd his Arms with Bays. *Wall.*

LAW, and Lawyer.

Them never yet did Strife or Av'rice draw
 Into the noisy Markets of the Law,
 The Camp of gown'd War.

Cowl. Virg.

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Pow'r ;
 The Cause is bad whene'er the Client's poor :
 Those strict-liv'd Men that seem above our World,
 Are oft too modest to resist our Gold ;
 So Judgment like our other Wares is sold :
 And the grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
 Wak'd by a Fee, hems and approves the Cause.

You save th'Expence of long litigious Laws,
 Where Suits are travers'd and so little won,
 That he who conquers is but lost undone.

Dryd.

He that with Injury is griev'd,
 And goes to Law to be believ'd,
 Is sillier than a sortish Chowse,
 Who, when a Thief has robb'd his House,
 Applies himself to Cunning-Men,
 To help him to his Goods agen ;
 When all he can expect to gain,
 Is but to squander more in vain.

Hud.

For Lawyers, lest Bear Defendant
 And Plaintiff Dog should make an End on'r,
 Do stave and tail with Writs of Errour,
 Reverse of Judgment and Demurrer,
 To let 'em breath a while, and then
 Cry Whoop, and set 'em on agen ;
 Until with subtle Cobweb-Cheats
 They're catch'd in knotted Law like Nets ;
 In which when once they are imbrangled,
 The more they stir the more they're tangled ;
 And while their Purles can dispute,
 There's no End of th'immortal Suit.

Hud.

'Tis Law that settles all you do,
 And marries where you did but woo ;
 That makes the most perfidious Lover,
 A Lady that's as false, recover.
 For Law's the Wisdom of all Ages
 And manag'd by the ablest Sages ;
 Who tho' their Bus'ness at the Bar,
 Be but a kind of Civil War,
 With which th'engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
 Than e'er the *Grecians* did the *Trojans*,
 They never manage the Contest
 T'impair their publick Interest,
 Or by their Controversies lessen
 The Dignity of their Profession:

For

For Lawyers have more sober Sense,
 Than t'argue at their own Expence ;
 But make their best Advantages
 Of others Quarrels, like the *Swiss* ;
 And out of foreign Controversies,
 By aiding both Sides fill their Purses :
 But have no Int'rest in the Cause,
 For which th'engage, and wage the Laws ;
 Nor farther Prospect than their Pay,
 Whether they lose or win the Day.
 And tho' th'abounded in all Ages
 With sundry learned Clerks and Sages ;
 Tho' all their Bus'ness be Dispute,
 With which they canvass every Suit ;
 They've no Disputes about their Art,
 Nor in Polemicks controvert ;
 While all Professions else are found
 With nothing but Disputes t'abound.
 Divines of all sorts, and Physicians,
 Philosophers, Mathematicians,
 The *Gallenist* and *Paracelsan*,
 Condemn the Way each other deals in :
 Anatomists dissect and mangle,
 To cut themselves out Work to wrangle ;
 Astrologers dispute their Dreams,
 That in their Sleep they talk of Schemes ;
 And Heralds stickle who got who,
 So many hundred Years ago.
 But Lawyers are too wise a Nation
 T'expose their Trade to Disputation ;
 Or make the busy Rabble Judges
 Of all their secret Piques and Grudges ;
 In which, whoever wins the Day,
 The whole Profession's sure to pay.
 Besides, no Mountebanks nor Cheats
 Dare undertake to do their Feats ;
 When in all other Sciences,
 They swarm like Insects, and increase :
 For what Bigot durst ever draw,
 By inward Light, a Deed in Law ?
 Or could hold forth by Revelation,
 An Answer to a Declaration ?
 For those that meddle with their Tools,
 Will cut their Fingers if they're Fools.
 I would not give, quoth *Hudibras*,
 A Straw to understand a Case,

Hud.

Without the admirable Skill,
 To wind and manage it at Will;
 To veer, and tack, and steer a Cause
 Against the Weather-gage of Laws,
 And ring the Changes upon Cases
 As plain as Noses upon Faces;
 As you have well instructed me,
 For which you've earn'd, here 'tis, your Fee. *Hud.*

LEARNING.

Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain;
 A Trade of Knowledge as replete
 As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
 A Cheat that Scholars put upon
 Other Men's Reason and their own;
 A Fort of Errour to inconst
 Absurdity and Ignorance;
 That renders all the Avenues
 To Truth, impervious and abstruse,
 By making plain things in Debate,
 By Art, perplex'd and intricate;
 As if Rules were not in the Schools
 Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
 This pagan heathenish Invention
 Is good for nothing but Contention;
 For as in Sword and Buckler Fight
 All Blows do on the Target light,
 So when Men argue, the great'st Part
 O'th'Contest falls on Terms of Art,
 Until the Fustian Stuff be spent,
 And then they fall to th'Argument. *Hud.*

Books had spoil'd him,

For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession. *Dr. All for Love.*

LETHARGY.

A Sleep, dull as your last, did you arrest,
 And all the Magazines of Life possess'd;
 No more the Blood its circling Course did run,
 But in the Veins like Isicles it hung;
 No more the Heart, now void of quick'ning Heat,
 The tuneful March of vital Motion beat:
 Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
 And a short Death crept cold through ev'ry Limb. *Oldb.*

LETHE. See Hell.

On the dark Banks where *Lethe's* lazy Deep
 Does its black Stores and drowfy Treasures keep, *(Blac.}*
 Rolls his slow Flood, and rocks the nodding Waves asleep.

LEVI

LEVIATHAN. *See Creation.*

So when Leviathans dispute the Reign,
 And uncontroll'd Dominion of the Main,
 From the rent Rocks whole Coral Groves are torn,
 And Isles of Sea-weed on the Waves are born ;
 Such watry Stores from their spread Nostrils fly,
 'Tis doubtful which is Sea and which is Sky.

*Gar.*LIBERTY. *See Brutus, Freedom.*

The Love of Liberty with Life is given,
 And Life it self th'inferiour Gift of Heav'n. *Dryd. Pal, & Art.*
 'Tis quick'ning Liberty that gives us Breath ;
 Her Absence, more than that of Life, is Death. *Blac.*

Quoth he, th'one Half of Man, his Mind,

Is *sui Juris*, unconfin'd,
 And cannot be laid by the Heels,
 Whate'er the other Moity feels.
 'Tis not Restraint or Liberty,
 That makes Men Prisoners or free,
 But Perturbations that possess
 The Mind, or Equanimities.
 The whole World was not half so wide
 To *Alexander*, when he cry'd
 Because he had but one to subdue ;
 As was a paultry narrow Tub to
Diogenes, who is not said,
 For ought that ever I could read,
 To whine, put Finger i'th'Eye, and sob,
 Because he'd ne'er another Tub.

Hud.

O give me Liberty ;

For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
 Still I should long to leap the chrystal Walls. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Oh Liberty ! thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
 Profuse of Bliss and pregnant with Delight ;
 Eternal Pleasures in thy Presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train.
 Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks chearful in thy Sight.
 Thou mak'st the gloomy Face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st Beauty to the Sun and Pleasure to the Day.

Add.

LIFE.

Oh Life ! thou Nothing's younger Brother ;
 So like, that one might take one for the other !
 What's Some-body or No-body ?
 In all the Cobwebs of the Schoolmens Trade
 We no such nice Distinction woven see,
 As 'tis to be, or not to be.

Dream of a Shadow ! A Reflexion made
 From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,
 Is a more solid thing than thou.
 Thou weak-built *Isthmus* ! which do'st proudly rise
 Up betwixt two Eternities ;
 Yet canst not Wave or Wind sustain,
 But broken or o'er-whelm'd, the endless Oceans meet again.

From the maternal Tomb
 To the Grave's fruitful Womb,
 We call here Life ; but Life's a Name
 Which nothing here can truly claim.
 This wretched Inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
 We call our dwelling Place ;
 We call one Step a Race.

We grow at last by Custom to believe
 That really we live ;

Whilst all these Shadows that for Things we take, (Cow),
 Are but the empty Dreams which in Death's Sleep we make.

When I consider Life, 'tis all a Cheat ;
 Yet, fool'd with Hope, Men favour the Deceit :
 Trust on, and think To-morrow will repay ;
 To-morrow's falser than the former Day ;
 Lies more, and while it says we shall be blest'd
 With some new Joys, cuts off what we possess'd.
 Strange Couz'nage ! none would live past Years again,
 Yet all hope Pleasure in what yet remain ;
 And from the Dregs of Life think to receive
 What the first sprightly Running could not give.
 I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymick Gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old. Dryd. Aurel.

For Life can never be sincerely blest,
 Heav'n punishes the Bad and proves the Best. Dryd. Absal. &

To-morrow, To-morrow, and To-morrow, (Achit.

Creep in a stealing Pace from Day to Day,
 To the last Minute of revolving Time ;
 And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
 To their eternal Homes.

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
 That frets and struts his Hour upon a Stage,
 And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
 Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
 Signifying nothing. Shak. Macb.

Life is but Air,
 That yields a Passage to the whistling Sword,
 And closes when 'tis gone.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st,
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n.
 They live too long who Happiness out-live.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Milt.
 For

For Life and Death are things indifferent ;
Each to be chose as either brings Content. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

'Tis not for Nothing that we Life pursue ;
It pays our Hopes with something still that's new :
Each Day's a Mistress unenjoy'd before ;
Like Travellers we're pleas'd with seeing more. *Dryd. Auren.*

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give ;
For not to live at Ease, is not to live :
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou liv'st, for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an old Wife's Tale. *Dryd. Persf.*

Short Bounds of Life are set to mortal Man ;
'Tis Virtue's Work alone to stretch the narrow Span. *Dryd. Virg.*
Improperly we measure Life by Breath ;
They do not truly live who merit Death. *Steph. Juv.*

Gods ! Life's your Gift ; then season't with such Fate,
That what you meant a Blessing prove no Weight.
Let me to the remotest Part be whirl'd
Of this your Play-thing, made in Haste, the World :
But grant me Quiet, Liberty, and Peace ;
By Day what's needful, and at Night soft Ease ;
The Friend I trust in, and the She I love :
Then fix me, and if e'er I wish Remove,
Make me as great, that's wretched, as you can ;
Set me in Pow'r, the wofull'st State of Man ;
To be by Fools misled, to Knaves a Prey.
But make Life what I ask, or take't away. *Orw.*

Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so too :
To live and die is all we have to do. *Denh.*

LIGHT. *See Creation:*

First-born of Chaos ! who so fair didst come
From the old *Negro's* darksom Womb !
Which, when it saw the lovely Child,
The melancholy Mafs put on kind Looks, and smil'd.
Thou Tide of Glory ! which no Rest do'st know !
But ever ebb, and ever flow !
Hail active Nature's watchful Life and Health !
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth !
Hail to thy Husband Heat and thee !
Thou the World's beauteous Bride, the lusty Bridegroom be.
Say, from what golden Quivers of the Sky
Do all thy winged Arrows fly.
Swiftness and Pow'r by Birth are thine,
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the Word Divine !
Swift as light Thoughts their empty Career run,
Thy Race is finish'd when begun.

Thou

Thou, in the Moon's bright Chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright Wood of Stars survey:
 And all the Year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flow'ry Lights thy own nocturnal Spring.
 Thou, *Seythian*-like, dost round thy Lands above,
 The Sun's guilt Tent, for ever move;
 And still as thou in Pomp dost go,
 The shining Pageants of the World attend thy Show.
 Nor amidst all those Triumphs dost thou scorn
 The humble Glow-worms to adorn;
 And with those living Spangles gild
 (O Greatness without Pride!) the Bushes of the Field.
 Night, and her ugly Subjects thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy Owl of Night,
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They skreen their horrid Shapes with the black Hemisphere.
 With them there hastes, and wildly takes th'Alarm,
 Of painted Dreams, a busy Swarm.
 At the first Op'ning of the Eye,
 The various Clusters break, the antick Atoms fly.
 The guilty Serpents and obscener Beasts
 Creep conscious to their secret Rests:
 Nature to thee does Rev'rence pay,
 Ill Omens and ill Sights remove out of thy Way.
 At thy Appearance Grief it self is laid
 To shake his Wings, and rouse his Head;
 And cloudy Care has often took
 A gentle beamy Smile, reflected from thy Look.
 At thy Appearance Fear it self grows bold;
 The Sun-shine melts away his Cold.
 Ev'n Lust, the Master of a harden'd Face,
 Blushes if thou be'st in the Place;
 To Darkneſs's Curtains he retires,
 In sympathizing Night he rous his smoaky Fires.
 When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd Head,
 Out of the Morning's purple Bed,
 Thy Choire of Birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful World salutes the rising Day.
 All the World's Brav'ry that delights our Eyes,
 Is but thy sev'ral Liveries.
 Thou the rich Dye on them bestow'st;
 Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskip as thou go'st.
 A crimson Garment in the Rose thou wear'st,
 A Crown of studded Gold thou bear'st.
 The Virgin Lillies in their White,
 Are clad but with the Lawn of almost naked Light.
 The Violet, Spring's little Infant, stands
 Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:

On the fair Tulip thou dost doat,
Thou cloath'st it with a gay and party-colour'd Coat.
But the vast Ocean of unbounded Day

In the Empyrean Heav'n does stay;
Thy Rivers, Lakes, and Springs below;
From thence took first their Rise, thither at last must flow. *Cowl,*

Thro' the rude *Chaos* thus the running Light
Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the native Night:
Then Day and Darkness in the Mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd.
Last shone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere,
Illumin'd Heav'n and Earth, and roul'd around the Year. *Dryd,*
(Cym. & Iph.)

Hail holy Light! Offspring of Heav'n, first-born,
Or of th'Eternal Co-eternal Beam:

Bright Effluence of bright Essence increate!
Or hear'st thou rather pure etherial Stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the Voice

Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising World of Waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless Infinite:

Thee I revisit now with bolder Wing,
Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, tho long detain'd
In that obscure Sojourn; while in my Flight
Thro' utter, and thro' middle Darkness born,
With other Notes than to the *Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*;

Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark Descent, and up to re-ascend,
Tho' hard and rare: Thee I re-visit safe,
And feel thy Sov'reign vital Lamp; but thou
Re-visit'st not these Eyes, that roul in vain
To find thy piercing Ray, and find no Dawn:
So thick a Drop serene has quench'd their Orbs,
Or dim Suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more

Cease I to wander where the *Muses* haunt,
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or sunny Hill,
Smit with the Love of sacred Song: But chief
Thee, *Sion*, and the flow'ry Brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd Feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: Nor sometimes forget

Those other Two, equall'd with me in Fate,
So were I equall'd with them in Renown,
Blind *Thamyris*, and blind *Maenides*,
And *Phineas* and *Tyresias*, Prophets old:
Then feed on Thoughts that voluntary move

Harmonious Numbers, as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet Approach of Ev'n and Morn,
 Or Sight of vernal Bloom, or Summer's Rose,
 Or Flocks, or Herds, or humane Face divine:
 But Cloud instead, and ever-during Dark
 Surrounds me ; from the chearful ways of Man
 Cut off, and for the Book of Knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal Blank
 Of Nature's Works to me expung'd and ras'd ;
 And Wisdom at one Entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather, thou Cœlestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind thro' all her Pow'rs
 Irradiate ; there plant Eyes, all Mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal Sight. *Milton. Spoken of himself.*
LIGHTNING. See Greatness, Sickness, Singing, Ne-
 cromancer, Storm, Thunder.

Quick Lightning flies when heavy Clouds rush on,
 And strikes like Steel and Flint, or Stone and Stone :
 For then small Sparks appear, and scatter'd Light
 Breaks swiftly forth, and wakes the sleepy Night.
 The Night amaz'd begins to haste away,
 As if those Fires were Beams of coming Day.

Cre. Luc.

As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
 The winged Fire shoots swiftly thro' the Sky,
 Strikes and consumes e'er scarce it does appear,
 And by the sudden Ill prevents the Fear.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

As when tempestuous Storms o'erspread the Skies,
 In whose dark Bowels in-born Thunder lies ;
 The watry Vapours numberless conspire
 To smother and oppress th'imprison'd Fire ;
 Which, thus collected, gathers greater Force,
 Breaks out in Flames, and with impetuous Course
 From the Clouds gaping Womb in Lightning flies,
 Flashing in ruddy Streaks along the Skies.

Blaz.

The dismal Lightnings all around,
 Some flying thro' the Air, some running on the Ground,
 Some swimming o'er the Waters Face,
 Fill'd with bright Horror ev'ry Place.

Cowl.

The Clouds,
 Justling, or push'd by Winds, rude in their Shock,
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart Flame driven down
 Kindles the gummy Bark of Firr, or Pine.

Milt.

As where the Lightning runs along the Ground,
 No Husbandry can heal the blasting Wound ;

Nor

Nor bladed Grass nor bearded Corn succeed,
But Scales of Scurf, and Putrefaction breed. *Dryd. Hind & Panth.*

Like Lightnings fatal Flash,
Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,
Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before. *Roch. Valent.*

As when a pointed Flame of Lightning flies,
With mighty Noise exploded from the Skies;
The ruddy Terrour with resistless Strokes
Invades the Mountain-Pines, and Forest Oaks;
Wide Lanes a-cross the Woods, and ghastly Tracks,
Where'er it goes, the swift Destruction makes. *Blac.*
L I O N. See Creation, Enjoyment, Frown, Joy, Paradise,
Retreat, Revenge, Twilight.

Thus as a hungry Lion, who beholds
A gamefom Goat, that frisks about the Folds;
Or beamy Stag, that grazes on the Plain;
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising Mane,
He grins, he opens wide his greedy Jaws;
The Prey lies panting underneath his Paws:
He fills his famish'd Maw, his Mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd Morsels, while he churns the Gore. *Dryd. Virg.*

The famish'd Lion thus, with Hunger bold,
O'erleaps the Fences of the mighty Fold;
And tears the peaceful Flocks: With silent Awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his Paw: *Dryd. Virg.*

So when the gen'rous Lion has in Sight
His equal Match, he rouses for the Fight:
But when his Foe lies prostrate on the Plain,
He sheaths his Paws, uncurls his angry Mane;
And pleas'd with bloodless Honours of the Day,
Walks over, and disdains th'inglorious Prey. *(Panth. Dryd. Hind &)*

As when the Swains the *Lybian* Lion chace,
He makes a sou'r Retreat, nor mends his Pace;
But if the pointed Jav'lin pierce his Side,
The Lordly Beast returns with double Pride:
He wrenches out the Steel, he roars for Pain,
His Sides he lashes, and erects his Mane.

His Eye-balls flash with Fire,
Thro' his wide Nostrils Clouds of Smoke expire. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus as a Lion, when he spies from far
A Bull, that seems to meditate the War,
Bending his Neck and spurning back the Sand;
Runs roaring downward from his hilly Stand,
To rush from high on his unequal Foe. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terrour of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
Till caught at length within some hidden Snare, *With*

With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him ;
 And roars, and rowls his fiery Eyes in vain : (*Amb. Stepm.*
 While the surrounding Swains wound him at Pleasure. *Rowe*

L O O K S, or Mien: See Beauty, Eyes.

The King arose with awful Grace, (*Pal. & Arc.*
 Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face. *Dryd.*
 Deep on his Front engraven,

Deliberation sate, and publick Care,
 And Princely Council in his Face yet shone. *Milb.*

Big made he was and tall ; his Port was fierce ;
 Erect his Countenance : Manly Majesty
 Sate in his Front, and darted from his Eyes,
 Commanding all he view'd. *Dryd. Oedip.*

His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,
 Nor durst the rash Spectators meet his Eyes ;
 Eyes that confess'd him born for Kingly Sway,
 So fierce they flash'd intolerable Day. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

The *Trojan* Chief appear'd in open Sight,
 August in Visage, and serenely bright :
 His Mother Goddess, with her Hands divine,
 Had form'd his curling Locks, and made his Temples shine ;
 Had giv'n his rouling Eyes a sparkling Grace,
 And breath'd a youthful Vigour on his Face :
 Like polish'd Iv'ry, beauteous to behold ;
 Or *Pavian* Marble, when encas'd with Gold. *Dryd. Virg.*

Amid the Press appears the beauteous Boy :
 His lovely Face unarm'd, his Head was bare ;
 In Ringlets o'er his Shoulders hung his Hair :
 His Forehead circled with a Diadem.
 Distinguish'd from the Croud he shines a Gem,
 Encas'd in Gold : Or polish'd Iv'ry, set
 Amidst the meaner Foil of sable Jet. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thro' his youthful Face,
 Wrath checks the Beauty, and sheds manly Grace ;
 Both in his Looks so joyn'd, that they might move
 Fear ev'n in Friends, and from an En'my Love.
 Hot as ripe Noon, sweet as the blooming Day: *Cowl.*

What's he, who with contracted Brow,
 And sullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes ;
 At once regardless of his Chains or Liberty ?
 He shuns my Kindness ;
 And with a haughty Mien and stern Civility,
 Dumbly declines all Office : If he speak,
 'Tis scarce above a Word ; as he were born
 Alone to Do, and did disdain to talk,
 At least to talk where he must not command. *Cong. Mour. Bride.*
 That

Dryd. Don Seb.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Dryd. All for Love.

Dryd. All for Love.

Mils.

Milt:

LOVE. *See* Absence, Enjoyment.

Rock.

(Love Trium.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Te

To lib'ral Arts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soft'n'd the Fierce, and made the Coward bold. *Dryd. Cym. & Iph.*

Ye niggard Gods! ye make our Lives too long:

Ye fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,

And only dash 'em with a little Love;

Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand: *Dryd. Amphit.*

Life without Love is Load, and Time stands still:

What we refuse to him, to Death we give,

And then, then only, when we love, we live. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

Love's an heroick Passion, which can find

No Room in any base degen'rate Mind:

It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,

To make the Lover worthy his Desire. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran. p. 2.*

Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love:

Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,

That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind,

No Smoke of Lust.

Dryd. Don Seb.

What art thou, Love, thou great mysterious Thing?

From what hid Stock does thy strange Nature spring?

'Tis thou that mov'st the World thro' ev'ry Part;

And hold'st the vast Frame fast that nothing start

From the due Place and Office first ordain'd:

By Thee were all things made, and are sustain'd.

Coul.

The Pow'r of Love,

In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,

Rules unresisted with an awful Nod:

By daily Miracles declar'd a God;

He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind:

And moulds, and stamps anew the Lover's Mind. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

No Law is made for Love:

Law is to things which to free Choice relate;

Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate:

Laws are but positive; Love's Pow'r we see

Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree.

Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws

For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.

Laws for Defence of civil Rights are plac'd;

Love throws the Fences down, and makes a gen'ral Waste.

Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall: *(Pal. & Arc.)*

The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all. *Dryd.*

In Hell, and Earth, and Seas, and Heav'n above,

Love conquers all; and we must yield to Love. *Dryd. Virg.*

For Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds:

Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds.

Dryd.

The Faults of Love by Love are justified:

With unresisted Might the Monarch reigns,

He raises Mountains, and he levels Plains: *Dryd. Sig. & Guis.*

Kings

Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause, (*Pal. & Art.*
But Love for Love alone, that crowns the Lover's Cause. *Dryd.*

Love gives Esteem, and then he gives Desert :

He either finds Equality or makes it ;

Like Death, he knows no Difference in Degrees,

But plains and levels all.

Dryd. Mar. A-la-mode;

By Heav'n, I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she :

Why should she asham'd, or angry be,

To be belov'd by me ?

The Gods may give their Altars o'er,

They'll smoke but seldom any more,

If none but happy Men must them adore.

The Lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,

To strike sometimes does not disdain

The humble Furzes of the Plain.

She being so high, and I so low,

Her Pow'r by this does greater shew,

Who at such Distance gives so sure a Blow.

If there be Man who thinks himself so high

As to pretend Equality,

He deserves her less than I ;

For he would cheat for his Relief,

And one would give with lesser Grief

T'an undeserving Beggar than a Thief.

Cowl,

I knew 'twas Madness to declare this Truth,

And yet 'twere Baseness to deny my Love.

'Tis true, my Hopes are vanishing as Clouds,

Lighter than Children's Bubbles blown by Winds :

My Merit's but the rash Result of Chance,

My Birth unequal: All the Stars against me ;

Pow'r, Promise, Choice, the Living and the Dead ;

Mankind my Foes, and only Love to friend me :

But such a Love, kept at such awful Distance,

As what it loudly dares to tell, a Rival

Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,

And so may Gods, else why are Altars rais'd ?

Why shines the Sun but that he may be view'd ?

But oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,

'Tis but to weep, and close our Eyes in Darkness.

(Fry.

Dryd. Span.

Love various Minds does variously inspire,

He stirs in gentle Natures gentle Fires,

Like that of Incense on the Altars laid ;

But raging Flames tempestuous Souls invade ;

A Fire which ev'ry windy Passion blows,

With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows. *Dr. Tyr. Love.*

So like the Chances are of Love and War,

That they alone in this distinguish'd are;

In Love the Victors from the Vanquish'd fly ;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Wall.

The Fate of Love is such,
That still it sees too little or too much.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

The Proverb holds, That to be wise, and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

A gen'ral Doom on all Mankind is pass'd,
And all are Fools and Lovers first or last:

This both by others and my self I know,
For I have serv'd their Sov'rain long ago ;
Oft have been caught within the winding Train

Of female Snares, and felt the Lover's Pain ; *(Pal. & Arc.)*
And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain. *Dryd.*

Love is the pleasant Frenzy of the Miad ;
And frantick Men in their mad Actions show
A Happiness that none but Madmen know.

Dryd.

Love is that Madnefs which all Lovers have ;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave:

'Tis an Enchantment where the Reason's bound,
But Paradise is in th'enchanted Ground ;

A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,
Where gentle Hours delude so much of Life.

To take those Charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into Misery ;

And Prudence, of whose Cure you so much boast, *(Gran.)*
Restores the Pains which that sweet Folly lost. *Dryd. Cong. of*

I have no Reason left that can assist me,
And none would have! My Love's a noble Madnefs,
Which shews the Cause deserves it. Mod'rate Sorrow

Fits vulgar Love, and for a vulgar Man ;
But I have lov'd with such transcendent Passion,

I soar'd at first quite out of Reason's View,
And now am lost above it.

Dryd. All for Love.

In Love what use of Prudence can there be ?
More perfect I, and yet more pow'rful She!

One Look of hers my Resolution breaks ;
Reason it self turns Folly when she speaks ;

And aw'd by her whom it was made to sway,
Flatters her Pow'r and does its own betray.

Dryd. State of Inn.

Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest ?
He knows him not the Executioner.

Oh! she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love ;
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,

And made Perdition pleasing.

Dryd. All for Love.

Witness ye Pow'rs !

How much I suffer'd and how much I strove:
But mighty Love who Prudence does despise,

For

For Reason shew'd me *Indamora's* Eyes:
 What would you more, my Crime I sadly view,
 Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Dryd. Auren.

For Love does human Policy despise,
 And laughs at all the Counsels of the Wife.

Dav. Circe.

For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
 Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and so forth, downwards. *Hud.*

FALLING in LOVE.

I came, I saw, and was undone!

Lightning did thro' my Bones and Marrow run;

A pointed Pain pierc'd deep my Heart,

A swift cold Trembling seiz'd on ev'ry Part;

My Head turn'd round, nor could it bear

The Poyson that was enter'd there.

Comd.

A Change so swift what Heart did ever feel!

It rush'd upon me like a mighty Stream,

And bore me in a Moment far from Shore!

I've lov'd away my self in one short Hour;

Already I am gone an Age of Passion.

Was it his Youth, his Valour, or Success?

These might perhaps be found in other Men:

'Twas that Respect, that awful Homage paid me;

That fearful Love which trembled in his Eyes,

And with a silent Earthquake shook his Soul:

But when he spoke, what tender Words he said?

So softly, that, like Flakes of feather'd Snow,

They melted as they fell.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Thus anxious Fears already seiz'd the Queen;

She fed within her Veins a Flame unseen:

The Heroe's Valour, Acts, and Birth inspire

Her Soul with Love, and fan the secret Fire.

His Words, his Looks, imprinted in her Heart,

Improve the Passion, and encrease the Smart.

Dryd. King.

I am not what I was since Yesterday;

My Food forsakes me, and my needful Rest:

I pine, I languish, love to be alone,

Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh:

When I see *Torrismond* I am unquiet,

And when I see him not I am in Pain,

They brought a Paper to me to be sign'd,

Thinking on him, I quite forgot my Name,

And writ for *Leonora*, *Torrismond*.

I went to Bed, and to my self I thought

That I would think on *Torrismond* no more;

Then shut my Eyes, but could not shut out him:

I turn'd, and try'd each Corner of my Bed

To find if Sleep was there, but Sleep was lost.

Feav'rish for want of Rest, I rose, and walk'd,
 And by the Moonshine to the Windows went ;
 There thinking to exclude him from my Thoughts,
 I cast my Eyes upon the neighb'ring Fields,
 And e'er I was aware sigh'd to my self,
 There fought my *Torrismond*.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

I'm pleas'd and pain'd since first her Eyes I saw,
 As I were stung with some *Tarantula* :
 Arms and the dusty Field I less admire,
 And soften strangely in some new Desire ;
 Honour burns in me not so fiercely bright,
 But pale as Fires when master'd by the Light.
 Ev'n while I speak and look, I change yet more,
 And now am nothing that I was before.
 I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my Eye-balls move ;
 I fear it is the Lethargy of Love !
 'Tis he ! I feel him now in ev'ry Part ;
 Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart ;
 Surveys in State each Corner of my Breast :
 And now I'm all o'er Love !

Dryd. Conq. of Gran.

He'd got a Hurt
 On th'Inside of a deadly sort,
 By *Cupid* made, who took his Stand
 Upon a Widow's Jointure Land ;
 Drew home his Bow, and aiming right,
 Let fly an Arrow at the Knight :
 The Shaft against a Rib did glance,
 And gall'd him in the Purtenance.

Hud.

O Love ! O cursed Boy !

Where art thou that torment'st me thus unseen,
 And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast
 With idle Purpose to inflame her Heart,
 Which is as inaccessible and cold
 As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills
 Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,
 Tho' the hot Sun roul o'er 'em ev'ry Day :
 And as his Beams, which only shine above,
 Scorch and consume in Regions round below ;
 So Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes,
 Leaves her cold Heart, and burns me at her Feet.

My Tyrant, but her flatt'ring Slave thou art, (Valent.
 A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart. Roch.

That proud Dame for whom his Soul
 Was burnt in's Belly to a Coal,
 Us'd him so like a base Rascallion,
 That old *Pyg* (what d'y' call him) *malion*,

That

That cut his Mistress out of Stone,
Had not so hard a hearted one.

Hud.

LOVE and OLD AGE.

Love, like a Shadow, while Youth shines is shown;
But in old Age's Darkness there is none. *How. D. of Lerm.*

Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd;
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature: Yours in your declining Age;
When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk;
When it went down, then you constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature to supply Desire:
Oh! 'tis meer Dotage in you.

Dryd. All for Love.

The Bloom of Beauty other Years demands,
Nor will be gather'd with such wither'd Hands:
You importune us with a false Desire,
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid Fire.
This Impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring:
Eager to ask, when you are past a Grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want:
Have Conscience; give not her you love this Pain;
Solicit not your self and her in vain:
All other Debts may Compensation find,
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Dryd. Auren.

You cannot love, nor Pleasure take nor give;
But Life begin when 'tis too late to live:
On a tir'd Courser you pursue Delight;
Let slip your Morning, and set out at Night.

Dryd. Auren.

PROTESTATIONS of LOVE.

While on *Septimius* panting Breast,
Meaning nothing less than Rest,
Acme lean'd her loving Head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* said:
My dearest *Acme*! if I be
Once alive, and love not thee,
With a Passion far above
All that e'er was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Desert may
I become some Lion's Prey;
Let him, *Acme*! let him tear
My Breast, when *Acme* is not there.

Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending Head;
And her purple Mouth with Joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)

She kiss'd his drunken rowling Eyes :
 My little Life! my all! said she,
 So may we ever Servants be
 To this best God, and ne'er retain
 Our hated Liberty again:
 So may thy Passion last for me,
 As I a Passion have for thee ;
 Greater and fiercer much than can
 Be conceiv'd by thee, a Man.
 Into my Marrow it is gone,
 Fix'd and settl'd in the Bone ;
 It reigns not only in my Heart,
 But runs like Life thro' ev'ry Part.
 Madam I do as is my Duty,
 Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tie.

Cowl. Cat.

Hud.

For your Love does lie
 As near and as nigh
 Unto my Heart within,
 As my Eye to my Nose,
 My Leg to my Hose,
 Or my Flesh unto my Skin.

Shak. Locrine.

My Love's so violent, so strong, so sure,
 As neither Age can change, nor Art can cure.

Dryd. Virg.

All constant Lovers shall in future Ages
 Approve their Truth by *Troilus* : When their Verse,
 Full of Protest, and Oath, and big Compare,
 Want Similes ; as Turtles to their Mates,
 As true as flowing Tides are to the Moon,
 Earth to the Centre, Iron to Adamant :
 At last, when Truth is tir'd with Repetition,
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown the Verse,
 And sanctify the Numbers.

Prophet may you be !

If I am false, or swerve from Truth and Love ;
 When Time is old, and has forgot it self
 In all things else, let it remember me ;
 And after all Comparisons of Falshood,
 To stab the Heart of Perjury in Maids,
 Let it be said, as false as *Cressida*.

Shak. & Dryd. *Troil. & Cress.*

Go bid the Needle his dear North forsake,
 To which with trembling Rev'rence it does bend ;
 Go bid the Stones a Journey upward make ;
 Go bid th'ambitious Flame no more ascend :
 And when these false to their old Motions prove,
 Then will I cease thee, thee alone, to love.

Cowl.

Quoth he, to bid me not to love,
 Is to forbid my Pulse to move ;

My

My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or, when I'm in a Fit, to hickup;
Command me to piss out the Moon,
And 'twill as easily be done.

Hud.

That I do love you, O all you Host of Heav'n
Be Witness! That you are dear to me!
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die;
O thou bright Pow'r be judge whom we adore,
Be witness of my Truth! be witness of my Love! *Lee Mithrid.*

If all my Heart and Soul be'n't thine,
May thy dear Body ne'er be mine. *Cowl.*

O my *Menimia*, to my Soul thou'rt dear
As Honour to my Name; dear as the Light
To Eyes but just restor'd and heal'd of Blindness. *Otw. Orph.*

Dryd. Virg.

O dearer than the vital Air I breathe.
O she is dearer to my Soul than Rest
To weary Pilgrims, or to Misers Gold,
To great Men Pow'r, or wealthy Cities Pride. *Otw. Orph.*

Dear as the vital Warmth that feeds my Life;
Dear as these Eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee. *Otw. Orph.*

Let me haste to tell thee
What and how dear *Moneses* has been to me:
What has he not been! All the Names of Love,
Brothers or Fathers, Husbands, all are poor:

Moneses is my self; in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my vital Blood he lives and reigns:
The last dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneses*; the last Breath that lingers
Within my panting Breast, shall sigh *Moneses*. *Row. Tamerl.*

Perdition catch my Soul, but I do love thee;
And when I love thee not, *Chaos* is come again. *Shak. Othel.*

My Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor shew it where 'tis not. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Quoth he, my Faith as Adamantine,
As Chains of Destiny I'll maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever spoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Then shine upon me but benignly;
With that one and that other Pigeon;
The Sun and Day shall sooner part,
Than Love or you shake off my Heart. *Hud.*

How I have lov'd,
Witness ye Days, and Nights, and all your Hours,
That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.

One Day pass'd by, and nothing saw but Love;
 Another came, and still 'twas only Love;
 The Suns were wearied out with looking on,
 And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day,
 And ev'ry Day was still but as the first,
 So eager was I still to see you more.

Dryd. All for Love.

'Tis she, she only, that can make me blest;
 Empire and Wealth, and all she brings beside,
 Are but the Train and Trappings of her Love. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
 Oh she's all Softness!

All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant;
 Nor can you wake her into Cries: By Heav'n
 She is the Child of Love, and she was born in Smiles. *Lee Alex.*

And is it giv'n me thus to touch thy Hand,
 And fold thy Body in my longing Arms!
 To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars!
 To taste thy Lips and thy dear balmy Breath;
 While ev'ry Sigh comes forth so fraught with Sweets,
 'Tis Incense to be offer'd to a God.

Lee Alex.

The vernal Bloom and Fragancy of Spices,
 Wasted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.

From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
 Ambrosial Odours flow: My ev'ry Faculty.

(Steph.

Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure. *Row. Amph.*

By Heav'n, my *Edith*;

Thy Mother fed on Roses when she bred thee!
 The Sweetness of th' *Arabian* Wind still blowing
 Upon the Treasures of Perfumes and Spices,
 In all their Pride and Pleasures call thee Mistress.

Beau. Rolla.

Sweet as the rosy Morn she breaks upon me;
 And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholesome Shade,
 Gives way before the golden Dawn she brings.

Row. Tamerl.

Not the Spring's Mouth, nor Breath of Jessamin,
 Nor Vi'lets Infant-sweets, nor op'ning Buds,
 Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast!

From ev'ry Pore of him a Perfume falls;
 He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
 Curles like a Vine, and touches like a God!

Then he will talk! good Gods! how he will talk!

Ev'n when the Joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 Ev'n then he speaks such Words, and looks such things,
 Vows with so much Passion, swears with so much Grace,
 That 'tis a kind of Heav'n to be deluded by him.

If I but mention him, the Tears will fall:

Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
 But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.

Lee Alex.
 My

My Lord, my Love, my Refuge,
Happy my Eyes when they behold thy Face!
My heavy Heart will leave its doleful Beating
At Sight of thee, and bound with sprightly Joy. *Otw.Ven.Pref.*

Does she not come like Wisdom, or good Fortune,
Replete with Blessings, giving Wealth and Honour?
The Dowry which she brings is Peace and Pleasure;
And everlasting Joy is in her Arms. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Oh! she's the Pride and Glory of the World!
Without her, all the rest is worthless Dross;
Life a base Slav'ry; Empire but a Mock;
And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse. *Roch. Valent.*

If Love be Treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich:
I have so much, my Heart will surely break with't:
Vows can't express it. When I would declare
How great's my Joy, I'm dumb with the big Thought:
I swell, and sigh, and labour with my Longing.
Oh lead me to some Desert wide and wild,
Barren as our Misfortunes, where my Soul
May have its Vent; where I may tell aloud
To the high Heav'n's and ev'ry list'ning Planet,
With what a boundless Stock my Bosom's fraught;
Where I may throw my eager Arms about thee,
Give loose to Love with Kisses, kindling Joy,
And let off all the Fire that's in my Heart. *Otw.Ven.Pref.*

'Tis now that I begin to live again,
Since I behold my *Aurengzebe* appear!
His Name alone afforded me Relief;
Repeated as a Charm to ease my Grief.
I that lov'd Name, did as some God invoke,
And printed Kisses on it as I spoke. *Dryd. Auren.*

Lavinia! Oh there's Musick in the Name,
That soft'ning me to Infant Tenderness,
Makes my Heart spring like the first Leaps of Life. *Otw.Cai.Mar.*

Oh *Pierre*! wert thou but she!
How I could pull thee down into my Heart,
Gaze on thee till my Eye-strings crack'd with Love,
Till all my Sinews, with its Fire extended,
Fix'd me upon the Rack of ardent Longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging to be blest,
Come, like a panting Turtle, to thy Breast. *Otw.Ven.Pref.*

Hold off, and let me run into his Arms!
My Dearest! my all Love, my Lord, my King,
Thou shalt not die, if that the Soul and Body
Of thy *Statira* can restore thy Life!
Give me thy wonted Kindness! Bend me, break me
With thy Embraces! *Lee Alex.*
Love

Love mounts and rouls about my stormy Mind ,
 Like Fire that's born by a tempestuous Wind :
 Oh I could stifle you with eager Haste,
 Devour your Kisses with my hungry Taste,
 Rush on you, eat you, wander o'er each Part,
 Raving with Pleasure, snatch you to my Heart ;
 Then hold you off and gaze ! then with new Rage
 Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
 Torrents of Joy, which all their Banks o'erflow ;
 So lost, so blest as I but then could know !

Dryd. Auren.

The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
 Shoots ev'ry Grain of her into my Heart !
 She is all mine ! By Heav'n ! I feel her here,
 Panting and warm ! the Dearest ! oh *Statira* !

Lee Alex.

Semandra shall be mine ! ev'n all *Semandra* !
 The Thought is Extasie ! These Arms shall hold her
 Fast to my throbbing Breast, these ravish'd Eyes
 Gaze till they're blind with looking on her Blushes !
 These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
 And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
 That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasures. *Lee Methrid.*
 Who should be lov'd but you ?

So lov'd that ev'n my Crown and self are vile
 When you are by.

Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's* Angel ;
 Shine thro' my Cares, and make my Crown sit easy.

(of Guise.

Lee Duke

Give, ye Gods, give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
 This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
 This gewgaw World, and put him cheaply off ;
 I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Dryd. All for Love.

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed Steeds,
 Tow'rd *Phæbus* Lodging ; such a Charioteer
 As *Phaeton* would lash you to the West,
 And bring in cloudy Night immediately.
 Spread thy close Curtains, Love-performing Night,
 Thou sober-suited Matron, all in Black,
 That jealous Eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
 Leap to these Arms untalk'd of, and unseen.
 Oh ! Give me *Romeo*, and when he shall dye,
 Take him, and cut him out in little Stars ;
 And he will make the Face of Heav'n so fine,
 That all the World will be in love with Night,
 And pay no Worship to the gawdy Sun.

Shak. Rom. & Jul.

But oh ! there wants the crown my Happiness,
 Life of my Empire, Treasure of my Soul,
 Guide of my Days, and Goddess of my Nights !
 My dear *Statira* ! Oh that heav'nly Beam !

Warmth

Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my Heart!
 Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
 By this time I had been among the Gods;
 If any Extasie can make a Height,
 Or any Rapture hurl us to the Heav'ns.

Lee Alex.

Oh thou'rt my Soul itself, Wealth, Friendship, Honour!
 All present Joys, and Earnest of all future
 Are summ'd in thee! Methinks when in thy Arms
 Thus leaning on thy Breast, one Minute's more
 Than a long thousand Years of vulgar Hours.

Osw. Ven. Pres.

She reigns more fully in my Soul than ever,
 She garrisons my Breast, and mans against me
 Ev'n my own Rebel Thoughts with thousand Graces,
 Ten thousand Charms, and new-discover'd Beauties:
 Oh had'st thou seen her when she lately bless'd me,
 What Tears, what Looks, what Languishings she darted!
 Love bath'd himself in the distilling Balm;
 And oh! the subtle God has made his Entrance
 Quite thro' my Heart: He shouts and triumphs there,
 And all his Cry is Death or *Bellamira*!

O Expectation burns me! Heart! how she inflames me!
 Let's talk no more of War; for now my Theme's all Love!
 The War, like Winter, vanishes; 'tis gone,
 And *Bellamira*, with eternal Spring,
 Dress'd in blue Heav'ns, and breathing vernal Sweets,
 Drops, like a Cherubim, in Spoils before me.
 Thus to a glorious Coast, thro' Tempests hurl'd,
 We sail, like him who sought the *Indian World*:
 'Tis more, 'tis Paradise I go to prove,
 And *Bellamira* is the Land of Love!

I have her in my View, and hark, she talks,
 And see, about like the first Maid she walks;
 Fair as the Day, when first the World began,
 And I am doom'd to be the happy Man!

Lee Gæf. Berg.

The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
 Into my Soul, and my whole Heart receives him:
Almeyda now returns with all her Charms:

I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
 And dances in my Blood. So when *Mahomet*
 Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell,
 Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
 A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by;
 Passing she cast at him a sidelong Glance,
 And look'd behind in Hopes to be pursu'd;
 He took the Hint, embrac'd the flying Fair,
 And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Dryd. Don Seb.

O the killing Joy !

O Extasie ! my Heart will burst my Breast
To leap into thy Bosom ! But, by Heav'n,
This Night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack I have this Day endur'd ;
For all the Sighs and Tears that I have spent,
I'll have so many thousand burning Loves ;
So swell thy Lips, so fill me with thy Sweetness,
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring Eyes ;
The smiling Hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the Night, and languish all the Day. *Lee Alex.*

Where am I ? Surely Paradise is round me ;
Sweets planted by the Hand of Heav'n grow here,
And ev'ry Sense is full of thy Perfection !
To here thee speak might calm a Mad-man's Frenzy,
Till by Attention he forgot his Sorrows ;
But to behold thy Eyes, th' amazing Beauties,
Wou'd make him rage again with Love, as I do :
To touch thee's Heav'n, but to enjoy thee, Oh !
Thou Nature's whole Perfection in one Piece !
Sure framing thee, Heav'n took unusual Care,
As its own Beauty it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd Angel there. *Otw. Orph.*

Who can behold such Beauty and be silent ?
Desire first taught us Words : Man when created,
At first, alone, long wander'd up and down,
Forlorn and silent as his Vassal Beast :
But when a Heav'n-born Maid like you appear'd,
Strange Passion fill'd his Eyes, and fir'd his Heart,
Unloos'd his Tongue, and his first Talk was Love. *Otw. Orph.*

Love in your sunny Eyes does basking play ;
Love walks the pleasant Mazes of your Hair ;
Loves does on both your Lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand Kisses there. *Cowl.*

The Sun shall now no more dispense
His own, but your bright Influence :
I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
With True-Love's Knots and Flourishes,
That shall infuse eternal Spring,
And everlasting Flourishing :
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
And make it brisk *Champaign* become :
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot shall set
The Primrose and the Violet :
All Spices, Perfumes, and sweet Powders,
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odours.
Nature her Charter shall renew,
And take all Lives of Things from you :

The

The World depend upon your Eye,
 And when you frown upon it, die :
 Only our Loves shall still survive ;
 New Worlds and Natures to outlive :
 And like to Heralds Moons, remain
 All Crescent, without Change or Wane. Hud:

Hold, hold, quoth she, no more of this ;
 Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiss :
 For you will find it a hard Chapter,
 To catch me with poetick Rapture :
 In which your Mastery of Art
 Does shew it self, and not your Heart :
 Nor will you raise, in mine, Combustion,
 By Dint of high heroick Fustian:
 She that with Poetry is won,
 Is but a Desk to write upon :
 And what Men say of her, they mean
 No more than that on which they lean.
 Some with *Arabian* Spices strive
 To embalm her cruelly alive.

Her Mouth's compar'd to an Oysters, with
 A Row of Pearls in't, 'stead of Teeth ;
 Others make Posies of her Cheeks,
 Where red and whitest Colours mix :
 In which the Lilly and the Rose,
 For *Indian Lake* and *Ceruse* goes.

The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes
 Eclips'd and darken'd in the Skies,
 Are but black Patches which she wears,
 Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars :
 By which Astrologers, as well
 As those in Heav'n above, can tell
 What strange Events they do foreshow
 Unto her Under-World below.

Her Voice the Musick of the Spheres,
 So loud it deafens mortal Ears :
 As wise Philosophers have thought,
 And that's the Cause we hear it not:
 This has been done by some, who those
 Th'ador'd in Rhyme, would kick in Prose ;
 And in those Garters would have hung
 Of which melodiously they sung. Hud.

Why so pale and wan, fond Lover !
 Prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?

Why

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner!
 Prithee why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The Devil take her.

Suckl.

Tell me then the Reason, why
 Love from Hearts in Love does fly?
 Why the Bird will build a Nest,
 Where he ne'er intends to rest?
 Love like other little Boys;
 Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:
 Which, when gain'd in childish Play,
 Wantonly are thrown away.
 Still on Wing, or on his Knees,
 Love does nothing by Degrees:
 Basely flying when most priz'd;
 Meanly fawning when despis'd.
 Flattering or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never:
 All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,
 All his Woes severe Extrems.

Roch.

Oh Love! How are thy precious sweetest Minutes
 Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with Disappointments!
 Now Pride, now Fickleness, fantastick Quartels,
 And fullen Coldness, give us Pain by Turns:
 Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
 To bring us Fears, Disquiets, and Delays;
 And ev'n at last, when after all our Waiting,
 Eager we think to snatch our dear-bought Bliss,
 Ambition calls us to its fullen Cares;
 And Honour stern, impatient of Neglect,
 Commands us to forget our Ease and Pleasures;
 As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
 And Love were not the Bus'ness of our Lives:

Row. Ulyss.

Ah! cruel Heav'n, that made no Cure for Love!
 Love has no Bounds in Pleasure or in Pain.

Dryd. Virg.

What priestly Rites, alas! what pious Art
 What Vows avail to cure a bleeding Heart?
 A gentle Fire she feeds within her Veins,
 Where the soft God secure in Silence reigns:
 Sick with Desire, and seeking him she loves,
 From Street to Street the raging *Dido* roves:

So when the watchful Shepherd, from the Blind,
Wounds with a random Shaft the careless Hind;
Distracted with her Pain she flies the Woods,
Bounds o'er the Lawn, and seeks the silent Floods,
With fruitless Care; for still the fatal Dart
Sticks in her Side, and rankles in her Heart. *Dryd. Virg.*

Anger in hasty Words or Blows
It self discharges on our Foes;
And Sorrow too finds some Relief
In Tears, which wait upon our Grief:
So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own Redress does move:
But that alone the Wretch inclines
To what prevents his own Designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep:
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd. *Wall.*

But I must rowze my self, and give a Stop
To all those Ills by headlong Passion caus'd:
In Minds resolv'd weak Love is put to flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight.
But we indulge our Harms, and while he gains
An Entrance, please our selves into our Pains. *Dryd. Sec. Love.*

Rowze to the Combat,
And thou art sure to conquer: Wars shall restore thee,
The Sound of Arms shall wake thy martial Ardour,
And cure this am'rous Sickness of thy Soul,
Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease.
The idle God of Love supinely dreams
Amidst inglorious Shades of purling Streams;
In rosy Fetters and fantastick Chains
He binds deluded Maids and simple Swains:
With soft Enjoyments woos them to forget
The hardy Toils and Labours of the Great:
But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms,
To virtuous Acts excite and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On silken Wings-sublime he cuts the Air,
Scar'd at the noble Noise, and Thunder of the War. *Row. Tamerl.*

Away then, feeble God,
I banish thee my Bosom: Hence, I say,
Be gone; or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
And stab thee in my Heart. The Wars come on:
By Heav'n I'll drown thy laughing Deity
In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword. *Lee Mithrid.*

Yes!

Yes ! I will shake this *Cupid* from my Arms,
 If all the Rages of the Earth can fright him ;
 Drown him in the deep Bowl of *Hercules* ;
 Make the World drunk, and then like *Æolus*,
 When he gave Passage to the struggling Winds,
 I'll stick my Spear into the reeling Globe
 To let it Blood : Set *Babylon* in a Blaze, (Lee Alex.
 And drive this God of Flames with more consuming Fire.

LOYALTY. See Subject.

For Loyalty is still the same,
 Whether it win or lose the Game ;
 True as the Dial to the Sun,
 Altho' it be not shin'd upon.

But True and Faithful's sure to lose,
 Which Way soever the Game goes ;
 And whether Parties lose or win,
 Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :
 While Pow'r usurp'd, like stoll'n Delight,
 Is more bewitching than the right ;
 And when the Times begin to alter,
 None rise so high as from the Halter.

Hud.

The Faith of most with Fortune does decline,
 Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

How.

Let Fools the Name of Loyalty divide ;
 Wise Men and Gods are on the strongest Side. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

For whom should we esteem above
 The Men whom Gods do love.

Cowl.

The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,
 And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em.
 But Faith to Princes broke is Sacrilege,
 An Injury to the Gods ; and that lost Wretch,
 Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,
 Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,
 And leaves a Curse to his Posterity.

Roch. Valent.

L U S T.

As Virtue never will be mov'd,
 Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n :
 So Lust, tho' to a radiant Angel joyn'd,
 Will seat it self in a celestial Bed,
 And pray on Garbage.

Shak. Haml.

To a Lady playing on the L U T E.

The trembling Strings about her Fingers crowd,
 And tell their Joy for ev'ry Kiss aloud :
 Small Force there needs to make them tremble so ;
 Touch'd by that Hand, who would not tremble too ?
 Here Love takes Stand, and while she charms the Ear,
 Empties his Quiver on the list'ning Deer :

Musick

Musick so softens and disarms the Mind,
 That not one Arrow does Resistance find :
 Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the Prize,
 And acts her self the Triumph of her Eyes.
 So *Nero* once with Harp in Hand survey'd
 His flaming *Rome*, and as that burn'd he play'd. *Wall.*
 To burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
 Had he but heard thy Lute, he soon had found
 His Rage eluded, and his Crime atton'd :
 Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, had rais'd the Stone,
 And from Destruction call'd a fairer Town :
 Malice to Musick had been forc'd to yield,
 Nor could he burn so fast as thou could'st build. *Prior.*

L Y R E.

Awake, awake, my Lyre,
 And tell thy silent Master's humble Tale,
 In Sounds that may prevail ;
 Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire :
 Tho' so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her such different Notes make all thy Harmony.
 Hark how the Strings awake,
 And tho' the moving Hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful Fear,
 A kind of num'rous Trembling make :
 Now all thy Forces try,
 Now all thy Charms apply ;
 Revenge upon her Ear the Conquests of her Eye.
 Weak Lyre, thy Virtue sure
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound,
 And she to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak too wilt thou prove
 My Passion to remove :
 Physick to other Ills, thou'rt Nourishment to Love,
 Sleep ! sleep again, my Lyre ;
 For thou canst never tell my humble Tale
 In Sounds that will prevail,
 Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire :
 All thy vain Mirth lay by,
 Bid thy Strings silent lie,
 Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy Master die. *Cowli.*

M A D.

Now see that noble and most sov'raign Reason,
 Like sweet Bells jangled out of Tune and harsh ;
 Mad as the Seas and Winds, when both contend
 Which is the mightier.

She hems, and beats her Breast,
 Spurns enviously at Straws ; speaks things in Doubt,
 That carry but half Sense :
 Yet her unshap'd Use of Speech does move
 The Hearers to Collection : They aim at it,
 And her Words up-fit to their own Thoughts ;
 Which as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there would be Thoughts ;
 Tho' nothing suit, yet much, unhappily. *Shak. Haml.*

Behold her lying in her Cell,
 Her unregarded Locks
 Matted like *Furies* Tresses ; her poor Limbs
 Chain'd to the Ground ; and stead of those Delights,
 Which happy Lovers taste, her Keeper's Stripes,
 A Bed of Straw, and a coarse wooden Dish
 Of wretched Sustenance. *Orw. Orph.*

Observe the Gallantry of her Distraction :
 Hark how she mouths the Heav'ns, and mates the Gods ;
 Her blazing Eyes darting the wand'ring Stars,
 While with her thund'ring Voice she threatens high,
 And ev'ry Accent twangs with smarting Sorrow. *Lee Oedip.*

He raves : His Words are loose
 As Heaps of Sand, and scatt'ring wide from Sense.
 So high he's mounted in his airy Throne,
 That now the Wind is got into his Head,
 And turns his Brains to Frenzy. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Wild
 As a robb'd Tigress bounding o'er the Woods. *Lee Oedip.*
 Wild as Winds,

That sweep the Desarts of our moving Plains. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
 There is a Pleasure sure in being mad,
 Which none but Madmen know. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Madmen ought not to be mad,
 But who can help their Frenzy ? *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

A Woman ! If you love my Peace of Mind,
 Name not a Woman to me : But to think
 Of Woman were enough to taint my Brains
 Till they ferment to Madness. A Woman is the thing
 I would forget, and blot from my Remembrance. *Orw. Orph.*

To my charm'd Ears no more of Woman tell ;
 Name not a Woman and I shall be well :
 Like a poor Lunatick that makes his Moan,
 And for a while beguiles his Lookers on ;
 He reasons well, his Eyes their Wildness lose,
 He vows the Keepers his wrong'd Sense abuse :

But if you hit the Cause that hurt his Brain,
Then his Teeth gnash, he foams, he shakes his Chain,
His Eye-balls rowl, and he is mad again. }
Lee Cæf. Burg.

T O M - A - B E D L A M.

I have bethought my self
To take the basest and the poorest Shape,
That ever Penury in Contempt of Man,
Brought near to Beast. My Face I'll grime with Filth;
Blanket my Loins, put all my Hair in Knots;
And with presented Nakedness out-face
The Winds and Persecutions of the Sky.
The Country gives me Proof and President
Of *Bedlam* Beggars, who with roaring Voices
Strike into their numm'd and mortify'd Arms
Pins, wooden Pricks, Nails, Sprigs of Rosemary;
And with this horrible Object from low Farms,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-cotes, and Mills,
Sometimes with lunatick Bans, sometimes with Pray'rs,
Inforce their Charity. }
Shak. K. Lear.

M A N. *See Babe, Creation, Philosophy.*

Time was when we were sow'd, and just began
From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man:
Then *Nature's* Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the soft coagulated Mass;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathless *Embryo* with a Spirit warm'd:
But when the Mother's Throes begin to come,
The Creature pent within the narrow Room,
Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
Cast on the Margin of the World he lies
A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries:
He next essays to walk, but downwards press'd,
On four Feet imitates his Brother-Beast:
By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
His Legs, and to the Rouling-Chair is bound:
Then walks alone; a Horseman now become,
He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room.
In time he vaults among his youthful Peers,
Strong bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years.
He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
But manages his Strength and spares his Age:
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
And tho' 'tis Down-hill all, but creeps along the Race. }

Now sapless on the Verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet and Hands ;
 And, *Milo* like, his slacken'd Sinews fees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear the Trees. }

Thus ev'n our Bodies daily Change receive,
 Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave ;
 Nor are to Day what Yesterday they were,
 Nor the whole Same To-morrow will appear.

Dryd. Ovid.

So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat ;
 Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat :
 Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell,
 At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
 And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid,
 Then helpless in his Mother's Lap is laid :
 He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
 Grudges their Life from whence his own began :
 Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
 Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne.
 First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last,
 Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste :
 Some thus, but thousands more in Flow'r of Age,
 For few arrive to run the latter Stage.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Man is but Man, inconstant still and various.
 There's no To-morrow in him like To-day :
 Perhaps the Atoms rolling in his Brain,
 Make him think honestly this present Hour ;
 The next, a Swarm of base ungrateful Thoughts
 May mount aloft.

Who would trust Chance, since all Men have the Seeds
 Of Good or Ill, which should work upward first ? *Dryd. Cleom.*

Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
 Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain :
 And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward
 To the World's open View.

Dryd. All for Love.

Ah ! what is Man when his own Wish prevails !
 How rash, how swift to plunge himself in Ill !
 Proud of his Pow'r, and boundless in his Will !

Dryd.

With what unequal Tempers are we fram'd ?
 One Day the Soul, supine with Ease and Fullness,
 Revels secure, and fondly tells her self,
 The Hour of Evil can return no more :
 The next, the Spirits pall'd, and sick of Riot,

Turn

Turn all to Discord, and we hate our Beings ;
Curse the past Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterness and Anguish.

Row. Fair Pen.

Mankind one Day serene and free appear,
The next they're cloudy, fullen, and severe.
New Passions new Opinions still excite,
And what they like at Noon despise at Night.
They gain with Labour what they quit with Ease,
And Health for want of Change becomes Disease.
Religion's bright Authority they dare,
And yet are Slaves to superstitious Fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And tho' they're couzen'd still, they still believe.

Gar.

Mankind upon each others Ruin rise,
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wise. *How. Vesp. Vir.*

Mankind each others Stories still repeat,
And Man to Man is a succeeding Cheat.

How. D. of Lerm.

Were I, [who to my Cost already am
One of those strange prodigious Creatures Man]
A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share
What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to wear ;

}

I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing but that vain Animal,
Who is so proud of being rational.
The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A sixth to contradict the other five :
And before certain Instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.
Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature, Sense, behind,
Pathless, and dang'rous wandring Ways it takes,
Thro' Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes :
While the misguided Follow'r climbs with Pain
Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brain ;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
In hopes still to o'ertake th'escaping Light ;
Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.
Huddled in Dirt the reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a Wretch :
His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy ;
Aiming to know that World he should enjoy.

And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence:
 For Wits are treated just like common Whores,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors,
 Women and Men of Wit are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.
 Those Creatures are the wisest who attain
 By surest Means the Ends at which they aim:
 If therefore *Jowler* finds and kills his Hare
 Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair,
 Tho' one's a Statesman, th'other but a Hound,
Jowler in Justice would be wiser found.
 Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey,
 But savage Man alone does Man betray!
 Press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food;
 Man undoes Man to do himself no Good.
 With Teeth and Claws, by Nature arm'd, they hunt
 Nature's Allowance to supply their Want:
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Unhumanly his Fellow's Life betrays;
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
 Not through Necessity but Wantonness.
 For Hunger or for Love they fight and tear,
 While wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear;
 For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid;
 By Fear to Fear successively betray'd:
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion came,
 His boasted Honour and his dear-bought Fame.
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,
 'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure:
 Meerly for Safety after Fame we thirst,
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:
 And Honesty's against all common Sense;
 Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence:
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair
 Among known Cheats to play upon the Square,
 You'll be undone;
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave:
 Long shall he live insulted o'er, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

MARRIAGE. See Husband, Wife.

To the nuptial Bower

I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heav'n,
 And happy Constellations on that Hour
 Shed their selectest Influence: The Earth
 Gave Sign of Gratulation, and each Hill:

Reph.

Joyous

Joyous the Birds : Fresh Gales and gentle Airs
 Whisper'd it to the Woods ; and from their Wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicy Shrub ;
 Disporting till the am'rous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening-Star
 On his Hill-top to light the bridal Lamp.

Milt.

And *Venus* blest'd with nuptial Bliss the long laborious Night.
Eros and *Anteros* on either Side,

One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride ;

And *Hymen* from above

Shower'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian Grove*. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Hail wedded Love ! mysterious Law ! true Source

Of human Offspring ! sole Propriety

In Paradise, of all things common else !

By thee adult'rous Lust was driv'n from Man

Among the bestial Herds to range ; by thee

Founded in Reason, loyal, just, and pure,

Relations dear, and all the Charities

Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known !

Perpetual Fountain of domestick Sweets !

Here Love his golden Shafts employs, here lights

His constant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings :

Here reigns and revels ; not in the bought Smile

Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindear'd,

Casual Fruition ; nor in Court-Amours,

Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or midnight Ball,

Or Serenade, which the starv'd Lover sings

To his proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

Milt.

When fix'd to one, Love safe at Anchor rides,

And dares the Fury of the Wind and Tides ;

But losing once that Hold, to the wide Ocean born,

It drives away at Will, to ev'ry Wave a Scorn. *Dryd. Tyr. Leus.*

All Women would be of one Piece,

The virtuous Matron and the Miss ;

The Nymphs of chaste *Diana's* Train,

The same with those in *Lukener's-Lane* ;

But for the Diff'rence Marriage makes

'Twixt Wives and Ladies of the Lakes:

Hud.

Marriage, thou Curse of Love and Snare of Life !

That first debas'd a Mistress to a Wife !

Love like a Scene at Distance should appear,

But Marriage views the gross-daub'd Landscape near.

Love's nauseous Cure ! thou cloy'st whom thou should'st please,

And when thou cur'st, then thou art the Disease.

When Hearts are loose, thy Chain our Bodies ties ;

(Gran.

Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies. *Dryd. Conq. of*

And Wedlock without Love, some say,

Is but a Lock without a Key:
 It is a kind of Rape to marry
 One that neglects or cares not for ye;
 For what does make it Ravishment,
 But being 'gainst the Mind's Consent.

Hud.

A Slavery beyond enduring,
 But that 'tis of our own procuring:
 As Spiders never seek the Fly,
 But leave him of himself t'apply;
 So Men are by themselves betray'd
 To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
 And run their Necks into a Noose,
 They'd break 'em after to break loose.

Hud.

With gaudy Plumes and jingling Bells made proud,
 The youthful Beast sets forth and neighs aloud:
 A morning Sun his tinsell'd Harness gilds,
 And the first Stage a down-hill Green-sword yields.
 But oh!

What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life,
 Our Sun declines, and with what anxious Strife,
 What Pain we tug that galling Load a Wife?
 All Courfers the first Heat with Vigour run,

}

But 'tis with Whip and Spur the Race is won. *Cong. Old. Batch.*

Marriage is but a Beast, some say,
 That carries double in foul Way;
 Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
 It should so suddenly be tir'd.

Hud.

For after Matrimony's over,
 He that holds out but half a Lover,
 Deserves for every Minute more
 Than half a Year of Love before.

Hud.

Fondness is still th'Effect of new Delight:
 Marriage is but the Pleasure of a Day;
 The Metal's base, the Gilding worn away.

Dryd. Auren.

Marriage at best is but a Vow,
 Which all Men either break or bow.

Hud.

Lord of your self, uncumber'd with a Wife!
 Where for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight.
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd:
 For Man and Woman, tho' in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two:
 He to God's Image, she to his was made;
 So farther from the Fount the Stream at Random stray'd:
 How could he stand; when, put to double Pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain?

Each

Each might have stood perhaps, but each alone;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.
 Not that my Verse would blemish all the Fair,
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware;
 And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare. *Dryd.* }

I would not wed her:

No! were she all Desire could wish, as fair
 As would the vainest of her Sex be thought,
 With Wealth beyond what Woman's Pride could waste,
 She should not cheat me of my Freedom. Marry!
 When I am old, and weary of the World,
 I may grow desperate,
 And take a Wife to mortify withal. *Ow. Orph.*

Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
 The Battle causes Fear, but the sweet Hopes
 Of winning at the last still draws them in. *Lee Mithrid.*

M A R S.

The God of War, whose unresisted Sway
 The Labours and Events of Arms obey. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus on the Banks of *Hebrus* freezing Flood,
 The God of Battels, in his angry Mood,
 Clashing his Sword against his brazen Shield,
 Lets loose the Reins, and scours along the Field:
 Before the Wind his fiery Coursers fly,
 Groans the sad Earth, resounds the rattling Sky.
Wrath, Terrour, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
 Dire Faces and deform'd, surround the Car,
 Friends of the God, and Follow'rs of the War. *Dryd. Virg.* }

Strong God of Arms! whose Iron Sceptre sways
 The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
 And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* wintry Coast,
 Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
 There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,
 The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
 Terrour is thine, and wild Amazement flung
 From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
 And Disarray, and shameful Rout ensue,
 And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Venus, the publick Care of all above,
 Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:
 Now by her Blandishments and pow'ful Charms,
 When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms;
 Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
 When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net intrall'd;
 (Oh envied Ignominy! Sweet Disgrace!)
 When ev'ry God that saw thee, wish'd thy Place!!
 By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,

And

And make me conquer in my Patron's Right.
 For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
 The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to perswade ;
 And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair ;
 But caught my self, lie struggling in the Snare.
 Nought can my Strength avail, unless by thee
 Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory.
 Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
 If ought I have achiev'd deserve thy Care ;
 If to my utmost Pow'r, with Sword and Shield,
 I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield ;
 And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field.
 So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
 The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine.
 Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife
 Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life ;
 And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoil among,
 High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung,
 Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers ; and below,
 With Arms revers'd, th'Achievements of my Foe.
 And while these Limbs the vital Spirit feeds,
 While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
 Thy smoking Altar shall be fat with Food
 Of Incense, and the grateful Stream of Blood :
 Burnt-Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine,
 And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine :
 This Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair
 Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
 Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,
 Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee. *Dryd. Pal. & Ar.*

Temple of M A R S.

In the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,
 With diff'rent Figures all the Sides were spread :
 This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace,
 Was imitative of the first in *Thrace*.
 For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
 And Sov'raign Mansion of the Warriour-God.
 The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare,
 Where neither Beast nor Human-kind repair.
 The Fowl that scent afar, the Borders fly,
 And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
 A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
 And prickly Stubs instead of Trees are found ;
 Or Woods with Knots and Knares, deform'd and old ;
 Headless the most ; and hideous to behold.
 A ratt'ling Tempest thro' the Branches went,
 That stript them bare, and one sole Way they bent.

Heav'n

Heav'n froze above severe ; the Clouds congeal,
 And through the chrystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
 Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood,
 Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the Wood :
 Beneath the lowring Brow, and on a Bent
 The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent.
 The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
 From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air.
 A streight long Entry to the Temple led,
 Blind with high Walls, and Horrour over-head ;
 Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Roar,
 As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door.
 In, thro' that Door a northern Light there shone,
 'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
 The Gate was Adamant ; eternal Frame !
 Which hew'd by *Mars* himself from *Indian* Quarries came,
 The Labour of a God ! and all along
 Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.
 A Tun about was every Pillar there,
 A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.
 There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,
 And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought,
 And Midwife-Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought. }
 There the red *Anger* dar'd the pallid *Fear* ;
 Next stood *Hypocrisy*, with holy Leer,
 Soft-smiling, and demurely looking down ;
 But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown.
 Th'assassinating Wife, the Household-Fiend,
 And, far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
 On th'other Side there stood *Destruction* bare,
 Unpunish'd *Rapine*, and a Waste of War.
Conquest, with sharpen'd Knives in Cloysters drawn,
 And all with Blood besmear'd the holy Lawn.
 Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
 And bawling Infamy in Language base, }
 Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
 The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
 The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair ;
 With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
 And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen Soul away.
 In midst of all the Dome, *Misfortune* sat,
 And gloomy *Discontent*, and fell *Debate* :
 And *Madness* laughing in his ireful Mood ;
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft, and Cries of Blood.
 There was the murder'd Corps in Covert laid,
 And vilest Death in thousand Shapes display'd.
 The City to the Soldiers Rage resign'd ;

Success-

Successless Wars, and Poverty behind.
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on rocky Shores,
 And the rash Hunter strangled by the Boars.
 The new-born Babe by Nurses over-laid,
 And the Cook caught within the raging Fire he made,
 All Ills of *Mars's* Nature ; Flame, and Steel ;
 The gasping Charioteer beneath the Wheel
 Of his own Car ; the ruin'd House that falls
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls.
 The whole Division that to *Mars* pertains,
 All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains
 Were there ; the Butcher, Armourer, and Smith
 Who forges sharpen'd Fauchions or the Scythe :
 The scarlet *Conquest* on a Tow'r was plac'd,
 With Shouts and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd.
 There saw I *Mars's* Ides, the *Capitol*,
 The Seer in vain foretelling *Cesar's* Fall ;
 The last *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,
 And *Anthony* who lost the World for Love.
 These, and a thousand more the Fane adorn,
 Their Fates were painted e'er the Men were born,
 All copy'd from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
 Of the red Star, in his revolving Course.
 The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot stood,
 All sheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God. (Art. Dryd. Pal. & M A Y.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear,
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year.
 For thee the *Graces* lead the dancing *Hours* ;
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs :
 When thy short Reign is past, the feav'rish Sun (Pal. & Art. Dryd.
 The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on.
 Sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep,
 The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep :
 Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves, (Art. Dryd. Pal. &
 Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves.
 Golden M E A N. See Greatness.

Superfluous Pomp and Wealth I not desire,
 But what Content and Decency require. Har. Juu.

Pleasures abroad the Sport of Nature yields :
 Her living Fountains and her smiling Fields :
 And then at home what Pleasure is't to see
 A little, cleanly, chearful Family !
 Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,
 Than Fortune, I the golden Mean prefer.
 Too noble, nor too wise she should not be,
 No nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.

Thus

Thus let my Life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

Cowl. Mart.

Let Woods and Rivers be

My quiet, tho' inglorious Destiny :

In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid.

Cowl. Virg.

Much will always wanting be

To him who much desires :

Thrice happy he,

To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n
With sparing Hand but just enough has giv'n !

Cowl. Hor.

He does not Palaces nor Mannors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have :

The Ground he owns, if he his own can call,

He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small.

Let gay and toilsom Greatness others please,

He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.

Cowl. Mart.

Plain was his Couch, and only rich his Mind ;

Contentedly he slept as cheaply as he din'd.

Cong. Juo.

His calm and harmless Life,

Free from th' Alarms of Fear and Storms of Strife,

Does with substantial Blessedness abound,

And the soft Wings of Peace cover him round.

Cowl. Virg.

Their Wealth was the Contempt of it ; which more

They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore.

Cowl.

A silent Life he led ;

Nor pompous Cares, nor Palaces he knew,

But wisely from th' infectious World withdrew.

Dryd. Virg.

He's no small Prince, who every Day,

Thus to himself can say :

Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,

Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk ;

This will I do, here will I stay ;

Or if my Fancy calleth me away,

My Man and I will presently go ride,

For we have nothing to provide :

If thou but a short Journey take,

As if thy last thou wert to make,

Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou must go ;

Nor canst thou stir unless there be

A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,

And many a Mule, and many a Cart,

What an unwieldy Man thou art !

The *Rhodian Colossus* so

A Journey too might go.

Cowl.

If thou be wise, no glorious Fortune chuse,

Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet Grief to lose ;

For when we place ev'n Trifles in the Heart,

With Trifles too unwillingly we part.

An

An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely Board,
More clear untainted Pleasures do afford;
Than all the Tumult of vain Greatness brings
To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

Cowl. Hor.

Then might I live by my own surly Rules,
Not forc'd to worship Knaves, or flatter Fools;
And thus secur'd of Ease by shunning Strife,
With Pleasure would I sail down the swift Stream of Life.

(Juv.

Hor.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find

To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:
Happy the Man with little blest,
Of what his Father left possess'd;
No base Desires corrupt his Head,
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.
Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,
Rich Robes to deck, and make thee please:
For me, a little Cell I chuse,
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse;
Which soft Content does best adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

Osw. Hor.

MELANCHOLY. See Grief.

A suddain Damp has seiz'd my Spirits,
And like a heavy Weight

Hangs on their active Springs.

Dryd. D. of Guise.

A Kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart,
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch,
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and laggs along
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance, made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull and stupify'd,
Their Edge rebated: Sure some Ill approaches,
And some kind Spirit knocks softly at my Breast
To tell me Fate's at Hand.

Dryd. Cleom.

Some unborn Sorrow, ripe in Fortune's Womb,
Now coming tow'rds me, grieves my inmost Soul.

Shak. Rich. 3.

Sure some ill Fate's upon me:

Distrust and Heaviness sit round my Heart,
And Apprehension shocks my tim'rous Soul.

Osw. Orph.

This Melancholy flatters, but unmans you;
What is it else but Penury of Soul?

A lazy Frost, a Numness of the Mind,
That locks up all the Vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impossible!

Dryd. Cleom.

k

It makes a Toy press with prodigious Weight,
 And swells a Mole-hill to a Mountain's Height.
 For melancholy Men lie down and groan,
 Press'd with the Burthen of themselves alone,
 Crush'd with fantastick Mountains they despair,
 Their Heads are grown yast Globes too big to bear.
 A little Spark becomes a raging Flame,
 And each weak Blast a Storm too fierce to tame.
 So peevish is the quarrellsome Disease,
 No prosp'rous Fortune can procure it Ease.
 Some absent Happiness they still pursue,
 Dislike the present Good, and long for new. *Blac.*

M E M O R Y.

Things which offend when present, and affright,
 In Memory well painted move Delight. *Coul.*

Remember thee!

I, thou poor Ghost! while Memory holds a Seat
 In this distracted Globe. Remember thee!
 Yes, from the Table of my Memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
 All Saws of Books, all Forms, all Pressures past,
 That Youth and Observation copy'd there;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
 Unmix'd with baser Matter. *Shak. Haml.*

Something like

That Voice methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard,
 But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off
 Beyond my Ken of Soul. *Dryd. Don. Seb.*

A confus'd Report

Pas'd thro' my Ears;
 But full of Hurry, like a morning Dream,
 It vanish'd in the Business of the Day. *Dryd. Oedip.*

'Tis lost;

Like what we think can never shun Remembrance,
 Yet of a suddain's gone beyond the Clouds. *Lie Oedip.*

M E R C H A N T. See Money.

So when the Merchant sees his Vessel lost,
 Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coast,
 Gladly for Life the Treasure he would give,
 And only wishes to escape and live:
 Gold and his Gains no more imploy his Mind,
 But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind, *(Fair Pen.}*
 Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the rest behind. *Row,*

I, in my private Bark already wreck'd,
 Like a poor Merchant driv'n on unknown Land,
 That had by chance pack'd up his dearest Treasure

In

In one rich Casket, and sav'd only that ;
 Since I must wander further on the Shore,
 Thus hug my little, but my precious Store,
 Resolv'd to scorn, and trust my Fate no more. *Osw. Ven. Prof.*
 When Merchants break, o'erthrown
 Like Ninepins, they strike others down. *Hud.*

M E R C U R Y.

Hermes obeys; with golden Pinions binds
 His flying Feet, and mounts the western Winds.
 But first he grasps within his awful Hand,
 The Mark of sov'raign Pow'r, his magick Wand:
 With this he draws the Ghosts from hollow Graves,
 With this he drives them down to *Syggian* Waves;
 With this he seals in Sleep the wakeful Sight,
 And Eyes, tho' clos'd in Death, restores to Light.
 Thus arm'd, the God begins his airy Race,
 And drives the racking Clouds along the liquid Space ;
 Now sees the Top of *Atlas* as he flies,
 Where, pois'd upon his Wings, the God descends:
 Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring Height
 Plung'd downward with precipitated Flight ;
 Lights on the Seas, and skims along the Flood ;
 As Water-Fowl, who seek their fishy Food,
 Less and yet less to distant Prospect shew,
 By turns they dance aloft and dive below ;
 Like these the Steerage of his Wings he plies,
 And near the Surface of the Waters flies ;
 Till having pass'd the Seas, and cross'd the Sands,
 He clos'd his Wings, and stoop'd on *Lybian* Lands. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Herald of the Gods.

His Hat adorn'd with Wings disclos'd the God,
 And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod.
 Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command
 On *Argus* Head he laid the snaky Wand. *Dryd. Pal. & Arg.*

M E R C Y. See Justice.

Offspring Divine! in Heav'n the most belov'd,
 By whom ev'n Fate unchangeable is mov'd:
 Her Looks so moving, such celestial Grace,
 So mild and sweet an Air dwells on her Face ;
 So tender and engaging all her Charms,
 That oft th'Almighty's Fury she disarms:
 Her Language melts Omnipotence, arrests
 His Hand, and thence the vengeful Lightning wrests. *Blath.*
 To Threats the stubborn Sinner oft is hard,
 Wrap'd in his Crimes against the Storm prepar'd ;
 But when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
 He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightning

Lightning and Thunder, Heav'n's Artillery;
As Harbingers, before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his Style, and disappear;
The stiller Sound succeeds, and God is there.

Dryd.

Heav'n has but

Our Sorrow for our Sins, and then delights
To pardon erring Man. Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to Extent.

Dryd. All for Love,

Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
To no Remorse; who rules by Lions Law;
And, deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the Penitent and Proud.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

But Kings too tame, are despicably good:

Dryd.

For Goodness in Excess may be a Sin,

Justice must tame whom Mercy cannot win.

Hal.

Ev'n Heav'n is weary'd with repeated Crimes,

Till Lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,

And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone. Dryd. D. of Gause;

M E T A L S.

Now those profounder Regions they explore;
Where Metals ripen in vast Cakes of Ore:
Here, fullen to the Sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy Mass of lumpy Lead:
There glimm'ring in their dawning Beds are seen;
The more aspiring Seeds of sprightly Tin.
The Copper sparkles next in ruddy Streaks,
And in the Gloom betrays its glowing Cheeks.
The Silver then, with bright and burnish'd Grace,
Youth, and a blooming Lustre in its Face,
To th' Arms of those more yielding Metals flies,
And in the Folds of their Embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their Love's more violent than the Chymist's Fire.

Gar.

M I L K Y - W A Y.

A Way there is in Heav'n's expanded Plain,
Which, when the Skies are clear, is seen below;
And Mortals by the Name of Milky know:
The Ground-work is of Stars, thro' which the Road
Lies open to the Thunderer's Abode.

Dryd. Guid.

A broad and ample Road, whose Dust is Gold,
And Pavement Stars, as Stars to us appear
Seen in the Galaxy. that Milky-Way,
Like to a circling Zone, powder'd with Stars;

Milt.

MISER. *See* Content.

Like a Miser 'midst his Store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more ;
And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind. *Dryd. Tyr. Lov.*

At Midnight thus th'Usurer steals untrack'd,
To make a Visit to his hoarded Gold,
And feast his Eyes upon the shining Mammon. *Osw. Orph.*

Slaves, who ne'er knew Mercy ;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at human Nature and Forgiveness,
And are, like Fiends, the Factors for Destruction. *Row. Fair Pen.*

MISTRESS.

Beware the dang'rous Beauty of the Wanton,
Shun their Enticements: Ruin, like a Vultur,
Waits on their Conquests: Falshood too's their Business ;
They put false Beauty off to all the World,
Use false Endearments to the Fools that love them ;
And when they marry, to their silly Husbands
They bring false Virtue, broken Fame and Fortune. *Osw. Orph.*

You bear the specious Title of a Wife
To guild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me ;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my royal House ;
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.

[Spoken by *Cleopatra*.] *Dryd. All for Love.*

For now the World is grown to wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry ;
But rather trust on Tick t'Amours,
The Cross and Pile for better or worse:
A Mode that is held honourable,
As well as *French* and fashionable. *Hud.*

MIST S. *See* Clouds, Fog.

Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky, and grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold ;
Either to deck with Clouds th'uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Show'rs. *Mist.*

MONEY. *See* Gold.

Money being the common Scale
Of things by Measure, Weight, and Tale ;
In all th'Affairs of Church and State,
Is both the Ballance and the Weight. *Hud.*
For Money is the only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before. *Hud.*

Men

Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune :
 The Soldier does it ev'ry Day,
 (Eight to the Week) for Sixpence Pay :
 Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls
 To share with Knaves in cheating Fools ;
 And Merchants vent'ring thro' the Main,
 Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain. *Hud.*

This Money has a Pow'r above
 The Stars and Fates to manage Love ;
 Whose Arrows, learned Poets hold,
 That never fail, are tipp'd with Gold. *Hud.*

And tho' Love's all the World's Pretence,
 Money's the mythologick Sense ;
 The real Substance of the Shadow,
 Which all Address and Courtship's made to. *Hud.*

For Money 'tis, that is the great
 Provocative to am'rous Heat ;
 'Tis Beauty always in the Flow'r,
 That buds and blossoms at Fourscore ;
 'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
 That Men divine and sacred call :
 For what's the Worth of any thing,
 But so much Money as 'twill bring ? *Hud.*

Hence 'tis no Lover has the Pow'r
 T'enforce a desperate Amour,
 Like him that has two String to's Bow,
 And burns for Love and Money too :
 For then he's brave and resolute,
 Disdains to render in his Suit ;
 Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
 And hangs or drowns with half the Trouble. *Hud.*

And to be plain, 'tis not your Person
 My Stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;
 But 'tis your better Part, your Riches,
 That my enamour'd Heart bewitches. *Hud.*

For Money, like the Swords of Kings,
 Is the last Reason of all things. *Hud.*

M O O N. See Blush, Creation, Hell.

He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,
 And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold :
 Be thou, said he, Queen of the mournful Night,
 And, as he spoke, the rose clad o'er in Light,
 With thousand Stars attending on her Train ;
 With her they rise, with her they set again. *Cost.*

The Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
 Unveil'd her peerless Light,

She o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw,
And in her pale Dominion check'd the Night. *Milt.*

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing, or her waning Horns:
For ev'ry Day she wanes her Face is less,
But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Increase. *Dryd. Ovid.*

The Queen of Night, whose vast Command
Rules all the Sea and half the Land;
And over moist and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-Tides at Midnight reigns. *Hud.*

M O R N I N G. See Blush.

'Twas ebbing Darkness, past the Noon of Night,
And *Phosphor* on the Confines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, e'er Day began to spring:
The tuneful Lark began to stretch her Wing, *(Pal. & Arc.)*
And flick'ring on her Nest, made short Essays to sing. *Dryd.*

Now Morn her rosy Steps in th'orient Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with eastern Pearl. *Milt.*

The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle shakes her Tears:
The Sun arising, Mortals chears,
And drives the rising Mists away,
In promise of a glorious Day. *Dryd. Alb. & Alban.*

Dim Night her shadowy Cloud withdraws; the Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light. *Milt.*

Now the fair Morn smiles with a purple Ray,
Clearing before the Sun the eastern Way;
Whose radiant Train pours from the Gates of Light,
And the new Day does to new Toils invite. *Blac.*

And now went forth the Morn array'd in Gold,
And from before her vanish'd gloomy Night,
Shot through with orient Beams. *Milt.*

Aurora had but newly chac'd the Night,
And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

'Twas just the Time when the new Ebb of Night
Did the moist World unveil to human Sight. *Cowl.*

And now a Glance from mild *Aurora's* Eyes
Shoots through the chrystal Kingdoms of the Skies;
The savage Kind in Forests cease to roam,
And Sots, o'er-charg'd with nauseous Loads, reel home:
Light's chearful Smiles o'er th'azure WASTE are spread,
And Mifs from *Inns o' Court* bolts out unpaid. *Gat.*

Mean while to re-salute the World with sacred Light
Leucothoe wak'd, and with fresh Dews embalm'd
The Earth. And now the smiling Morn begins
Her rosy Progress. *Milt.*
The

The morning Lark, the Messenger of Day,
 Saluted in her Song the Morning grey;
 And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
 That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight.
 He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews, *(Æt Arc.*
 And licks the dropping Leaves, and dries the Dews. *Dryd. Pal.*

Now rose the ruddy Morn from *Tithon's* Bed,
 And with the Dawn of Day the Skies o'erspread.
 Nor long the Sun his daily Course with-held,
 But added Colours to the World reveal'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

At length gay Morn smiles in the eastern Sky;
 From robbing silent Graves the Sextons fly:
 The rising Mists skud o'er the dewy Lawns,
 The Chanter at his early Mattins yawns:
 The V'lets ope their Buds, Cowslips their Bells,
 And *Progne* her Complaint of *Tereus* tells. *Gar.*

The Sun had long since in the Lap
 Of *Thetis* taken out his Nap;
 And, like a Lobster boil'd, the Morn
 From black to red began to turn. *Hud.*

Aurora on *Etesian* Breezes borne,
 With blushing Lips breathes out the sprightly Morn.
 Each Flow'r in Dew their short-liv'd Empire weeps,
 And *Cynthia* with her lov'd *Endymion* sleeps. *Gar.*

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night
 Pour'd from her golden Urn fresh Streams of Light,
 That fin'd and clear'd the Air; while down to Hell
 The shady Dregs precipitated fell. *Blac.*

And now the rising Morn with rosy Light
 Adorns the Skies, and puts the Stars to flight. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Morn ensuing from the Mountain's Height,
 Had scarcely spread the Skies with rosy Light;
 Th'etherial Courfers, bounding from the Sea,
 From out their flaming Nostrils breath'd the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

Behold, the Morn, in russet Mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the Dew of yon high eastern Hill. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Behold what Streaks
 Of Light embroider all the cloudy East.
 Night's Tapers are burnt out, and jocund Day
 Upon the Mountain-tops sits gaily dress'd,
 While all the Birds bring Musick to his Levy. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

From Amber Shrouds I see the Morning rise,
 Her rosy Hand begins to paint the Skies:

And now the City Emmets leave their Hive,
 And rousing Hinds to chearful Labour drive.

High Cliffs and Rocks are pleasing Objects now,
 And Nature smiles upon the Mountain's Brow;

The joyful Birds salute the Sun's Approach,
 The Sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy Coach ;
 While from his Car the dropping Gems distil ;
 And all the Earth and all the Heav'ns do smile. *(Paris. Lee Massacre of*

It is methinks a Morning full of Fate :
 It rises slowly, as her fullen Care
 Had all the Weights of Sleep and Death hung on it.
 She is not rosy-finger'd, but swoll'n black ;
 Her Face is like a Water turn'd to Blood ;
 And her sick Head is bound about with Clouds,
 As if she threaten'd Night e'er Noon of Day. *Joh. Catiline.*

The Morning rises black, the low'ring Sun
 Drives heavily his sable Chariot on :
 The Face of Day now blushes scarlet-deep. *Lee Alex.*

Wish'd Morning's come ; and now upon the Plains
 And distant Mountains, where they feed their Flocks,
 The happy Shephards leave their homely Huts,
 And with their Pipes proclaim the new-born Day.
 The lusty Swain comes with his well-fill'd Scrip
 Of healthful Viands, which, when Hunger calls,
 With much Content and Appetite he eats ;
 To follow in the Field his daily Toil,
 And dress the grateful Glebe that yields him Fruits.
 The Beasts that under the warm Hedges slept,
 And weather'd out the cold bleak Night, are up ;
 And looking tow'rs the neighb'ring Pastures, raise
 Their Voice, and bid their Fellow-brutes Good-morrow :
 The cheerful Birds too on the Tops of Trees
 Assemble all in Choirs, and with their Notes
 Salute, and welcome up the rising Sun. *Osw. Oph.*

Parent of Day ! whose beauteous Beams of Light
 Spring from the darksome Womb of Night,
 And 'midst their native Horrors show
 Like Gems adorning of the Negro's Brow.
 Not Heav'ns fair Bow can equal thee,
 In all its gaudy Drapery :
 Thou first Essay of Light, and Pledge of Day,
 Rival of Shade ! Eternal Spring of Light !
 From thy bright unexhausted Womb,
 The beauteous Race of Days and Seasons come.
 Thy Beauty Ages cannot wrong,
 But 'spite of Time thou'rt ever young.
 Thou art alone Heav'n's modest Virgin-Light,
 Whose Face a Veil of Blushes hides from humane Sight.
 At thy Approach Nature erects her Head ;
 The smiling Universe is glad ;
 The drowsy Earth and Seas awake,

And

And from thy Beams new Life and Vigour take.

When thy more chearful Rays appear,

Ev'n Guilt and Women cease to fear:

Horror, Despair, and all the Sons of Night,

Retire before thy Beams, and take their hasty Flight.

Thou risest in the fragrant East,

Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy Nest;

But yet thy fading Glories soon decay,

Thine's but a momentary Stay;

Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our Sight,

Borne down the Stream of Day, and overwhelm'd with Light:

Thy Beams to thy own Ruin haste,

They're fram'd too exquisite to last:

Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd State;

Pity so fair a Birth should yield so soon to Fate.

Tald.

MORPHEUS.

Somnus, the drowsy God,

Excited *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crowd:

Morpheus, of all his numerous Train, express'd

The Shape of Man, and imitated best

The Walk, the Words the Gesture could supply,

The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely:

Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd,

Extending not beyond our human Kind.

Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,

And dreadful Images and Monster-shapes:

This Demon, *Icelor*, in Heav'n's high Hall

The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobator* call.

A Third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roul

On meaner Thoughts, and things devoid of Soul:

Earth, Fruits, and Flow'rs he represents in Dreams,

And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:

These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,

The rest before th'ignoble Commons play.

Dryd. Ovid.

Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,

And drowsy Night invades the weary World,

Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantastick *Morpheus*;

Ten thousand mimick Fancies fleet around him,

Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures:

Each has ten thousand thousand diff'rent Forms,

In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper;

While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain

Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

Row. Ulyss.

TO-MORROW. See Drinking.

Seek not to know To-morrow's Doom,

That is not ours which is to come!

The present Moment's all our Store,

The next should Heav'n allow,
 Then this will be no more ;
 So all our Life is but one instant Now.
 Look on each Day you've past
 To be a mighty Treasure won ;
 And lay each Minute out in haste,
 We're sure to live too fast,
 And cannot live too soon.
 To-Morrow and her Works defy,
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r :
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
 Whate'er thou get'st To-Day is Gain.

*Cong. Har.**Dryd. Har.*

We are not sure To-Morrow will be ours ;
 Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours :
 Let us use all ; for if we lose one Day,
 The white one in the Crowd may slip away.

Dryd. Tyr. Lxxv.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call To-Day his own !
 He, who secure within, can say,
 To-Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd To-Day ;
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The Joys I have possess'd in spite of Fate are mine :
 Nor Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r,
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.

*(Har.**Dryd.*

The hoary Fool, who many Days
 Has struggl'd with continu'd Sorrow,
 Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays
 The desp'rate Bett upon To-Morrow :
 To-Morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
 This Day like all the former fled,
 Yet on he runs to seek Delight
 To-Morrow, till To-Night he's dead.

Prisc.

Learn

The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.
 Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
 And till To-Morrow would the Search delay ;
 His lazy Morrow will be like To-Day.

Yesterday was once To-Morrow :
 That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd,
 And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd ;
 For thou hast more To-Morrows yet to ask,
 And wilt be ever to begin thy Task ;
 Thou like the hindmost Chariot-wheels art curst,
 Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

Dryd. Pers.

Our

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,
 And still a new To-morrow does come on ;
 We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,
 Till the exhausted Well can yield no more. *Cowl. Pers.*

To-morrow I will live, the Fool does say ;
 To Day it self's too late ; the Wise liv'd Yesterday. *Cowl. Mart.*

Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give ;
 None ever yet made too much Haste to live. *Cowl. Mart.*

MOUNTAINS. *See Atlas, Creation, Parting, Teneriff, Vesuvius.*

His proud Head the airy Mountain hides
 Among the Clouds ; his Shoulders and his Sides
 A shady Mantle cloaths ; his curled Brows
 Frown on the gentle Stream, which calmly flows :
 While Winds and Storms his lofty Fore-head beat,
 The common Fate of all the high and great. *Denh.*

As *Alpine Hills*, which o'er the Clouds arise,
 And rear their Heads amidst contiguous Skies,
 Enjoy serene, uninterrupted Day,
 And floating Tempests all beneath survey :
 Their lofty Peaks no threat'ning Meteors wear,
 Nor pond'rous Fogs, which cloud inferiour Air :
 The stedfast Heaps the raging Winds defy,
 So deep they fix their Roots, and raise their Heads so high. *Blac.*

Nigh the dull Shore a shapeless Mountain stood
 That with a dreadful Frown survey'd the Flood :
 Its fearful Brow no lively Greens put on ;
 No frisking Goats bound o'er the ridgy Stone. *Gar.*

Ridges of high contiguous Hills arise,
 Divide the Clouds, and penetrate the Skies. *Blac.*

Like *Erix*, or like *Athos* great he shows,
 Or Father *Appennine*, when white with Snows,
 His Head divine, obscure in Clouds he hides,
 And shakes the sounding Forest on his Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As when a Fragment from a Mountain torn,
 By raging Tempests, or by Torrents borne ;
 Or sapp'd by Time, or loosen'd from the Roots,
 Prone thro' the Void, the rocky Ruin shoots,
 Rolling from Crag to Crag, from Steep to Steep ;
 Down sink at once the Shepherds and their Sheep ;
 Involv'd alike, they rush to nether Ground ; (bound. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Stunn'd with the Shock they fall, and stunn'd from Earth re-

Not with less Ruin than the *Baian Mole*,
 Rais'd on the Seas the Surges to controul,
 At once comes tumbling down the rocky Wall ;
 Prone to the Deep the Stones disjointed fall
 Off the vast Pile : The scatter'd Ocean flies,
 Black Sands, discolour'd Froth, and mingled Mud arise. *(Virg. Dryd.*
MUR--

MURRAIN.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,
 A Plague did on the dumb Creation rise.
 During th'autumnal Heats th'Infection grew,
 Tame Cattel, and the Beasts of Nature flew :
 Pois'ning the standing Lakes, and Pools impure,
 Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure :
 Strange Death ! For when the thirsty Fire had drunk
 Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves were shrunk ;
 When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n then
 A waterish Humour swell'd, and ooz'd agen ;
 Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,
 Ordain'd by Nature for a better Use.
 The Victim Ox, that was for Altars press'd,
 Trimm'd with white Ribbans, and with Garlands dress'd,
 Sunk of himself, without the God's Command,
 Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand :
 Or, by the holy Butcher if he fell,
 Th'inspected Entrails could no Fates foretell :
 Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise,
 But Clouds of smould'ring Smoak forbad the Sacrifice.
 Scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,
 Or the black Poison stain'd the sandy Floor.
 The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake,
 And render their sweet Souls before the plenteous Rack :
 The fawning Dog runs mad : The wheasing Swine
 With Coughs is choak'd, and labours from the Chine.
 The Victor Horse, forgetful of his Food,
 The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood :
 He paws the Ground, and on his hanging Ears
 A doubtful Sweat in clammy Drops appears :
 Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.
 Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease ;
 But in Time's Process, when his Pains increase,
 He rous his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans,
 With patient Sobblings, and with manly Moans :
 He heaves for Breath, which, from his Lungs supply'd,
 And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring Side :
 To his rough Palate his dry Tongue succeeds,
 And ropy Gore he from his Nostrils bleeds.
 Fir'd into Rage, at length he grinds his Teeth
 In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death :
 The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,
 (Studious of Tillage and the crooked Plough,)
 Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a Flood
 Of foamy Madness mix'd with clotted Blood.

The Clown, who, cursing Providence, repines,
 His mournful Fellow from the Team disjoins ;
 With many a Groan forsakes his fruitless Care,
 And in th'unfinish'd Furrow leaves the Share.
 The pining Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,
 Nor flow'ry Meads can ease, nor chrystal Floods
 Roul'd from the Rocks : His flabby Flanks decrease,
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid Peace :
 His Bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown,
 And his unweildy Neck hangs drooping down.
 The nightly Woolf that round th'Enclosure prowld,
 To leap the Fence, now plots not on the Fold,
 Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe,
 And flying Stag, amidst the Greyhounds go ;
 And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their fiercer Foe. }
 The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,
 Like shipwreck'd Carcasses, are driv'n aground ;
 And mighty *Phoca*, never seen before
 In shallow Streams, are stranded on the Shore.
 The Viper dead within her Hole is found ;
 Defenceless was the Shelter of the Ground.
 The Water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,
 With staring Scales lies poison'd in his Bed.
 To Birds their native Heav'ns contagious prove,
 From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls above.
 The Rivers, and their Banks, and Hills around
 With Lowings, and with dying Bleats resound :
 At length, Fate strikes a universal Blow,
 To Death at once whole Herds of Cattle go :
 Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall ; and, heap'd on high,
 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lie.

Dryd. Virg.

From pois'nous Stars a mortal Influence came.

(The mingled Malice of their Flame)

A skilful Angel did th'Ingredients take,
 And with just Hands the sad Composure make ;
 And over all the Land did a full Vial shake :
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,
 And pining Pains, and thiv'ring Sweats,
 On all the Cattle, all the Beasts did fall :
 The lab'ring Ox drops down before the Plough ;
 And the crown'd Victims, to the Altar led,
 Sink, and prevent the lifted Blow.

The gen'rous Horse from the full Manger turns his Head,
 Does his lov'd Floods, and Pastures scorn,
 Hates the shrill Trumpet and the Horn,
 Nor can his lifeless Nostrils please,

With the once ravishing Smell of all his dappled Mistresses.

The

The starving Sheep refuse to feed,
 They bleat their innocent Souls out into Air;
 The faithful Dogs lie gasping by them there:
 Th'aastonish'd Shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful Reed. (Cant.)

MUSE.

Go, the rich Chariot instantly prepare;
 The Queen, my Muse, will take the Air:
 Unruly *Fancy* with strong *Judgment* trace,
 Put in the nimble-footed *Wit*,
 Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* joyn with it:
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
 Harness all the winged Race:
 Let the Postilion *Nature* mount,
 The Coachman *Art* be set;
 And let the airy Footmen, running all beside,
 Make a long Row of goodly Pride.
 Figures, Conceits, Raptures and Sentences,
 In a well-worded Dress;
 And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and artful Lies,
 In all their gawdy Liveries.
 Mount, glorious Queen! thy trav'ling Throne,
 And bid put on;
 For long, tho' chearful is the Way,
 And Life, alas! allows but one ill Winter's Day:
 Where never Foot of Man, nor Hoof of Beast
 The Passage press'd;
 Where never Fish did fly,
 And with short silver Wings cut the low liquid Sky;
 Where Bird, with painted Oar, did ne'er
 Row thro' the trackless Ocean of the Air.
 Where never yet did pry
 The busy Morning's curious Eye,
 The Wheels of thy bold Coach pass quick and free,
 And all's an open Road to thee:
 Whatever God did say,
 Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted Way.
 Nay, ev'n beyond his Works thy Voyages are known,
 Thou hast Ten thousand Worlds too of thy own.
 Thou speak'st, great Queen, in the same Stile as He;
 And a new World leaps forth when thou say'st, *Let it be*.
 Thou fathom'st the deep Gulph of Ages past,
 And canst pluck up with Ease,
 The Years which thou dost please;
 Like shipwreck'd Treasures, by rude Tempests cast
 Long since into the Sea,
 Brought up again to Light and publick Use by thee.

Nor dost thou only dive so low,
 But fly,
 With an unwearied Wing, the other Way as high:
 Where Fates among the Stars do grow,
 There into the close Nests of Time dost peep,
 And there with piercing Eye,
 Thro' the firm Shell, and the thick White dost spy
 Times to come a forming lye,
 Close in their sacred Secundine asleep;
 Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital Heat,
 Which o'er them yet does brooding sit,
 They Life and Motion get:
 And ripe at last with vigorous Might
 Break thro' the Shell, and take their everlasting Flight.

And sure we may
 The same too of the Present say,
 If Past and Future Times do thee obey:
 Thou stop'st this Current, and dost make
 The running River settle, like a Lake;
 Thy certain Hand holds fast this slippery Snake.
 The Fruit which does so quickly waste,
 Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
 Thou comfittest in Sweets to make it last.

This shining Piece of Ice,
 Which melts so soon away,
 With the Sun's Ray;
 Thy Verse does solidate and chrySTALLize,
 Till it a lasting Mirrour be:
 Nay, thy immortal Rhyme
 Makes this one short Point of Time
 To fill up half the Orb of round Eternity.

CowL.

Invocations of the Muses.

Now e'er we venture to unfold
 Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
 We should, as learned Poets use,
 Invoke th' Assistance of some Muse:
 We think 'tis no great matter which;
 They're all alike; yet we shall pitch
 On one that fits our purpose most,
 Whom therefore thus we do accost.

Hud.

Queen of all harmonious Things!
 Dancing Words, and speaking Strings;
 What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?
 What happy Man to equal Glories bring?

Begin, begin thy noble Choice; (CowL. Pind.)
 And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.

Now

Now *Erato*, thy Poet's Mind inspire,
And fill his Soul with thy celestial Fire.

Dryd. Virg.

And now the mighty Labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your *Helicon* :

For well you know, and can record alone,
What Fame to future Times conveys but darkly down.

(*Virg.*
Dryd.

Ye Muses, ever fair, and ever young,
Assist my Numbers, and inspire my Song.
For you in singing martial Facts excel ;
You best remember, and alone can tell.

Dryd. Virg.

Descend from Heav'n, *Urania* ! by that Name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Foll'wing, above th'*Olympian* Hill I soar ;
Above the Flight of *Pegasean* Wing :

The Meaning, not the Name I call ; for thou
Nor of the Muses Nine, nor on the Top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st ; but heav'nly-born,
Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountains flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse ;
Wisdom, thy Sister ; and with her didst play
In Presence of th'Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial Song : Up-led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Air,
Thy Temp'ring : With like Safety guided down,
Return me to my native Element :

Lest from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, tho' from a lower Clime)

Dismounted, on th'*Aleian* Field I fall,
Erroneous, there to wander, and forlorn.

Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal Sphere ;

Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I sing with mortal Voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute ; tho' fall'n on evil Days,
On evil Days tho' fall'n and evil Tongues ;

In Darkness, and with Dangers compass'd round,
And Solitude : Yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my Slumbers nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East ; still govern thou my Song,

Urania, and fit Audience find, tho' few :

But drive far off the barb'rous Dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race

Of that wild Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope* ; where Woods and Rocks had Ears

To Rapture, till the savage Clamour drown'd
Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend

Hel

Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty Dream.

Milt.

Thou that with Ale or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*,
And force them, tho' it were in Spight
Of Nature, and their Stars, to write ;
Who, as we find in fullen Writs,
And cross-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praises of the Author, pen'd
B'himself, or Wit-insuring Friend,
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays, and wicked Rhyme upon't,
All that is left o'th'forked Hill,
To make Men scribble without Skill ;
Canst make a Poet spite of Fate,
And teach all People to translate ;
Tho' out of Languages in which
They understand no Part of Speech :
Assist me but this once I implore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.

Hud.

MUSICK. See Lute, Lyre, Poetry, Singing.

Tell me, O Muse! (for thou, or none, canst tell)
The mystick Pow'rs, that in blest Numbers dwell.

At first a various unform'd Hint we find

Rise in some God-like Poet's fertile Mind,

Till all the Parts and Words their Places take ;

And with just Marches Verse and Musick make.

Such was God's Poem, this World's new Essay ;

So wild and rude in its first Draught it lay :

Th'ungovern'd Parts no Correspondence knew,

And artless War from thwarting Motions grew,

Till they to Number and fix'd Rules were brought

By the eternal Mind's poetick Thought :

Water and Air he for the Tenour chose,

Earth made the Base, the Treble Flame arose :

To th'active Moon a quick brisk Stroke he gave,

To Saturn's String a Touch more soft and grave :

The Motions strait, and round, and swift, and slow,

And short, and long, were mix'd and woven so,

Did in such artful Figures smoothly fall,

As made this decent measur'd Dance of All.

And this is Musick.

Cowl.

From Harmony, from Heav'nly Harmony,

This universal Frame began :

From Harmony to Harmony

Thro'

Thro' all the Compass of the Notes it ran,
The *Diapason* closing full in Man.

Dryd.

But Man may justly tuneful Strains admire,
His Soul is Musick, and his Breast a Lyre.
A Lyre, which while its various Notes agree,
Enjoys the Sweet of its own Harmony.
In us rough Hatred with soft Love is joyn'd,
And sprightly Hope with grov'ling Fear combin'd,
To form the Parts of our harmonious Mind.
What ravishes the Soul, what charms the Ear,
Is Musick, tho' a various Dress it wear.
Beauty is Musick too, tho' in Disguise,
Too fine to touch the Ear, it strikes the Eyes,
And thro' 'em to the Soul the silent Stroke conveys.
'Tis Musick Heavenly, such as in a Sphere,
We only can admire, but cannot hear.
Nor is the Pow'r of Numbers less below;
By them all Humours yield, all Passions bow,
And stubborn Crowds are chang'd, yet know not how.
Let other Arts in senseless Matter reign,
Mimick in Brass, or with mix'd Juices stain;
Musick, the mighty Artist, Man can rule,
As long as it has Numbers, he a Soul,
As much as Man can those mean Arts controul:

If Musick be the Food of Love, play on:
That Strain again: It had a dying Fall:
Oh! It came o'er my Ear like a sweet Sound,
That breaths upon a Bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving Odour.

Shak. Twelfth Night.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and bend a knotty Oak:
I've read that things inanimate have mov'd,
And, as with living Souls, have been inform'd
By Magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound. *Cong. Mour'n. Bride*

Let there be Musick! Let the Master touch
The sprightly String, and softly-breathing Flute;
Till Harmony rowze ev'ry gentle Passion!
Teach the cold Maid to lose her Fears in Love,
And the fierce Youth to languish at her Feet.
Begin! Ev'n Age it self is cheer'd with Musick,
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back past Joys, and warms us into Transport. *Row. Fair Play.*
'Twas at the Royal Feast for *Persia* won,

By *Philip's* warlike Son;
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe sat,
On his Imperial Throne.

His valiant Peers were plac'd around,
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,
 (So should Desert in Arms be crown'd)
 The lovely *Thais* by his Side
 Sate like a blooming eastern Bride,
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauties Pride.
 Happy, happy, happy Pair,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre;
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And heav'nly Joy inspire.

The Song began from *Jove*,
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love;)

A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God:

Sublime on radiant Spires he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy Breast;
 Then round her slender Waste he curl'd,

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World,

The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound,

A present Deity, they shout around,

A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,

And seems to shake the Spheres.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then the sweet Musician sung,

Of *Bacchus* ever fair and ever young:

The jolly God in Triumph comes;

Sound the Trumpets, beat the Drums,

Flush'd with a purple Grace,

He shews his honest Face;

Now give the Hautboys Breath; he comes! he comes!

Bacchus ever fair and young,

Drinking Joys did first ordain:

Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure,

Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure;

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure,

Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.

Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain;

Fought all his Battels o'er again,

And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain:

The Master saw the Madneſs riſe,
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes;
 And while he Heav'n and Earth deſy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride:
 He choſe a mournful Muſe
 Soft Pity to infuſe;
 He ſung *Darius* great and good,
 By too ſevere a Fate
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high Eſtate,
 And weltring in his Blood;
 Deſerted at his utmoſt Need
 By thoſe his former Bounty fed:
 On the bare Earth expoſ'd he lies,
 With not a Friend to cloſe his Eyes.
 With down-caſt Looks the joyleſs Victor ſate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul
 The various Turns of Chance below,
 And now and then a Sigh he ſtole,
 And Tears began to flow.
 The mighty Maſter ſmil'd to ſee
 That Love was in the next Degree;
 'Twas but a kindred Sound to move,
 For Pity melts the Soul to Love.
 Softly ſweet, in *Lydian* Meaſures,
 Soon he ſooth'd his Soul to Pleaſures:
 War, he ſung, is Toil and Trouble,
 Honour but an empty Bubble;
 Never ending, ſtill beginning;
 Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
 If the World be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely *Thais* ſits beſide thee;
 Take the Good the Gods provide thee:
 The Many rend the Skies with loud Applauſe,
 So Love was crown'd, but Muſick won the Cauſe.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,
 Gaz'd on the Fair
 Who cauſ'd his Care,
 And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again.
 At length with Love and Wine at once oppreſs'd,
 The vanquiſh'd Victor ſunk upon her Breſt.
 Now ſtrike the golden Lyre again,
 A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain;
 Break his Bands of Sleep aſunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark,

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound
 Has rais'd up his Head ;
 As awak'd from the Dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares round.
 Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the *Furies* arise !
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes !
 Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand !

These are *Græcian* Ghosts that in Battel were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the Plain ;
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew :

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodès,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their hostile Gods.
 The Princes applaud with a furious Joy,
 And the King siez'd a Flambeau with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey ;

And like another *Hellen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

Thus long ago,
 E'er heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre,

Could swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.

Dryd.

Thus *David's* Lyre did *Saul's* wild Rage controul,
 And tune the harsh Disorders of his Soul.

His Sheep would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,
 And savage Beasts stand by as tame as they.

Rivers whose Waves roul'd down aloud before,
 Mute as their Filb, would listen tow'rds the Shore.

Cowp.

The Groves rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verse to hear,

In vain did Nature bid them stay :

When *Orpheus* had his Song begun,

They call'd their wond'ring Roots away,

And bade them silent to him run.

Cowp.

For *Orpheus* Lute could soften Steel and Stone,

Make Tigers tame, and huge Leviathans

Forfake unfounded Deeps, and dance on Sands.

Shak. the two
(Gent. of Verona.)

Th'unhappy Husband, Husband now no more,
 Did on his tuneful Harp his Loss deplore,
 And fought his mournful Mind with Musick to restore.
 On thee, dear Wife, in Desarts all alone,
 He call'd, sigh'd, sung: His Grievs with Day begun,
 Nor were they finish'd with the setting Sun.
 Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night
 He took his Way, thro' Forests void of Light;
 And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th'inexorable King.
 Th'infernal Mansions nodding seem to dance;
 The gaping three-mouth'd Dog forgets to snarl,
 The *Furies* harken, and their Snakes uncurl:
Ixion seems no more his Pains to feel,
 But leans attentive on his standing Wheel.

Dryd. Virg.

M T R R H A.

Mean while (*) the mis-begotten Infant grows,
 And ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws
 The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
 To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.
 The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,
 Writhes here and there to break the Bark in vain;
 And, like a lab'ring Woman, would have pray'd,
 But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid.
 The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
 And trickling Tears fall thick upon the Ground.
 The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood
 Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood;
 Then reach'd her Midwife-hand to speed the Throws,
 And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.
 The Bark divides, the living Load to free,
 And safe delivers the convulsive Tree.

Dryd. Ovid.

N A T U R E and A R T. See Painting.

Let *Art* use Method and good Husbandry;
Art lives on *Nature's* Alms, is weak and poor;
Nature her self has unexhausted Store;
 Wallows in Wealth, and runs a turning Maze,
 That no vulgar Eye can trace;
Art instead of mounting high,
 About her humble Food does hov'ring fly:

(*) The Poets feign that *Myrrha* was got with Child by her Father,
 and deliver'd after she was chang'd into a Tree.

Like the ignoble Crow, Rapine and Noise does love ;
 While *Nature*, like the sacred Bird of *Jove*,
 Now bears loud Thunder, and anon with silent Joy,

The beauteous *Phrygian* Boy :

Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying Prey ;
 And sometimes basks in th'open Flames of Day,
 And sometimes too he throws
 His soaring Wings among the Clouds.

Cow!

NECROMANCER. See Witch.

Him have I seen (on *Ister's* Banks he stood,
 Where last we winter'd) bind the headlong Flood
 In sudden Ice ; and where most swift it flows,
 In chrystal Nets the wondring Fishes close ;
 Then, with a Moment's Thaw, the Stream enlarge,
 And from the Mesh the twinkling Guests discharge.
 In a deep Vale, or near some ruin'd Wall,
 He would the Ghosts of slaughter'd Soldiers call ;
 Who slow to wounded Bodies did repair,
 And loath to enter, shiver'd in the Air :
 These his dread Wand did to short Life compell,
 And forc'd the Fates of Battles to foretel.
 In a lone Tent, all hung with black, I saw
 Where in a Square he did a Circle draw :
 Four Angels, made by that Circumference,
 Bore holy Words inscrib'd of mystick Sense :
 When first a hollow Wind began to blow,
 The Sky grew black, and belly'd down more low ;
 Around the Field did nimble Lightning play,
 Which offer'd us by Fits, and snatch'd the Day.
 'Midst this was heard the shrill and tender Cry
 Of well-pleas'd Ghosts, which in the Storm did fly ;
 Danc'd to and fro, and skim'd along the Ground,
 Till to the magick Circle they were bound.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

By my rough Magick I have oft bedim'd
 The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds ;
 And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
 Set roaring War : To the dread rattling Thunder
 Have I giv'n Fire ; and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
 With his own Bolt. Graves at my Command
 Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd and let them forth
 By my so potent Art.

Shak. Temp.

Let the dark Mysteries of Hell begin.

Chuse the darkest Part o'th' Grove,
 Such as Ghosts at Noon-day love.
 Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
 Where the Bones of *Laius* lie :

Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
 Will th'infernal Pow'rs have none.
 Is the Sacrifice made fit ?
 Draw her backward to the Pit:
 Draw the barren Heifer back;
 Barren let her be, and black.
 Cut the curled Hair that grows
 Full between her Horns and Brows:
 Pour in Blood, and blood-like Wine,
 To *Mother-Earth* and *Proserpine*.
 Mingle Milk into the Stream,
 Feast the Ghosts that love the Steam.
 Snatch a Brand from fun'ral Pile,
 Toss it in to make 'em boil.
 And turn your Faces from the Sun.
 Answer me if all be done ?

Dryd. Ovid.

NEPTUNE.

His finny Train *Saturnian Neptune* joins;
 Then adds the foamy Bridles to their Jaws,
 And to the loosen'd Reins permits the Laws.
 High on the Waves his azure Car he guides,
 Its Axles thunder, and the Sea subsides,
 And the smooth Ocean rous her silent Tides.
 The Tempests fly before their Father's Face,
 Trains of inferiour Gods his Triumph grace;
 And Monster-Whales before their Master play,
 And Quires of *Tritons* crowd the watry Way.
 The marshal'd Pow'rs in equal Troops divide
 To Right and Left; the Gods his better Side
 Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and *Nereids* ride.

(Virg.)
Dryd.

When thus the Father of the Flood appears,
 And o'er the Seas his sov'rain Trident rears,
 Their Fury falls; he skims the liquid Plains,
 High on his Chariot, and with loosen'd Reins
 Majestick moves along, and awful Peace maintains.

(Virg.)
Dryd.

NIGHT.

Darkness now rose, and brought in louring Night,
 Her shadowy Off-spring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation meer of Light, and absent Day.

Milt.

The Night descends

With her black Wings to brood o'er all the World.

Lee L. J.

And now from End to End

(Brut.

Night's Hemisphere had veil'd th'Horizon round.

Milt.

Now Night advancing, draws her sable Train
 Along the Air, and shades th'ethereal Plain.

Blac.

The Night began to spread her gloomy Veil,
 And call'd the counted Sheep from ev'ry Dale:

The

The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, (Virg.
And to prevailing Shades the murm'ring World resign'd. Rosc.

Soon as with gentle Sighs the ev'ning Breeze
Begun to whisper thro' the murm'ring Trees;
And Night had wrapt in Shades the Mountains Heads,
While Winds lay hush'd in subterranean Beds. Gar.

Now Night had shed her silver Dews around,
And with her sable Wings embrac'd the Ground. Dryd. Virg.

Now had the Sun withdrawn his radiant Light,
And Hills were hid in dusky Shades of Night. Dryd. Virg.

Now dewy Night
New decks the Face of Heav'n with starry Light. Dryd. Virg.

Now her brown Wings the silent Night displays,
Night, sprinkled o'er with Cynthia's silver Rays:
Silence and Darkness all to Rest invite,

And Sleep's soft Chains make fast the Gates of Light. Blac.

Mean while the rapid Heav'ns roul'd down the Light,
And on the shaded Ocean rush'd the Night. Dryd. Virg.

'Twas at an Hour when busy Nature lay
Dissolv'd in Slumbers from the noisy Day:

When gloomy Shades and dusky Atoms spread
A Darkness o'er the universal Bed;

And all the gawdy Beams of Light were fled.

Dors. }

And now the Night does her black Throne ascend,

And dusky Shades her silent State attend:

While pale-fac'd Cynthia with her starry Train

Dart down their trembling Lustre on the Main;

The weary Lab'ers their stiff Limbs repose,

And Sleep's soft Hands their drowsy Eyelids close.

Blac.

When the still Night with peaceful Poppies crown'd,

Had spread her shady Pinions o'er the Ground;

And slumb'ring Chiefs of painted Triumphs dream,

While Groves and Streams are the soft Virgin's Theme;

The Surges gently dash against the Shore,

Flocks quit the Plains, and Galley-slaves the Oar:

Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er mortal Eyes.

Gar.

'Tis Night; the Season when the Happy take

Repose, and only Wretches are awake:

Now discontented Ghosts begin their Rounds,

Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsom Grounds;

Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,

To frighten 'em with some sad Tale of Fate. Orw. Don Carl.

The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,

Put down, some say, by Ladies Eyes;

The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,

That hides her Face by Day from Sight:

(Mysterious Veil, of Brightness made,
 That's both her Lustre and her Shade)
 And in the Night as freely shone,
 As if her Rays had been her own :
 For Darkness is the proper Sphere,
 Where all false Glories use t'appear.
 The twinkling Stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrow'd Lustre:
 While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
 By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
 For Night's the Sabbath of Mankind,
 To rest the Body and the Mind.

Hud.

Midnight.

The Night proceeding on with silent Pace,
 Stood in her Noon, and view'd with equal Face
 Her steepy Rise and her declining Race.

Dryd. Virg. }

The Steeds of Night had travell'd half the Sky.
 Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast sublunar Vault.

Milt.

It was a Time when the still Moon
 Was mounted softly to her Noon.

Cowl.

Now all is hush'd, as Nature were retir'd,
 And the perpetual Motion standing still ;
 So much she from her Work appears to cease,
 And ev'ry warring Element's at Peace :
 All the wild Herds are in their Coverts couch'd,
 The Fishes to their Banks or Ooze repair'd,
 And to the Murmurs of the Waters sleep :
 The feeling Air's at Rest, and feels no Noise,
 Except of some short Breaths upon the Trees,
 Rocking the harmless Birds that rest upon them.

Osw. Orph.

'Twas still low Ebb of Night, when not a Star
 Was twinkling in the muffled Hemisphere ;
 But all around in horrid Darkness mourn'd,
 As if old *Chaos* were again return'd ;
 When not one Gleam of the eternal Light
 Shot thro' the solid Darkness of the Night :
 In dismal Silence Nature seem'd to sleep,
 And all the Winds were bury'd in the Deep :
 No whispering *Zephyrus* aloft did blow,
 Nor warring Boughs were murmuring below :
 No falling Waters dash'd, no Rivers purld,
 But all conspir'd to hush the drowzy World.

Dorſ.

'Twas in the Dead of Night, when Sleep repairs
 Our Bodies worn with Toils, our Minds with Cares.

Dr. Virg.

Dogs cease to Bark, the Waves more faintly roar,
 And roul themselves asleep upon the Shore.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

'Twas

'Twas Night, when Nature was in Sables dress'd;
 Tempestuous Winds in hollow Caves did rest.
 Impending Rocks with Slumber seem'd to bow;
 And drowsy Mountains hung their heavy Brow:
 The weary Waves rould nodding on the Deep,
 Or stretch'd on oozy Beds, they murmur'd in their Sleep. *Blac.*

'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Night lies
 So fast, as if she never were to rise:
 No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees,
 No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas:
 Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon,
 No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;
 Nor bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
 To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie;
 The Ravens perch, and no Presages give,
 Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave:
 The Owls forget to scream, no Midnight Sound
 Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground.
 In Vaults the waking Fires extinguish'd lie;
 The Stars, Heav'n's Centry, wink, and seem to die. *Lee Theod.*

'Twas Dead of Night, when weary Bodies close
 Their Eyes in balmy Sleep, and soft Repose.
 The Winds no longer whisper thro' the Woods,
 Nor murmur'ing Tides disturb the gentle Floods:
 The Stars, in silent Order, mov'd around,
 And Peace, with downy Wings, was brooding on the Ground.
 The Flocks, and Herds, and party-colour'd Fowl,
 Which haunt the Woods, or swim the weedy Pool,
 Stretch'd on the quiet Earth, securely lay,
 Forgetting the past Labours of the Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead;
 The Mountains seem to nod their drowsy Head:
 The little Birds in Dreams their Songs repeat,
 And sleeping Flow'rs beneath the Night-Dew sweat:
 Ev'n Lust and Envy sleep. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All things are hush'd, as when the Drawers tread
 Softly to steal the Key from Master's Head;
 The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,
 As 'twere the Socket, not the Candle, burns:
 The little Foot-boy snores upon the Stair;
 And greasy Cook-maid sweats in Elbow-chair:
 No Coach nor Link was heard:

NIGHTINGALE. *See Creation, Light.*

The Night-warbling Bird
 Tunes sweetest her Love-labour'd Song.

She all Night long her am'rous Descant sings,
 Till her thick-warbled Notes the Summer long.

Rac.

Milt.

Milt.

So,

So, close in Poplar Shades, her Children gone,
 The Mother Nightringale laments alone :
 Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and thence
 By Stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
 And melancholly Musick fills the Plains.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus in some Poplar Shade, the Nightingale
 With piercing Moans does her lost Young bewail :
 Which the rough Hind observing as they lay
 Warm in their downy Nest, had stol'n away :
 But she in mournful Sound does still complain,
 Sings all the Night, tho' all her Songs are vain,
 And still renews her miserable Strain.

Lee Theod.

NOBILITY of BLOOD. See Bastard.

Nobility of Blood,

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good :
 The Nobleman is he, whose noble Mind
 Is fill'd with in-born Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.
 The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid.
 And took his Earth but from an humble Maid :
 Then what can Birth on mortal Men bestow,
 Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow ?
 We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,
 Our true Nobility from him derive.
 Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride;
 And vast Estates, to mighty Titles ty'd,
 Did not your Honour, but their own advance ;
 For Virtue comes not by Inheritance :
 If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,
 What are you else but of a Bastard Kind :
 Do as your great Progenitors have done,
 And by your Virtue prove your self their Son.

*(of Bath's Tale.
 Dryd. Wife)*

Virtue alone is true Nobility :
 Let your own Acts immortalize your Name ;
 'Tis poor relying on another's Fame :
 For take the Pillars but away, and all
 The Superstructure must in Ruins fall :
 As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd,
 From the Embraces of the Elm she lov'd.

Step. Jun.

Search we the Springs,
 And backward trace the Principles of Things :
 There shall we find that when the World began,
 One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man ;
 One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd ;
 And kneaded up alike with moist'ning Blood.
 The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the Frame
 With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same.

The

The Faculties of Intellect and Will,
 Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill :
 Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill.

Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
 The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man.
 He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
 But that which made him Noble, made him Good.
 Warm'd with more Particles of heav'nly Flame,
 He wing'd his upward Flight and soar'd to Fame ;
 The rest remain'd below a Tribe without a Name.
 This Law, tho' Custom now diverts the Course,

As Nature's Institute is yet in Force :
 Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd : And he, whose Mind
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble Kind ;

Tho' poor in Fortune, of celestial Race :
 And he commits the Crime, who calls him base.

Ev'n Mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
 And Kings by Birth to lowest Rank return :
 All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance ;
 For Fortune can depress, and can advance.

But true Nobility is of the Mind,
 Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd. *Dryd. Sig. &*

No Father can infuse or Wit, or Grace ;
 A Mother comes across and mars the Race :
 A Grandfire or a Grandame taints the Blood ;
 And seldom Three Descents continue good.
 Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name
 Could never villanize his Father's Fame :
 But as the first, the last of all the Line,
 Would, like the Sun, ev'n in descending, shine.

Nobility of Blood is but Renown
 Of thy great Fathers, by their Virtue known,
 And a long Trail of Light to thee descending down.
 If in thy Smoke it ends, their Glories shine,
 But Infamy and Villanage are thine. *Dryd. Wife of Bath's Tale.*

And still more publick Scandal Vice extends,
 As he is Great and Noble who offends. *Step. Juu.*

Fairest Piece of well-form'd Earth,
 Urge not thus your haughty Birth.
 The Pow'r, which you have o'er us, lies
 Not in your Race, but in your Eyes.
 The Sap which at the Root is bred
 In Trees, thro' all the Boughs is spread ;
 But Virtues which in Parents shine,
 Make not like Progress thro' the Line.
 'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
 The hidden Seeds of native Worth :

They

They blow those Sparks, and make 'em rise
 Into such Flames as touch the Skies.
 To the old Heroes hence was giv'n
 A Pedigree that reach'd to Heav'n.
 Of mortal Seed they were nor held,
 Who other Mortals so excell'd:
 And Beauty too in such Excess
 As yours, *Zelinda*, claims no less.
 Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
 Henceforth to be of Princes born.
 I can describe the shady Grove,
 Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*;
 And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
 Caught with her Spouse's Shape and Name.
 Thy matchless Form will Credit bring
 To all the Wonders I shall sing.

Wal.

NOON.

The fiery Sun has finish'd half his Race.

Dryd. Virg.

The southing Sun inflames the Day,
 And the dry Herbage thirsts for Dew's in vain;
 And Sheep in Shades avoid the parching Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

The full blazing Sun
 Does now sit high in his meridian Tow'r.
 Shoots down direct his fervid Rays, to warm
 Earth's inmost Womb.

Milt.

At Noon of Day

The Sun with sultry Beams began to play.
 Not *Syrus* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,
 When with his pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky.
 Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs, their Beauty fled,
 They clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head,
 And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in the Bed.
 The Ladies gasp'd and scarcely could respire,
 The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire.
 The fainty Knights were scorch'd.

Dryd. The Flower and the Leaf.

NOTHING.

Nothing, thou Elder-Brother ev'n to Shade!
 Thou had'st a Being 'e'er the World was made,
 And, well-fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.
 E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not;
 When primitive Nothing Something strait begot:
 Then all proceeded from the great united—What?
 Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,
 Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,
 Into thy boundless Self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,
 And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand
 Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air, and Land.
 Matter the wicked'st Off-spring of thy Race,
 By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,
 And Rebel Light obscur'd thy rev'rend dusky Face.
 With Form and Matter, Time and Place did joyn;
 Body, thy Foe, with these did Leagues combine,
 To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.
 Yet turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,
 But brib'd by thee assists thy short-liv'd Reign;
 And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.
 Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,
 And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
 Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lies;
 Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,
 Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,
 And to be Part of thee the Wicked wisely pray.
 Great Negative! how vainly would the Wise
 Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies.
 Is, or is not! the Two great Ends of Fate;
 And true or false, the Subject of Debate,
 That perfect or destroy the vast Designs of Fate;
 When they have rack'd the Politician's Breast,
 Within thy Bosom most securely rest,
 And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.
 Nothing, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,
 For whom they rev'rend Shapes and Forms devise,
 Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they, like thee,
 (look wise.

French Truth, Dutch Prowess, British Policy,
Hybernian Learning, Scotch Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, Danes Wit, are mainly seen in thee.
 The great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,
 Kings Promises, Whores Vows, to thee they tend,
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Roch.

NOVELTY.

All Novelties must this Success expect,
 When good, our Envy; and when bad, Neglect. *Gar.*
 Actions of the last Age, are like Almanacks of the last Year.
 And when remote in Time, like Objects
 Remote in Place, are not beheld at half their Greatness.
 And what is new finds better Acceptation,
 Than what is good and great. *Denh. Sophy.*

NUN.

NUNNERY.

Some solitary Cloister will I chuse,
 And there with holy Virgins live immur'd :
 Coarse my Attire, and short shall be my Sleep,
 Broke by the melancholy midnight Bell :
 There hoard up ev'ry Moment of my Life,
 To lengthen out the Payment of my Tears.
 Fasting, and Tears, and Penitence, and Pray'r,
 Shall do dead *Sancho* Justice ev'ry Hour :
 Till ev'n fierce *Raymond* at the last shall say,
 Now let her die, for she has griv'd enough. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Oh shut me in a Cloister : There well-pleas'd,
 Religious Hardships I will learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at midnight Hours of Pray'r :
 Nor think it hard within a lonely Cell,
 With melancholy speechless Saints to dwell ;
 But bless the Day I to that Refuge ran,
 Free from the Marriage-Chain, and from that Tyrant, Man. *(Row. Fair Pen.)*

O A K. See Fighting at Sea, Trees.

The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of Trees,
 Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees:
 Three Centuries he grows, and Three he stays,
 Supreme in State; and in Three more decays. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Jove's own Tree,
 That holds the Woods in awful Sov'raignty,
 Requires a Depth of Lodging in the Ground,
 And, next the lower Skies, a Bed profound :
 High as his topmost Boughs to Heav'n ascend,
 So low his Roots to Hell's Dominion tend :
 Therefore nor Winds, nor Winter's Rage o'erthrows
 His bulky Body, but unmov'd he grows :
 For length of Ages lasts his happy Reign,
 And Lives of mortal Man contend with his in vain.
 Full in the Midst of his own Strength he stands,
 Stretching his brawny Arms and leafy Hands, *Dryd. Virg. }*
 His Shade protects the Plains, his Head the Hills commands.

As a tall Oak, that young and verdant stood
 Above the Grove, it self a nobler Wood :
 His wide extended Limbs the Forest drown'd,
 Shading its Trees, as much as they the Ground.
 Young murm'ring Tempests in his Boughs are bred,
 And gath'ring Clouds frown round his lofty Head :
 Outragious Thunder, stormy Winds, and Rain
 Discharge their Fury on his Head in vain :
 Earthquakes below, and Lightning from above
 Rend not his Trunk, nor his fix'd Root remove.

But then his Strength worn by destructive Age,
 He can no more his angry Foes engage :
 He spreads to Heav'n his naked wither'd Arms,
 As Aid imploring from invading Harms :
 From his dishonour'd Head the lightest Storm
 Can tear his Beauties, and his Limbs deform ;
 He rocks with ev'ry Wind, while on the Ground
 Dry Leaves and broken Arms lie scatter'd round.

Blac.

As when the Winds their airy Quarrel try,
 Justling from ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
 This way and that the Mountain Oak they bend ;
 His Boughs they shatter, and his Branches rend :
 With Leaves and falling Mast they spread the Ground,
 The hollow Valleys echo to the Sound :
 Unmov'd, the royal Plant their Fury mocks,
 Or shaken, clings more closely to the Rocks.
 For as he shoots his tow'ring Head on high,
 So deep in Earth his fix'd Foundations lie.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus Two tall Oaks, that *Padus* Banks adorn,
 Lift up to Heav'n their leafy Heads unthorn ;
 And over-press'd with Nature's heavy Load,
 Dance to the whistling Winds, and at each other nod.

Dryd. Virg.

As the stout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine
 Does in soft Wreaths and am'rous Foldings twine,
 Easy and slight appears : The Winds from far
 Summon their noisy Forces to the War ;
 But tho' so gentle seems his outward Form,
 His hidden Strength out-braves the loudest Storm ;
 Firmer he stands, and boldly keeps the Field ;
 Showing stout Minds when unprovok'd are mild.

Hal.

So when a noble Oak, that long has stood
 High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood,
 Is shock'd by Stormy Winds, he either Way
 Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.
 His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighb'ring Ground,
 And make a heaving Earthquake all around ;
 Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storms defies,
 His Roots still keep the Earth, his Head the Skies.

Blac.

O A T H.

Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind ;
 Too feeble Implements to bind :
 And Saints, whom Oaths or Vows oblige,
 Know little of their Privilege.
 For, if the Devil, to serve his Turn,
 Can tell Truth ; why the Saints should scorn,

When

When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there's little Reason why.

Hud.

We're not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely at all to swear;
But to swear idly and in vain,
Without Self-Interest or Gain:
For breaking of an Oath, and Lying,
Is but a kind of Self-denying.

Hud.

Oaths were not purpos'd more than Law,
To keep the Just and Good in awe;
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold.

Hud.

If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Bus'ness, why they should
In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reason for't.

Hud.

He that imposes an Oath, makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any Man be said,
To break an Oath he never made.

Hud.

OBSTINATE.

So fully addicted still
To's only Principle, his Will;
That whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
No Force of Argument could move:
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of *Holborn*,
Could render half a Grain less stubborn:
For he at any time would hang,
For th'Opportunity t'harangue;
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miss his dear Delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were so accomplish'd,
That right or wrong, he ne'er was non-plus'd:
But still his Tongue ran on, the less
Of Weight it bore, with greater Ease;
And with its everlasting Clack,
Set all Mens Ears upon the Rack:
No sooner could a Hint appear,
But up he started to pickeer;
And made the stoutest yield to Mercy,
When he engag'd in Controversy:
Not by the Force of Carnal Reason,
But indefatigable Teazing;
With Volleys of eternal Babble,
And Clamour more unanswerable:
For tho' his Topicks, frail and weak,
Could ne'er amount above a Freak,

He

He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desperat'st Assaults;
And back'd their feeble want of Sense
With greater Heat and Confidence :
As Bones of Hectors, when they differ.
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer. *Hud.*

He still resolv'd, to mend the Matter,
T'adhere and cleave the obstinater :
And still the skittisher and looser
His Freaks appear'd, to sit the closer. *Hud.*

For Fools are stubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th'Allay :
And Obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief. *Hud.*

O E D I P U S *tearing out his Eyes.*

Thrice he struck

With all his Force his hollow groaning Breast,
And thus with Outcries to himself complain'd ;
But thou canst weep then ? and thou think'st 'tis well !
These Bubbles of the shallow'st emptiest Sorrow,
Which Children vent for Toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond Hearts are set on :
Yet these, thou think'st, are ample Satisfaction
For bloodiest Murther and for burning Lust !
No Parricide ! if thou must weep, weep Blood,
Weep Eyes instead of Tears ! O, by the Gods !
'Tis greatly thought, he cries, and fits my Woes:
With that he smil'd revengefully, and leap'd
Upon the Floor ; thence gazing on the Skies ;
His Eye-balls fiery red, and glowing Vengeance ;
Gods ! I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable Glasses,
The mighty Soul's immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazling Beings. Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell View :
Then with a Groan that seem'd the Call of Death,
With horrid Force lifting his impious Hands,
He snatch'd, he tore from out their bloody Orbs
The Balls of Sight, and dash'd 'em on the Ground. *See Oedip.*

O L D A G E. *See Death, Dying of Old Age, Youth.*

Some few, by Temp'rance taught, approaching slow
To distant Fate, by easy Journeys go.
Gently they lay them down, as Ev'ning Sheep
On their own woolly Fleeces softly sleep.
So noiseless would I live, such Death to find ;
Like timely Fruit, not shaken by the Wind,

But ripely dropping from the sapless Bough,
 And dying, nothing to my self would owe.
 Thus daily changing, with a duller Taste
 Of less'ning Joys, I by Degrees would waste.
 Still quitting Ground by unperceiv'd Decay,
 And steal my self from Life, and melt away. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

How happy is the ev'ning Tide of Life!

When Phlegm has quench'd our Passions; trifling out
 The feeble Remnant of our silly Days

In Follies, such as Dotage best is pleas'd with:

Free from the wounding and tormenting Cares

That toss the thoughtful, active, busy Mind! *Otw. Cai. Mar.*

The Soul, with nobler Resolutions deck'd,

The Body stooping, does her self erect.

Clouds of Affections from our younger Eyes,

Conceal that Happiness which Age descries.

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd,

Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.

Stronger by Weakness, wiser Men become,

As they draw near to their eternal Home.

Leaving the old, both Worlds at once they view,

That stand upon the Threshold of the new. *Wall.*

We yet may see the old Man in a Morning,

Lusty as Health, come ruddy to the Field,

And there pursue the Chace, as if he meant

To o'ertake Time, and bring back Youth again: *Otw. Orph.*

As in a green old Age his Hair just grisled. *Dryd. Oedip.*

While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,

While I walk upright, and old Age is green,

And *Lachesis* has somewhat left to spin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Inconveniencies of Old Age.

Jove! grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store

Heap on my bending Back, I ask no more:

Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young, conspire

In this one silly mischievous Desire.

Mistaken Blessing, which Old Age they call!

'Tis a long, nasty, darksom Hospital!

A ropy Chain of Rheums! a Visage rough,

Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.

A stich-fall'n Cheek that hangs below the Jaw,

Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw

For an old grandame Ape, when with a Grace

She sits at squar, and scrubs her leathern Face.

In Youth Distinctions infinite abound:

No Shape, no Feature just alike is found:

The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong.
 But the same Foulness does to Age belong;
 The self-same Palsy both in Limbs and Tongue.
 The Skull and Forehead an old barren Plain;
 And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain.

}
Dryd. Juv.

These are th'Effects of doating Age,
 Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-caution;
 The second Nonage of a Soul more wise,
 But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
 Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Now my chill'd Blood is curdl'd in my Veins,
 And scarce the Shadow of a Man remains.

Dryd. Virg.

I am left behind,
 To drink the Dregs of Life, by Fate assign'd:
 Beyond the Goal of Nature I have gone.

Dryd. Virg.

Dodder'd with Age, the Winter of Man's Life!
 The gloomy Eve of endless Night.

Dryd.

Prop'd on a Staff, she takes a trembling Mien,
 Her Face is furrow'd, and her Front obscene:
 Deep dinted Wrinkles on her Cheeks she draws,
 Sunk are her Eyes, and toothless are her Jaws;
 Hoary her Hair.

Dryd. Virg.

Time has plow'd that Face with many Furrows. *Dryd. Oedip.*
 His Blear-eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin,
 His Beard was stubble, and his Cheeks were thin. *Dryd. Juv.*

Decrepid Bodies, worn to Ruin,
 Just ready of themselves to fall asunder,
 And to let drop the Soul.

Dryd. Mær. A-la-môde.

When my Blood was warm,
 This languish'd Frame when better Spirits fed, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
 E'er Age unstrung my Nerves, or Time o'er-snow'd my Head.

Oft am I by the Women told,
 Poor *Anacreon*! thou grow'st old:
 Look how thy Hairs are falling all!
 Poor *Anacreon*, how they fall!
 Whether I grow old or no,
 By th'Effects I do not know:
 This I know without being told,
 'Tis time to live if I grow old:
 'Tis time short Pleasures now to take;
 Of little Life the best to make,
 And manage wisely the last Stake.

}
Cow!

OPPRESSION.

It is not hard for one that feels no Wrong,
 For patient Duty to imploy his Tongue.
 Oppression makes Men mad, and from their Breasts
 All Reason, and all Sense of Duty wrests.

The Gods are safe when under Wrongs we groan,
Only because we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, who are but Gods of Clay,
Think they may safely with our Honour play?

Wall.

Be careful to withhold

Your Talons from the Wretched and the Bold :
Tempt not the Brave and Needy to Despair ;
For tho' your Violence should leave them bare
Of Gold and Silver, Swords and Darts remain,
And will revenge the Wrongs which they sustain.
The Plunder'd still have Arms.

Step. Juv.

ORPHEUS. See Musick.

O W L.

The boding Bird,
Which haunts the ruin'd Piles and hallow'd Urns,
And beats about the Tombs with nightly Wings,
Where Songs obscene on Sepulchres she sings.

Dryd. Virg.

With boding Note

The solitary Screech-Owl strains her Throat ;
Or on a Chimney's Top, or Turret's Height,
With Songs obscene disturbs the Silence of the Night.

(Virg.

Dryd.

As an Owl that in a Barn

Sees a Mouse creeping in the Corn,
Sits still, and shuts his round blue Eyes
As if he slept, until he spies
The little Beast within his Reach,
Then starts, and seizes on the Wretch.

Hud.

P A I N.

What avail

Valour or Strength, tho' matchless, quell'd with Pain,
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the Hands
Of mightiest Men ? Sense of Pleasure we may well
Spare out of Life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest Life :
But Pain is perfect Misery, the worst
Of Evils ; and excessive, overturns
All Patience.

Milt.

PAINTER and PAINTING.

Rare Artisan ! whose Pencil moves
Not our Delights alone, but Loves :
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return that enter'd free.
Strange that thy Hand should not inspire
The Beauty only, but the Fire ;
Not the Form alone and Grace,
But Act and Power of a Face.

The

The heedless Lover does not know
 Whose Eyes they are that wound him so :
 But confounded with thy Art, (Dyke.
 Inquires her Name that has his Heart. Wall, to Van-

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind,
 (And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind.)
 True, she was dumb, for Nature gaz'd so long,
 Pleas'd with her Work, that she forgot her Tongue ;
 But smiling said, she still shall gain the Prize,
 I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes:
 Such are thy Pictures, Kneller ! such thy Skill,
 That Nature seems obedient to thy Will !
 Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the Draught,
 Lives there, and wants but Words to speak her Thought.

At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we
 Imagine Sounds, deceiv'd to that Degree,
 We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.
 Shadows are but Privations of the Light,
 Yet when we walk they shoot before the Sight ;
 With us approach, retire, arise, and fall,
 Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all:
 Such are thy Pieces ! imitating Life
 So near, they almost conquer'd in the Strife ;
 And from their animated Canvas came
 Demanding Souls, and loosen'd from the Frame.
Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
 His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay ;
 And either would thy noble Work inspire,
 Or think it warm enough without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands may vulgar Likeness raise ;
 This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :
 From hence the Rudiments of Art began,
 A Coal, or Chalk first imitated Man :
 Perhaps the Shadow taken on a Wall,
 Gave Out-Lines to the rude Original ;
 E'er Canvas yet was strain'd ; before the Grace
 Of blended Colours found their Use and Place ;
 Or *Cyprus* Tablets first receiv'd a Face.

By slow Degrees the God-like Art advanc'd,
 As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inanc'd :
 Greece added Posture, Shade, and Perspective,
 And then the Mimick-Piece began to live.
 Yet Perspective was lame ; no Distance true,
 But all came forward in one common View :
 No Point of Light was known, no Bounds of Art ;
 When Light was there, it knew not to depart ;
 But glaring on remoter Objects play'd,

Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd,
 Long time the Sister Arts, in iron Sleep,
 A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep:
 At length, in *Raphael's* Age at once they rise,
 Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.
 Thence rose the *Roman* and the *Lombard* Line,
 One Colour'd best, and one did best Design.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the nobler Part,
 But *Titian's* Painting look'd like *Virgil's* Art.
 Thy Genius gives thee both; where true Design,
 Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours join.
 Likeness is ever there, but still the best;
 Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language dress'd:
 Where Light, to Shades descending, plays, not strives,
 Dies by Degrees, and by Degrees revives.
 Of various Parts a perfect Whole is wrought;
 Thy Pictures think, and we divine their Thought.
 Our Arts are Sisters, tho' not Twins in Birth;
 For Hymns were sung in *Eden's* happy Earth
 By the first Pair.
 But oh! the Painter Muse, tho' last in Place,
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.
Apelles Art an *Alexander* found;
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound:
 But *Homer* was with barren *Lawrel* crown'd.
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* awhile, and so had I;
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.
 Thou paint'st as we describe; improving still,
 When on wild Nature we engraft our Skill:
 But not creating Beauties at our Will.
 But Poets are confin'd in narrow Space,
 To speak the Language of their native Place:
 The Painter widely stretches his Command;
 Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.
 But we who Life bestow, our selves must live,
 Kings cannot reign unless their Subjects give.
 And they who pay the Taxes bear the Rule:
 Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool;
 But so his Follies in thy Postures sink,
 The senseless Ideot seems at least to think.
 Rich in thy self, and of thy self divine,
 All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine:
 A graceful Truth thy Pencil can command,
 The Fair themselves go mended from thy Hand:
 Likeness appears in ev'ry Lineament;
 But Likeness in thy Work is eloquent.
 Tho' Nature there her true Resemblance bears,
 A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.

So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous Frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely Dame.

More cannot be by mortal Art express'd ;
But venerable Age shall add the rest.

For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand,
Re-touch your Fingers with his rip'ning Hand,
Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint,
Add ev'ry Grace which Time alone can grant :

To future Ages shall your Fame convey,
And give more Beauties than he takes away. *Dr. to Sir G. Kneller.*

Men thought so much a Flame by Art was shown,
The Picture's self would fall in Ashes down.

Cowl.

The Painter who so long had vex'd his Cloth,
Of his Hound's Mouth to feign the raging Froth,
His desp'rate Pencil at the Work did dart ;
His Anger reach'd that Rage which pass'd his Art.
Chance finish'd that which Art could not begin ;
And he sat smiling how his Dog did grin.

Marv.

P R O M E T H E U S ill painted.

How wretched doth *Prometheus* State appear,
While he his second Misery suffers here.

Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great *Jove's* less than the Painter's Hands.

It would the Vulture's Cruelty out-go,
If once again his Liver thus should grow.

Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold Theft allow,

The Flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Cowl.

Under a Lady's Picture.

Such *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy

That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy* ?

But had like Virtue shin'd in that fair *Greek*,

The amorous Shephard had not dar'd to seek,

Or hope for Pity ; but with silent Moan,

And better Fate, had perished alone.

Wall.

W O M E N's Painting.

As Pyrates all false Colours wear,

T'intrap th'unwary Mariner ;

So Women, to surprize us, spread

The borrow'd Flags of White and Red.

Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues

In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Periwigs ;

With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,

Than *Philip Nye's* thanksgiving Beard.

Prepost'rously t'entice and gain

Those to adore them they disdain.

Hud.

Quoth she, if you're impos'd upon,

'Tis by your own Temptation done ;

That with your Ignorance invite,
 And teach us how to use the Slight;
 For when we find you're still more taken
 With false Attracts of your own making;
 Swear that's a Rose and that's a Stone,
 Like Sots, to us that laid it on;
 And what we did but slightly prime,
 Most ignorantly dawb in Rhyme:
 You force us, in our own Defences,
 To copy Beams and Influences;
 To lay Perfections on the Graces,
 And draw Attracts upon our Faces:
 And in Compliance to your Wit,
 Your own false Jewels counterfeit;
 Which when they're nobly done and well,
 The simple natural excel.
 How fair and sweet the planted Rose,
 Beyond the wild in Hedges, grows!
 For without Art the noblest Seeds
 Of Flow'rs degenerate to Weeds.
 How dull and rugged, e'er 'tis ground
 And polish'd, looks a Diamond!
 Tho' Paradise was e'er so fair,
 It was not kept so without Care.
 The whole World, without Art and Dress,
 Would be but one great Wilderness;
 And Mankind but a savage Herd,
 For all that Nature has confer'd:
 This does but rough-hew and design,
 Leaves Art to polish and refine.

Hud.

PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the Border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her Enclosure green,
 As with a rural Mound, the Champain Head
 Of a steep Wilderness; whole hairy Sides,
 With Thicket over-grown, Grotesque and wild,
 Access deny'd: And over-head up-grew
 Insuperable Height of loftiest Shade;
 Cedar, and Pine, and Fir, and branching Palm;
 A sylvan Scene; And as the Ranks ascend
 Shade above Shade, a woody Theatre,
 Of stateliest View; and higher than their Tops
 The verd'rous Wall of Paradise up-sprung;
 And higher than that Wall a circling Row
 Of goodliest Trees, laden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden Hue,

Appear'd

Appear'd with gay enamel'd Colours mix'd :
 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his Beams,
 Than on fair Ev'ning Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God has show'r'd the Earth : So lovely seem'd
 That Landscape. And of pure, now purer Air
 Meets his Approach, and to the Heart inspires
 Vernal Delight and Joy, able to drive
 All Sadness, but Despair : Now gentle Gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous Wings, dispense
 Native Perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy Spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
Mozambick ; Off at Sea North-East Winds blow
Sabeen Odours from the spicy Shore
 Of *Arabie* the Blest, with such Delay
 Well-pleas'd, they slack their Course ; and many a League
 Chear'd with the grateful Smell old *Ocean* smiles.
 So entertain'd those od'rous Sweets the Fiend.

Garden of E D E N.

A blissful Field, circled with Groves of Myrrh,
 And flowing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balm ;
 A Wilderness of Sweets ! for Nature here,
 Wanton'd as in her Prime ; and play'd at Will
 Her Virgin Fancies ; pouring forth more Sweet,
 Wild, above Rule or Art, enormous Bliss !
 Out of this fertile Ground God caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest Kind for Sight, Smell, Taste ;
 And all amidst them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming *Ambrosial* Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold ; and next to Life,
 Our Death, the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by.
 Southward thro' *Eden* went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his Course, but thro' the shaggy Hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulf'd ; and thence thro' Veins
 Of porous Earth, with kindly Thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a Rill
 Water'd the Garden : Thence united fell
 Down the steep Glade, and met the nether Flood.

But oh ! what Art can tell
 How from that Saphir Fount, the crisped Brook,
 Rolling on Orient Pearls, and Sands of Gold,
 With many Errour, under pendant Shades,
 Ran Nectar ; visiting each Plant, and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise : Which not nice Art
 In Beds, and curious Knots, but Nature boon
 Pour'd forth profuse, on Hill, and Dale, and Plain ;
 Both where the Morning Sun first warmly smote

The

The open Field, and where the unpierc'd Shade
 Imbrown'd the Noon-tide Bow'rs. Thus was this Place
 A happy rural Seat of various View.
 Groves, whose rich Trees wept odorous Gums and Balm ;
 Others, whose Fruit, burnish'd with golden Rind,
 Hung amiable ; *Hesperian* Fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious Taste :
 Betwixt them Lawns, or level'd Downs, and Flocks
 Grazing the tender Herb, were interpos'd ;
 Or palmy Hillock, or the flow'ry Lap
 Of some irriguous Valley spread her Store ;
 Flow'rs of all Hue, and without Thorn the Rose :
 Another Side, umbrageous Grotts and Caves
 Of cool Recess, o'er which the mantling Vine
 Lays forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring Waters fall
 Down the slope Hills, dispers'd or in a Lake,
 That to the fringed Bank, with Myrtle crown'd,
 Her chrystal Mirrour holds, unite their Streams.
 The Birds their Choir apply : Airs, vernal Airs,
 Breathing the Smell of Field and Grove, attune
 The trembling Leaves ; while universal Pan,
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in Dance,
 Led on th'eternal Spring.

A D A M and E V E in Paradise.

His large fair Front, and Eye sublime declar'd
 Absolute Rule, his Hyacinthin Looks
 Down from his parted Forelock manly hung,
 Clust'ring, but not beneath his Shoulders broad.
 She, as a Veil, down to her slender Waste
 Her unadorned golden Tresses wore
 Dishevel'd, but in wanton Ringlets wav'd,
 As the Vine curls her Tendrils.
 Under a Tuft of Shade that on the Green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain Side
 They sat them down.

There to their Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits, which the compliant Boughs
 Yielded them, side-long as they fate recline
 On the soft downy Bank, damask'd with Flow'rs.
 The savoury Pulp they chew, and in the Rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming Stream.

About them frisking play'd
 All Beasts of th'Earth, since wild, and of all Chase
 In Woods or Wilderness, Forest or Den :
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd, and in his Paw
 Dandled the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pards,

Gambol'd

Gambol'd before 'em: Th'unwieldy Elephant,
 To make them Mirth, us'd all his Might, and wreath'd
 His lithe Proboscis: Close the Serpent fly,
 Infatuating, wove with Gordian Twine
 His breed'd Train, and of his fatal Guile
 Gave Proof unheeded: Others on the Grass
 Couch'd, and now fill'd with Pasture, gazing fate. *Milt.*

PARDON.

Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong; *(of Gran.*
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the Wrong: *Dryd. Cong.*

The Laws that are inanimate,
 And feel no Sense of Love or Hate,
 That have no Passions of their own,
 Nor Pity to be wrought upon;
 Are only proper to inflict
 Revenge on Criminals, as strict.
 But to have Pow'r to forgive
 Is Empire and Prerogative:
 And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem,
 To grant a Pardon, than condemn. *Hud.*

PARTING.

Parting is worse than Death; 'tis Death of Love!
 The Soul and Body part not with such Pain,
 As I from you. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Now I would speak the last Farewel, but cannot;
 It would be still Farewel, a thousand Times;
 And multiplied in Echoes still Farewel.
 I will not speak, but think a thousand thousand.
 And be thou silent too, my lost *Sebastian*!
 So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Adieu then, O my Soul's far better Part;
 Thy Image sticks so close,
 That the Blood follows from my rending Heart.
 A last Farewel!
 For since a last must come, the rest are vain, *(of Gran.*
 Like Gasps in Death, which but prolong our Pain. *Dryd. Cong.*

I cannot, cannot tell her, we must part;
 I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go;
 And th'other should not weep: But oh!
 How many Deaths are in this Word Depart! *Dryd. All for Love.*

Death is Parting:

'Tis the last sad Adieu 'twixt soul and Body.
 But this is somewhat worse! My Joy, my Comfort,
 All that was left in Life fleets after thee:
 My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties.
 So sinks the setting Sun beneath the Waves,
 And leaves the Traveller in pathless Woods

Benighted

Benighted and forlorn : Thus with sad Eyes
Westward he turns to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having lost the last faint Glimpse of Day,
Cheerless in Darkneſs he purſues his Way.

Row. Tamerl.

Like one who wanders thro' long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to ſuccour Hunger ; eats his Fill
Before his painful March.

So would I feed a while my famiſh'd Eyes
Before we part : For I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never muſt return.

Dryd. All for Love.

There's ſuch ſweet Pain in Parting,
That I could hang for ever on thy Arms,
And look away my Life into thy Eyes.

Osw. Caius Marius.

What have we gain'd by this one Minute more ?
Only to wiſh another and another,
A longer Struggling with the Pangs of Death.
Oh ! thoſe that do not know what Parting is,
Can never learn to die.

When I but think this Sight may be our laſt,
If *Jove* ſhould ſet me in the Place of *Atlas*,
And lay the Weight of Heav'n and Gods upon me,
He could not preſs me more.

Oh ! let me go, that I may know my Grief :
Grief is but gheſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by :
But I too ſoon ſhall know what Abſence is ;

Why 'tis to be no more ; another Name for Death ;
'Tis the Sun Parting from the frozen North,
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes,
Till he ſink down from Heav'n ! O only *Creſſida* !
If thou depart from me I cannot live.

I have not Soul enough to laſt for Grief,
But thou ſhalt hear what Grief has done with me.

If I could live to hear it, I were falſe :
But as a fearful Traveller, who, fearing
Affaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind ;
I truſt my Heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty Caſket.

Then I will live that I may keep that Treſure ;
And arm'd with this Assurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure, as is the gentle Hawk,
When, whiſtled off, ſhe mounts into the Wind.
Our Loves, like Mountains, hid above the Clouds,
Tho' Winds and Tempeſts beat their aged Feet,
Their peaceful Heads, nor Storms, nor Thunder know, (*Creſſ.*)
But ſcorn the threatening Rack that rous below. *Dryd. Troil. &*

Since Fate divides us then, ſince I muſt loſe thee,
For Pity's Sake, for Love's, oh ! ſuffer me,

Thus

Thus languishing, thus dying, to approach thee,
 And sigh my last Adieu upon thy Bosom :
 Permit me thus to fold thee in my Arms,
 To press thee to my Heart, to taste thy Sweets ;
 Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight ;
 Thus for my last of Moments, gaze upon thee,
 Thou best, thou only Joy, thou lost *Semantke*.

For ever I could listen, but the Gods
 The cruel Gods forbid, and thus they part us.
 Remember, oh ! remember me, *Telemachus* ;
 Perhaps thou wilt forget me ; but no Matter :
 I will be true to thee, preserve thee ever,
 The sad Companion of this faithful Breast,
 While Life and Thought remain : And when at last
 I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
 My Heart-strings break, and all my Senses fail,
 I'll fix thy Image in my closing Eye,
 Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. *Row. Ulyss.*

PASSIONS.

They fate them down to weep, nor only Tears
 Rain'd at their Eyes, but high Winds worse within,
 Began to rise ; high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord ; and shook fore
 Their inward State of Mind ; calm Region once,
 And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent ;
 For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
 Heard not her Lore, both in Subjection now
 To sensual Appetite, who from beneath,
 Usurping over Sov'raign Reason, claim'd
 Superiour Sway.

Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought
 Dispair and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
 Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul opprest'd,
 Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast. *Dryd. Virg.*

Stupid he fate, his Eyes on Earth declin'd,
 And various Care revolving in his Mind.
 Rage boiling from the Bottom of his Breast,
 And Sorrow, mix'd with Shame, his Soul opprest'd ;
 And conscious Worth lay lab'ring in his Thought ;
 And Love, by Jealousy to Madness wrought.
 By slow Degrees his Reason drove away
 The Mists of Passion, and resum'd her Sway. *Dryd. Virg.*

Love, Justice, Nature, Pity, and Revenge
 Have kindled up a Wildfire in my Breast,
 And I am all a Civil War within.
 And, like a Vessel, struggling in a Storm,
 Require more Hands than one to steer me upright. *Dryd. Span. Fry*
 Thus

Thus while he spoke, each Passion dimm'd his Face,
 Thrice chang'd with Pale, Ire, Envy, and Despair,
 Which marr'd his Visage.
 Passions, like Seas, will have their Ebbs and Flows. *Lee Alex.*

P A T I E N C E.

Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
 But in brave Minds, a Scorn of what they bear. *How. Ind. Queen.*
 Come what come may,

Patience and Time run thro' the roughest Day. *Shak. Macb.*

Men counsel, and give Comfort to that Grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
 Their Counsel turns to Passion, which before
 Would give instructful Med'cine unto Rage,
 Fetter strong Madness in a silken Thread,
 Charm Ach with Air, and Agony with Words:
 Thus it is all Mens Office to speak Patience
 To those that wring under the Load of Sorrow;
 But no Man's Virtue nor Sufficiency
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself.

Men's Griefs cry louder than Advertisement;
 And there was never yet Philosopher
 That could endure the Tooth-ach patiently,
 However they have writ the Style of Gods, *(about nothing.*
 And made a Pish at Chance and Sufferance. *Shak. Macb. ad.*

P E A C E. *See War.*

Our Armour now may rust, our idle Scimitars
 Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use:
 Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums;
 And all the noisy Trades of War no more
 Shall wake the peaceful Morn:
 Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name
 Be longer us'd to lull the crying Babe. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

Again the Hinds may sing and plow,
 And fear no Harm but from the Weather now;
 Again may Tradesmen love their Pain,
 By knowing now for whom they gain:
 The Armour now may be hung up to Sight,
 And only in the Halls the Children fright. *Cow.*

P E A C O C K. *See Creation.*

P E R S E C U T I O N.

A Fury crawl'd from out her Cell,
 The bloodiest Minister of Death and Hell.
 Huge full-gorg'd Snakes on her lean Shoulders hung,
 And Death's dark Courts with their loud Hissing rung:
 Her Teeth and Claws were Iron, and her Breath,
 Like subterranean Damps, gave present Death.

Flames

Flames worse than Hell's shot from her bloody Eyes,
 And Fire and Sword eternally she cries.
 No certain Shape, no Feature regular,
 No Limbs distinct in th'odious Fiend appear.
 Her squalid bloated Belly did arise,
 Swoln with black Gore to a prodigious Size.
 Distended vastly by a mighty Flood
 Of slaughter'd Saints, and constant Martyrs Blood.
 Part stood out prominent, but Part fell down,
 And in a swagging Heap lay wall'wing on the Ground.
 Horror, till now the ugliest Shape esteem'd,
 So much out-done, a harmless Figure seem'd.
 Envy, and Hate, and Malice blush'd to see
 Themselves eclips'd by such Deformity.
 Her sev'rish Thirst drinks down a Sea of Blood,
 Not of the Impious, but the Just and Good ;
 'Gainst whom she burns with unextinguish'd Rage,
 Nor can th'exhausted World her Wrath assuage. *Blac.*

To subdue th'unconquerable Mind,
 To make one Reason have the same Effect
 Upon all Apprehensions ; to force this
 Or this Man just to think as thou and I do ;
 Impossible ! unless Souls, which differ
 Like human Faces, were alike in all. *Row. Tamerl.*

PHILOSOPHER and PHILOSOPHY.

Happy the Man ! alone thrice happy he,
 Who can through gross Effects their Causes see ;
 Whose Courage from the Deeps of Knowledge springs,
 Nor vainly fears inevitable things :
 But does his Walk of Virtue calmly go,
 Thro' all th'Alarms of Death and Hell below. *Cowl. Virg.*

He his Study bent
 To cultivate his Mind ; to learn the Laws
 Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause. *Dryd. Ovid.*

He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n could move
 With Strength of Mind, and tread th'Abyss above ;
 And penetrate with his interior Light
 Those upper Depths which Nature hid from Sight.
 And what he had observ'd and learnt from thence,
 Lov'd in familiar Language to dispense.
 The Crowd with silent Admiration stand
 And heard him as they heard their God's Command ;
 When he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
 The World's Original and Nature's Cause :
 And what was God ; and why the fleecy Snows
 In Silence fell, and rattling Winds arose.

What

What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence begun
 The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun :
 If Thunder was the Voice of angry Jove ;
 Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above.

Dryd. Ovid.

Some few, whose Lamps shone brighter, have been led
 From Cause to Cause to Nature's secret Head :
 And found that one first Principle must be,
 But What, or Who that universal He ;
 Whether some Soul, incompassing this Ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all ;
 Or various Atoms interfering Dance
 Leap'd into Form, the noble Work of Chance ;
 Or this great All was from Eternity :
 Not ev'n the *Stagyrite* himself could see,
 And *Epicurus* guess'd as well as he.
 As blindly grop'd they for a future State,
 As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
 But least of all could their Endeavours find
 What most concern'd the Good of human Kind ;
 For Happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted Ground.
 One thought Content the Good to be enjoy'd ;
 This ev'ry little Accident destroy'd :
 The wiser Madmen did for Virtue toil ;
 A thorny, or at best a barren Soil :
 In Pleasure some their glutton Souls would steep,
 But found their Line too short, the Well too deep,
 And leaky Vessels, which no Bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious Thoughts in endless Circles roul,
 Without a Centre where to fix the Soul.
 In this wild Maze their vain Endeavours end,
 How can the Less the Greater comprehend ?
 Or finite Reason reach Infinity ?

(Rel. Latit.

Dryd.

For what could fathom God, were more than he.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from Shore
 The rowling Ship, and hear the Tempest roar :
 Not that another's Pain is our Delight,
 But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far,
 The moving Legions mingled in the War :
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring Steps to guide
 To Virtue's Heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
 And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd ;
 From thence to look below on human Kind,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind.
 O wretched Man ! in what a Mist of Life,
 Inclos'd with Dangers, and with noisy Strife,

He

He spends his little Span ; and overfeeds
 His cramm'd Desires with more than Nature needs !
 For Nature wisely stints our Appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight ;
 Which Minds unmix'd with Cares and Fears obtain,
 A Souferene, a Body void of Pain.
 But just as Children are surpriz'd with Dread,
 And tremble in the Dark ; so riper Years,
 Ev'n in broad Day-light, are possess'd with Fears ;
 And shake at Shadows, fanciful and vain
 As those which in the Breasts of Children reign,
 These Bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
 No Rays of outward Sun-shine can dispell ;
 But Nature and right Reason must display
 Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to Day. *(Lucr. Dryd.)*

Oh! if the foolish Race of Man, who find
 A Weight of Cares still pressing on their Mind,
 Could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,
 And all this Burden lodg'd within the Breast ;
 Sure they would change their Course, not live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
 Uneasy both in Country and in Town,
 They search a Place to lay their Burthen down.
 One restless in his Palace walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the Load :
 But straight returns ; for he's as restless there,
 And finds there's no Relief in open Air:
 Another to his *Villa* would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire ;
 No sooner enter'd at his Country Door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore,
 Or seeks the City which he left before.
 Thus every Man o'er-works his weary Will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill ;
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
 No Prospect of Repose, nor Hope of Ease ;
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease ;
 Which known, would all his fruitless Trouble spare,
 For he would know the World not worth his Care :
 Then would he search more deeply for the Cause,
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws. *Dryd, Lucr.*

Natural Philosophy. See Country Life.

In all her Mazes Nature's Face they view'd,
 And as she disappear'd they still pursu'd:
 Wrapt in the Shades of Night the Goddess lies,
 Yet to the Learn'd unveils her dark Disguise,
 But shuns the gross Access of vulgar Eyes.

A a

They

They find her dubious now, and then as plain;
 Here she's too sparing, there profusely vain.
 How she unfolds the faint and dawning Strife
 Of infant Atoms kindling into Life;
 How ductile Matter new Meanders takes,
 And slender Trains of twisting Fibres makes;
 And how the Viscous seeks a closer Tone,
 By just Degrees to harden into Bone;
 Whilst the more loose flow from the vital Urn,
 And in full Tides of purple Streams return.
 How lambent Flames from Life's bright Lamp arise;
 And dart in Emanations thro' the Eyes;
 How from each Sluice a gentle Torrent pours,
 To slake a feav'rish Heat with ambient Show'rs;
 Whence their mechanick Pow'rs the Spirits claim;
 How great their Force, how delicate their Frame;
 How the same Nerves are fashion'd to sustain
 The greatest Pleasure and the greatest Pain;
 Why bileous Juice a golden Light puts on,
 And Floods of Chyle in silver Currents run,
 How the dim Speck of Entiry began
 To work its brittle Being up to Man;
 To how minute an Origin we owe
 Young *Ammon*, *Cesar*, and the great *Nassau*;
 Why paler Looks impetuous Rage proclaim,
 And why chill Virgins redden into Flame;
 Why Envy oft transforms with wan Disguise,
 And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the Eyes.
 All Ice why *Lucrece*; or *Sempronia* Fire;
 Why S—— rages to survive Desire;
 Whence *Milo's* Vigour at th'*Olympicks* shown;
 Whence Tropes to F—— or Impudence to S——;
 Why *Atticus* polite, *Brutus* severe;
 Why Me—— muddy, M——gue why clear.
 Hence 'tis we wait the wond'rous Cause to find,
 How Body acts upon impassive Mind;
 How Fumes of Wine the thinking Part can fire,
 Past Hopes revive, and present Joys inspire;
 Why our Complexions oft our Souls declare,
 And how the Passions in the Features are;
 How Touch and Harmony arise between
 Corporeal Substances and things unseen.
 With mighty Truths mysterious to descry,
 Which in the Womb of distant Causes lie.

He sung

The various Labours of the wand'ring Moon,
 And whence proceed th'Eclipses of the Sun;

Th'Original of Man and Beasts; and whence
 The Rains arise, and Fires their Warmth dispence;
 And fixt and erring Stars dispose their Influence:
 What shakes the solid Earth; what Cause delays
 The summer Nights, and shortens winter Days. *Dryd. Virg.*

- His noble Verse through Nature's Secrets leads.
 He sung how Earth blots the Moon's gilded Wane,
 While foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain.
 Why the great Waters her slight Horns obey;
 Her changing Horns not constanter than they.
 He sung how grievously Comets hang in Air;
 Why Sword and Plagues attend their fatal Hair;
 Why Contraries feed Thunder in the Cloud;
 What Motions vex it till it roar so loud;
 How lambent Fires become so wondrous tame,
 And bear such shining Winter in their Flame;
 What radiant Pencil draws the wat'ry Bow;
 What ties up Hail, and picks the fleecy Snow;
 What Palsy of the Earth here shakes fix'd Hills
 From off her Brows, and here whole Rivers spills. *Concl.*

With Wonder he surveys the upper Air,
 And the gay gilded Meteors sporting there;
 And lambent Jellies, kindling in the Night,
 Shoot thro' the *Aether* in a Trail of Light;
 How rising Steams in th'azure Fluid blend;
 Or fleet in Clouds, or in soft Show'rs descend;
 Or if the stubborn Rage of Cold prevail,
 In Flakes they fly, or fall in moulded Hail.
 How Honey-Dews imbalm the fragrant Morn;
 And the fair Oak with luscious Sweats adorn.
 How Heat and Moisture mingle in a Mass,
 Or belch in Thunder, or in Lightning blaze.
 Why nimble Coruscations strike the Eye,
 Or bold *Tornado's* bluster in the Sky.
 Why a prolific *Aura* upward tends,
 Ferments, and in a living Show'r descends.
 How Vapours, hanging on the tow'ring Hills;
 In Breezes sigh, or weep in warbling Rills.
 Whence infant Winds their tender Plinions try,
 And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply. *Gen.*

How in the Moon such Change of Shapes is found;
 The Moon, the changing World's eternal Bound;
 What shakes the solid Earth, what strong Disease
 Dares trouble the fair Centre's antient Ease:
 What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
 Varieties too regular for Chance!

What drives the Chariot on of Winter's Light,
And stops the lazy Waggon of the Night.

Cowl. Virg.

Then sung the Bard, how the light Vapours rise
From the warm Earth, and cloud the smiling Skies.
He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy Flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly Dew by Night ;
How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret Streams
On the reflected Points of bounding Beams,
Till, chill'd with Cold, they shade th'etherial Plain,
Then on the thirsty Earth descend in Rain.
How some, whose Parts a slight Contexture show,
Sink, hov'ring thro' the Air in fleecy Snow.
How Part is strung in silken Threads, and clings
Entangled in the Grass in glewy Strings :
How others, stamp'd to Stones, with rushing Sound
Fall from their chrystal Quarries to the Ground.
How some are laid in Trains, that kindled fly
In harmless Fires by Night about the Sky.
How some on Winds blow with impetuous Force,
And carry Ruin where they bend their Course ;
While some conspire to form a gentle Breeze,
To fan the Air, and play among the Trees.
How some enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the Bowels of a frowning Cloud,
That cracks as if the Axis of the World
Was broke, and Heav'n's bright Tow'rs were downwards hurl'd.

(Blac.

He was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloss over.
Whatever Sceptick could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why he had a Wherefore.
He could reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Nature by Abstracts :
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghosts of defunct Bodies fly.
Where Truth in Person does appear,
Like Words congeal'd in northern Air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysick Wit can fly.

Hed.

P H O E N I X.

Thus all receive their Birth from other things,
But from himself the Phoenix only springs :
Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the same :
Who nor by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,
But the sweet Essence of Ammomum drains ;
And watches the rich Gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears

He

He (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
 His Nest on oaken Boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling Tops of Palm: And first he draws
 The Plan with his broad Bill and crooked Claws,
 Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
 Is form'd, and rises round: Then with the Spoil
 Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and Stems of Nard,
 For Softness strew'd beneath, his funeral Bed is rear'd:
 Funeral and bridal both; and all around
 The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd.
 On this incumbent, till ethereal Flame
 First catches, then consumes the costly Frame;
 Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;
 He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.
 An infant Phoenix from the former Springs,
 His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
 Shakes off his Parent Dust: His Method he pursues,
 And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
 When grown to Manhood he begins to reign,
 And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain:
 He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
 His Father's royal Sepulchre before,
 And his own Cradle; this, with pious Care
 Plac'd on his Back, he cuts the buxom Air,
 Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
 And decently lays down his Burthen in the Porch. *Dryd. Ovid.*

P H Y S I C K.

Physick can but mend our crazy State;
 Patch an old Building, not a new create. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 The first Physicians by Debauch were made;
 Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
 By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
 Toil strung the Nerves and purify'd the Blood:
 But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
 Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten:
 Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
 Than see the Doctor for a pois'nous Draught.
 The Wife for Cure on Exercise depend;
 God never made his Work for Man to mend. *Dryd.*
 He 'scapes the best, who Nature to repair,
 Draws Physick from the Fields in Draughts of vital Air. *Dryd.*

P I T Y.

As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
 So Pity soonest runs in gentle Minds. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 Pity on fresh Objects only stays,
 But with the tedious Sight of Woes decays. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

The Rocks were mov'd to Pity with his Moan,
Trees bent their Heads to hear him sing his Wrongs, (*Dr. Virg.*
Fierce Tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their sawning Tongues.

The Brave and Wise we pity in Misfortunes ;
But when Ingratitude and Folly suffer,
'Tis Weakness to be touch'd.

Row. Fair Pen.

PLAGUE.

The rising Vapours choak the wholesom Air,
And Blasts of noisom Winds corrupt the Year.
The Trees devouring Caterpillars burn,
Parch'd with the Grass, and blighted with the Corn :
Nor 'scape the Beasts, for *Sirius* from on high,
With pestilential Hears infests the Sky.

Dryd. Virg.

The raw Damps

With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scatt'ring their pestilential Colds and Rheums
Thro' all the lazy Air : Hence Murraings follow
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds.
At last the Mollady
Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Master's Feet ; and next his Master.
For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
First on inferiour Creatures try their Force,
And last they siez'd on Man :

And then a thousand Deaths at once advanc'd,
And ev'ry Dart took Place. All was so sudden,
That scarce a first Man fell: One but began
To wonder, and straight fell a Wonder too;
A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Drop'd in the pious Act. Heard you that Groan ?
A Troop of Ghosts took Flight together there:
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes.
With dead and dying Men our Streets lie cover'd;
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than the hides in Graves.

Between the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
The nuptial Torch do common Offices
Of Marriage and of Death. Cast round your Eyes,
Where late the Streets were so thick-sown with Men,
Like *Gadams* Brood they jostled for their Passage;
Now look for those erected Heads, and see 'em,
Like Pebbles, paving all our publick Ways.

Dryd. Only

O'er *Ethiopia*, and the southern Sands,
A mortal Influence came,
Kindled by Heav'n's angry Beam.

Who all the Stores of Poyson sent,
 Threat'ning at once a gen'ral Doom,
 Lavish'd out all their Hate, and meant
 In future Ages to be innocent.
 Those *Africk* Desarts straight were double Desarts grown,
 The rav'nous Beasts were left alone.
 The rav'nous Beasts then first began,
 To pity their old En'my Man, (done.
 And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have
 Nor stay'd the cruel Evil there;
 Plagues presently forsake
 The Wilderness which they themselves do make ; }
 Away the deadly Breaths their Journey take,
 Driv'n by a mighty Wind;
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on,
 And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan :
 Thence it did *Persia* over-run ;
 In every Limb a dreadful Pain they felt ;
 Tortur'd with secret Coals they melt.
 The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,
 Their God increas'd their Pain :
 They look'd up to their God no more,
 But curse the Beams they worshipp'd before.
 Glutted with Ruins of the *East*,
 She took her Wings, and down to *Athens* pass'd :
 Just Plague ! which dost no Parties take,
 But *Greece* as well as *Persia* sack :
 Without the Wall the *Spartan* Army fate,
 The *Spartan* Army came too late,
 For now there was no farther Work for Fate.
 They saw the City open lay,
 An easy and a bootless Prey ;
 They saw the Rampires empty stand,
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unman'd :
 No Need of Cruelty or Slaughter now,
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do.
 They now might unresisted enter there,
 Did they not the very Air
 More than th' *Athenians* fear ;
 The Air it self to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.
 The Air no more was vital now,
 But did a mortal Poyson grow.
 The Lungs, which us'd to fan the Heart,
 Serv'd only now to fire each Part ;
 What should refresh, increas'd the Smart.
 And now their very Breath,
 The chiefest Sign of Life, became the Cause of Death.

Upon the Head first the Disease,
 As a bold Conqu'ror does sieze;
 Blood started thro' each Eye,
 The Redness of that Sky
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.
 The Tongue did flow all o'er
 With clotted Filth and Gore;
 Hoarseness and Sores the Throat did fill,
 And stoppt the Passages of Speech and Life:
 Too cruel and imperious Ill!
 Which not content to kill,
 With tyrannous and dreadful Pain,
 Doeſt take from Men the very Power to complain.
 Then down it went into the Breast,
 There all the Seats and Shops of Life poſſeſs'd:
 Such noiſom Smells from thence did come,
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb.
 No Food would there abide,
 Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemy's Side;
 The very Meat new Poyſons to the Plague ſupply'd.
 Next, to the Heart the Fires came,
 The tainted Blood its Courſe began,
 And carry'd Death where-e'er it ran:
 That which before was Nature's nobleſt Art,
 The Circulation from the Heart,
 Was more deſtructive now,
 And Nature ſpeedier did undo.
 The Belly felt at laſt its Share,
 And all the ſubtle Labyrinths there
 Of winding Bowels, did new Monſters bear.
 Here ſev'n Days it rul'd and ſway'd,
 And oft'ner kill'd, becauſe it Death ſo long delay'd:
 But if thro' Strength and Heat of Age,
 The Body overcame its Rage,
 The vanquiſh'd Evil took from them
 Who conquer'd it, ſome Part, ſome Limb;
 Some all their Lives before forgot,
 Their Minds were but one darker Blot:
 Thoſe various Pictures in the Head,
 And all the num'rous Shapes were fled;
 They paſs'd the *Lethe* Lake altho' they did not die:
 Whatever leſſer Maladies Men had,
 Thoſe petty Tyrants fled,
 And at this mighty Conqu'ror ſhrunk their Head.
 Fevers, Agues, Palfies, Stone,
 Gout, Cholic, and Conſumption,
 And all the milder Generation

By which Mankind is by Degrees undone,
 Were quickly routed out and gone.
 Physicians now could nought prevail,
 No Aid of Herbs, or Juices Pow'r ;
 None of *Apello's* Art could cure :
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,
 And drank it dry at its Return :
 Again they drew, again they drank ;
 They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
 And only added to the burning Store.
 So strong the Heat, so strong the Torments were,
 They like some Burthen bear
 The lightest Covering of Air :
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear ;
 The Pain and the Disease did now,
 Unwillingly reduce Men to
 That Nakedness once more,
 Which perfect Health, and Innocence caus'd before.
 Their fiery Eyes, like Stars, wak'd all the Night,
 No Sleep, no Peace, no Rest,
 Their wandring and affrighted Minds possess'd,
 Upon their Souls, and Eyes,
 Hell, and eternal Horrour lies.
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray,
 Sometimes they Cruelties and Fury breath,
 Not Sleep, but Waking now was Sister unto Death.
 Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay.
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take the Flesh away.
 In vain she call'd ; they came not nigh,
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruin buy :
 * *Whom Tyrant Hunger press'd,*
And forc'd to taste ; he prov'd a wretched Guest ;
The Price was Life : It was a costly Feast.
 Here lies a Mother and her Child,
 The Infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd.
 But straight by its own Food was kill'd.
 There Parents hugg'd their Children last,
 Here parting Lovers last embrac'd ;
 But yet not parting neither,
 They both expir'd and went away together.
 Here Pris'ners in the Dungeon die,
 And gain a twofold Liberty :
 Here others, poison'd by the Scent,
 Which from corrupted Bodies went,

* These Three Lines are in Creech's Lucretius.

Quickly return the Death they did receive,
 And Death to others give.
 And ev'n after Death they all are Murth'ers here.
 Up starts the Soldier from his Bed,
 He, tho' Death's Servant, is not freed.
 The Learned too as fast as others die,
 They from Corruption are not free,
 Are mortal, tho' they give an Immortality.
 They turn'd their Authors o'er to try,
 What Help, what Cure, what Remedy,
 All Nature's Stores against this Plague supply.
 And tho' besides they shunn'd it every where,
 They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.
 There was no Number now of Death,
 The Sisters scarce stood still to breathe,
 But weary'd quite with cutting single Threads,
 Began at once to part whole Looms;
 One Stroke did give whole Houses Dooms:
 But what, Great Gods! was worst of all,
 Hell forth its Magazine of Lust did call,
 Into the upper World it went;
 Such Guilt, such Wickedness,
 Such Irreligion did increase,
 That the few Good that did survive,
 Were angry with the Plague for suff'ring them to live,
 More for the Living than the Dead did grieve.
 Some robb'd the very Dead,
 Tho' sure to be infected e'er they fled.
 Some nor the Shrines nor Temples spar'd,
 Nor Gods, nor Heavens fear'd,
 Tho' such Examples of their Pow'r appear'd.
 Virtue was esteem'd an empty Name,
 And Honesty the foolish Voice of Fame.
 For having pass'd those tort'ring Flames before,
 They thought the Punishment already o'er,
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

[*Bishop of Rochester's Plague of Athens.*
 PLANET.

Like some malignant Planet,
 Foe to the Harvest, and the healthy Year,
 That scouls adverse, and lours upon the World,
 When all the other Stars with gentle Aspect
 Propitious shine, and meaning Good to Man. *Row. Fair Pen.*
Planet of Saturn.

Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
 Till Length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.

Man feels me when I press th'ethereal Plains,
 My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.
 Mine is the Shipwreck in a wat'ry Sign,
 And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.
 Cold shiv'ring Agues, melancholy Care,
 And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
 And willful Death resulting from Despair.
 The chrotling Quinsy 'tis my Star appoints,
 And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joynts:
 When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
 I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence:
 And housing in the *Lion's* hateful Sign,
 Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy Pois'ning: I command
 Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
 By me King's Palaces are push'd to Ground,
 And Miners' crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
 'Twas I slew *Sampson*, when the pillar'd Hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall.
 My Looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the People and the Prince. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

P L A Y E R.

I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
 Speak, and look back, and pry on ev'ry Side,
 Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw,
 Intending deep Suspicion. Ghastly Looks
 Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
 And both are ready in their Offices,
 At any Time to grace my Stratagems. *Shak. Rich. 3.*

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
 But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
 Could force his Soul so to his whole Conceit,
 That from her Working all his Visage warm'd;
 Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,
 A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
 With Forms to his Conceit? And all for Nothing!
 For *Hecuba*! What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do
 Had he the Motive, and the Cue for Passion
 That I have? He would drown the Stage with Tears,
 And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech:
 Make mad the Guilty, and apale the Free,
 Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears. *Shak. Haml.*

Like a Player,
 Bellowing his Passion till he break the Spring,
 And his rack'd Voice jar to the Audience. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*
 The

The purple Emp'rors, who in Buskins tread,
And rule imaginary Worlds for Bread.

GAR.

P L E A S U R E.

Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,
But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury:
And while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E'er it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with Gall
By some Left-handed God.

Dryd. Oedip.

The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile;
The Crocodile infests the fertile Nile.
Lions and Tigers on the *Lybian* Plain,
Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swain.
Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,
They fear their Ruin midst of their Delight.

Duf.

Delights, those beautiful Illusions play
Around us, and when grasp'd they glide away:
They shew themselves, but will not with us dwell,
But like hot Gleams, approaching Storms foretell.
Pure unmix'd Pleasures on us never flow'd,
But stream, like watry Sun-beams, thro' a Cloud.

Blac.

And frequent Use does the Delight exclude:
Pleasure's a Toil when constantly pursu'd.

Cong. Juo.

One Grain of Bad imbitters all the Best.

Dryd. Hen.

P O E T A S T E R.

He Rhimes appropriate could make,
To ev'ry Month in th' Almanack:
When Terms begin and end, could tell,
With their Returns, in Doggerel.
When the Exchequer opes and shuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts.
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will.
When use, and when abstain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
In Lyricks he would write an Ode on
His Mistress eating a Black-pudden.
And when imprison'd Air escap'd her,
It puff'd him with poetick Rapture.
His Sonnets charm'd th'attentive Croud,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Guests;
Like *Orpheus* look'd among the Beasts.
A Carman's Horse could not pass by,
But stood ty'd up to Poetry.
Each Window like a Pill'ry 'ppears,
With Heads thrust thro', nail'd by the Ears:

All

All Trades run in as to the Sight
 Of Monsters, or their dear Delight
 The Gallow-Tree, when cutting Purse
 Breeds Bus'ness for Heroick Verse.
 Which none does hear, but would have hung,
 T'have been the Theme of such a Song. *Hud.*

POETRY and POETS. *See* Musick, River, Stile, Verse.

Sometimes of humble rural things,
 Thy Muse in middle Air with vary'd Numbers sings;
 And sometimes her sonorous Flight
 To Heav'n sublimely wings.
 But first takes Time with Majesty to rise,
 Then without Pride divinely great,
 She mounts her native Skies,
 And Goddess-like retains her State,
 When down again she flies.
 Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,
 Both to depress her Flight, and raise.
 Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,
 But still descending, Dignity maintains;
 As much a God upon our humble Plains,
 As when he tow'ring re-ascends to Heav'n.
 But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,
 With such a Majesty, to such a Height,
 As can alone suffice to prove
 That she descends from mighty *Jove*;
 Gods! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar, and shine?
 Immortal Spirit animates each Line:
 Each with bright Flame that fires our Souls is crown'd,
 Each has Magnificence of Sound,
 And Harmony divine.
 Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,
 With shining Pomp advance,
 And to their own celestial Sounds
 Majestically dance.
 Or with eternal Symphony they roll,
 Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,
 And each inform'd by the prodigious Force,
 Of an Empyrean Soul. *Dennis to Dryd.*
 In your Lines let Energy be found,
 And learn to rise in Sense, and sink in Sound:
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.
 Harsh Words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear,
 None please the Fancy who offend the Ear.
 In Sense and Numbers if you would excel,
 Read *Wycherly*, consider *Dryden* well.

In

In one what vig'rous Turns of Fancy shine,
 In th'other *Syrens* warble in each Line.
 If *Dorset's* sprightly Muse but touch the Lyre,
 The *Smiles* and *Graces* melt in soft Desire,
 And little *Loves* confess their am'rous Fire.
 The gentle *Ipsi* claims the ivy Crown,
 To bind th'immortal Brows of *Addison*.

As tuneful *Congreve* tries his rural Strains,
Pan quits the Woods, the list'ning Fawns the Plains,
 And *Philomel*, in Notes like his, complains.
 When *Stepney* paints the God-like Acts of Kings,
 Or what *Apollo* dictates *Prior* sings,
 The Banks of *Rhine* a pleas'd Attention show,
 And silver *Sequana* forgets to flow.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
 That can with a resistless Charm impart
 The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
 Between declining Virtue and Desire,
 That the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away,
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

Such were the Numbers, which could call
 The Stones into the *Trojan* Wall.

As there is Musick uninform'd by Art,
 In those wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
 The Birds in unfrequented Shades express,
 Who better taught at home, yet please us less:
 So in your Verse a native Sweetness dwells,
 Which shames Composition, and its Art excels.
 Singing no more can your soft Numbers grace,
 Than Paint add Charms unto a beauteous Face.
 Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
 Their even Calmness does suppose them deep:
 Such is your Muse;

So firm a Strength, and yet withal so sweet,
 Did never but in *Sampson's* Riddle meet. *Dryd. to Sir Rob. Howard.*

The Colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade. *Stepn. to L. Halifax.*

Not fierce but awful in his manly Page;
 Bold is his Strength, but sober is his Rage. *Dryd. Prof.*

We must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
 Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
 Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thy Eye.

'Tis solid and 'tis manly all,
 Or rather, 'tis angelical.
 For, as in Angels, we
 Do in thy Verses see

Both

Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet ; *(Cowl. to Orinda.)*
 They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

With conceal'd Design
 Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join ;
 And with a sly insinuating Grace
 Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face :
 Would raise a Blush where secret Vice he found,
 And tickle while he gently prob'd the Wound.
 With seeming Innocence the Croud beguill'd,
 And made the desperate Passes when he smil'd. *Dryd. Pers.*

Pindar's unnavigable Song
 Like a swoll'n Flood from some steep Mountain pours along ;
 The Ocean meets with such a Voice
 From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's Noise.
 So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll
 Down his impetuous *Dithyrambick* Tide,
 Which in no Channel deigns to abide ;
 Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.
 Whether th'immortal Gods he sings
 In no less immortal Strain,
 Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,
 Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.

Whether at *Pisa's* Race he please
 To carve in polish'd Verse the Conquerors Images :
 Whether the Swift, the Skilful, or the Strong
 Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous Song ;
 Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate,
 In Words worth dying for he celebrate.

He bids him live and grow in Fame,
 Among the Stars he sticks his Name :
 The Grave can but the Dross of him devour ;
 So small is Death's, so great's the Poet's Power.
 Lo ! how th'obsequious Wind and swelling Air

The *Therap* Swan does upwards bear
 Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,
 And with extended Wings opens his liquid Way
 While alas ! my tim'rous Muse
 Unambitious Tracks pursues ;
 Does with weak unballast'd Wings
 About the mossy Brooks and Springs,
 About the Trees new-blossom'd Heads,
 About the Gardens painted Beds,
 About the Fields and flow'ry Meads,
 And all inferiour beauteous things,

Like the laborious Bee,
 For little Drops of Honey flee,
 And there with humble Sweets content her Industry. *Cowl. Hor.*
 Mean

Mean as I am, yet have the *Muses* made,
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade :
 I could have once sung down a Summer's Sun;
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done ;
 My Voice grows hoarse, I feel the Notes decay ;

For Cares and Time

Change all things; and untune my Soul for rhyme. *Dryd. Virg.*

POLYPHEMUS and his Den.

The Cave, tho' large, was dark : The dismal Floor
 Was pav'd with mangled Limbs and putrid Gore.
 The monstrous Host, of more than human Size,
 Erects his Head and stares within the Skies.
 Bellowing his Voice, and horrid is his Hue.
 The Joints of slaughter'd Wretches is his Food;
 And for his Wine he quaffs the streaming Blood.
 These Eyes beheld when with his spacious Hand
 He seiz'd two Captives of the *Grecian* Band ;
 Stretch'd on his Back, he dash'd against the Stones
 Their broken Bodies and their crackling Bones :
 With spouting Blood the purple Pavement swims,
 While the dire Glutton grinds the trembling Limbs.

Thus gorg'd with Fleth, and drunk with human Wine,
 While fast asleep the Giant lay supine,
 Snoring aloud, and belching from his Maw
 His indigested Foam and Morsels raw ;

We surround

The monstrous Body stretch'd along the Ground :
 Each, as he could approach, him lends a Hand
 To bore his Eye-ball with a flaming Brand:
 Beneath his frowning Forehead lay his Eye;
 For only one did the vast Frame supply ;
 But that a Globe so large, his Front it fill'd ;
 Like the Sun's Disk, or like a *Grecian* Shield.
 The Stroke succeeds, and down the Pupil bends.
 Such, and so vast as *Polypheme* appears,
 A hundred more this hated Island bears:
 Like him, in Caves they shut their woolly Sheep,
 Like him their Herds on Tops of Mountains keep,
 Like him with mighty Strides they stalk from Steep to Steep.
 I oft from Rocks a dreadful Prospect see
 Of the huge *Cyclops*, like a walking Tree :
 From far I hear his thund'ring Voice resound,
 And trampling Feet that shake the solid Ground.

Scarce had he said, when on the Mountain's Brow,
 We saw the Giant-Shepherd stalk before
 His foll'wing Flock, and leading to the Shore.

A monstrous Bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of Sight :
 His Staff a Trunk of Pine, to guide his Steps aright.
 His pond'rous Whistle from his Neck descends ;
 His woolly Care their pensive Lord attends ;
 This only Solace his hard Fortune sends.
 Soon as he reach'd the Shore, and touch'd the Waves,
 From his gor'd Eye the gutt'ring Blood he laves ;
 He gnash'd his Teeth and groan'd ; thro' Seas he strides,
 And scarce the topmost Billows touch'd his Sides.
 Siez'd with a suddain Fear, we run to Sea,
 And buckling to the Work, our Oars divide the Main.
 The Giant hearken'd to the dashing Sound ;
 But when our Vessel out of Reach he found,
 He strided downward, and in vain essay'd
 Th'*Ionian* Deep, and durst no farther wade :
 With that he roar'd aloud ; the dreadful Cry
 Shakes Earth, and Air, and Seas ; the Billows fly
 Before the bell'wing Noise to distant *Italy*.
 The neighb'ring *Etna* trembling all around,
 The winding Caverns echo to the Sound.
 His Brother *Cyclops* hear the yelling Roar,
 And rushing down the Mountains crowd the Shoar :
 We saw their stern distorted Looks from far,
 And one-ey'd Glance that vainly threaten'd War.
 A dreadful Council, with their Heads on high,
 The misty Clouds about their Foreheads fly ;
 Not yielding to the tow'ring Tree of *Jove*,
 Or tallest Cypress of *Diana's* Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

POPULACE.

The Vulgar, a scarce-animat'd Clod,
 Ne'er pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God. *Dryd. Auren.*
 That hor-mouth'd Beast that bears against the Curb ;
 Hard to be broken ev'n by lawful Kings,
 But harder by Usurpers.

Almighty Crowd ! thou shorten'st all Dispute :
 Pow'r is thy Essence, Wit thy Attribute.
 Nor Faith nor Reason makes thee at a Stay, *(Dryd. Med.)*
 Thou leap'st o'er all eternal Truths in thy pindarick Way.

Base mongril Souls ! flesh 'em but once with Fortune,
 And they will worry Royalty to Death :
 But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
 They'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails, *(Guise.)*
 Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for Mercy. *Lee D. of*

Dissentious Rogues,
 That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinions,
 Make your selves Scabs.
 That like not Peace nor War ; the one affrights you,

The other makes you proud.

Who deserves Greatness
Deserves your Hate. Your Affections are
A sick Man's Appetite, who desires most that
Which would encrease his Evil. He that depends
Upon your Favours, swims with Fins of Lead.

Shak. Coriol.

The Scum

That rises upmost when the Nation boils.

Dryd. Don Seb.

The Rabble gather round the Man of News,
And listen with their Mouths.

Some tell, some hear, some judge of News, some make it;
And he that lies most loud, is most believ'd.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night
Than at the mid-day Sun : A drowzy Horrour
Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake.
All crowd in Heaps, as at a Night Alarm,
The Bees drive out upon each others Backs
T'imboss their Hives in Clusters : All ask News :
Their busy Captain runs the weary Round
To whisper Orders ; and commanding Silence,
Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs.

Dr. Don Seb.

The Commonwealth is sick of their own Choice ;
Their over-greedy Love has surfeited :

A Habitation giddy and unsure

Has he that builds upon the vulgar Hearts.

O thou fond Many ! with what loud Applause
Did'st thou beat Heav'n with blessing *Bullingbrook*,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be ?

But being trimm'd up in thy own Desires,
Thou beastly Feeder art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.

So, so, thou common Dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton Bosom of the royal *Richard* ;

And now thou would'st eat thy dead Vomer up,
And howl'st to find it. What Trust is in these Times ?

They that when *Richard* liv'd would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his Grave :

Thou that threw'st Dust upon his goodly Head,

When thro' proud *London* he came sighing on

After th' admir'd Heels of *Bullingbrook* ;

Cry'st now, O Earth ! yield us that King again,

And take thou this.

Shak. 2 Part Hen. 4.

The Genius of your Moors is Mutiny :

They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madness.

Prompt to rebel on ev'ry weak Pretence,

Blust'ring when courted, crouching when oppress'd ;

Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World ;

Restless

Restless in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
 They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense ;
 A good luxurious palatable Faith.
 Thus Vice and Godliness, preposterous Pair,
 Ride Cheek by Jowl ! But Churchmen hold the Reins ;
 And when-e'er Kings would lower Clergy Greatness,
 They'll learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
 And whose the Subjects are. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

By Heav'n, 'twas never well since sawcy Priests
 Grew to be Masters of the list'ning Herd,
 And into Mitres cleft the regal Crown. *Shak. Trail. & Cress.*

Empire, thou poor and despicable thing,
 When such as these unmake or make a King ! *Dr. Conq. of Gran.*

Observe the mountain Billows of the Main,
 Blown by the Winds into a raging Storm ;
 Brush off those Winds, and the high Waves return
 Into their quiet first created Calm :
 Such is the Rage of busy blust'ring Crowds,
 Tormented by th' Ambition of the Great.
 Cut off the Causes and th' Effects will cease,
 And all the moving Madness fall in Peace. *Dryd. Cleom.*

I have no Taste
 Of popular Applause, the noisy Praise
 Of giddy Crowds as changeable as Winds,
 Still vehement, and still without a Cause :
 Servants to Chance, and blowing in the Tide
 Of swollen Success ; but veering with its Ebb,
 It leaves the Channel dry. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

As when in Tumults rise th'ignoble Crowd,
 Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud ;
 And Stones and Brands in rattling Volleys fly,
 And all the rustick Arms that Fury can supply.
 If then some grave and pious Man appear,
 They hush their Noise and lend a list'ning Ear ;
 He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,
 And quenches their innate Desire of Blood. *Dryd. Virg.*

The giddy Vulgar, as their Fancies guide,
 With Noise say nothing, and in Parts divide. *Dryd. Virg.*

In Tumults People reign and Kings obey. *Dr. Conq. of Gran.*

The People like a headlong Torrent go,
 And ev'ry Dam they break or overflow :
 But unoppos'd they either lose their Force,
 Or wind in Volumes to their former Course. *Dr. Conq. of Gran.*

Their Fright to no Perswasions will give Ear,
 There's a deaf Madness in a People's Fear. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

POPULAR.

Th'admiring Crowd are dazled with Surprise,
 And on his goodly Person feed their Eyes :

His Joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show,
 On each Side bowing popularly low :
 His Looks, his Gestures, and his Words he frames,
 And with familiar Ease repeats their Names.
 Thus form'd by Nature, furnish'd out with Arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret Hearts ;
 Fame runs before him as the morning Star,
 And Shouts of Joy salute him from afar.
 Each House receives him as a Guardian-God,
 And consecrates the Place of his Abode. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

The People rend the Skies with loud Applause,
 And Heav'n can hear no other Name but yours ;
 The thronging Crowds press on you as you pass,
 And with their eager Joy make Triumph slow. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thou art thy longing Country's Darling and Desire,
 Their cloudy Pillar and their Guardian Fire ;
 Their second *Moses*, whose extended Wand
 Divides the Seas, and shews the promis'd Land :
 Whose dawning Day in ev'ry distant Age,
 Has exercis'd the sacred Prophet's Rage ;
 The People's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
 The young Mens Vision and the old Mens Dream.
 Thee Saviour, thee the Nation's Vows confess ;
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless.

Swift unspoken Poms thy Steps proclaim, *(& Achit.*
 And stamm'ring Babes are taught to lisp thy Name. *Dryd. Abs.*

All Tongues speak of him, and the bleared Sights
 Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling Nurse
 Into a Rapture lets her Baby cry,
 While she chats him. The Kitchen Malkin pins
 Her richest Lockram 'bout her reeky Neck,
 Clamb'ring the Walls to see him :
 Stalls, Bulks, Windows are smother'd up,
 Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd.
 I've seen the dumb Men throng to see him,
 And the Blind to hear him speak. The Nobles bended
 As to *Jove's* Statue ; and the Commons made
 A Show'r and Thunder with their Caps and Shouts. *(Coriol. Shak.*

P O Y S O N.

Observe in this small Phial certain Death ;
 It holds a Poyson of such deadly Force,
 Should *Æsculapius* drink it, in five Hours,
 For then it works, the God himself were mortal.
 I drew it from *Nonacris* horrid Spring :

It scatters Pains

All sorts, and thro' all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
 Ev'n with Extremity of Frost it burns ;

Drives

Drives the distracted Soul about her House,
Who runs to all the Pores, the Doors of Life,
Till she is forc'd for Air to leave her Dwelling.

Lee Alex.

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, search my wounded Reins:
Pull, draw it out:

Oh! I am shot, a forked burning Arrow
Sticks cross my Shoulders; the sad Venom flies
Like Lightning thro' my Flesh, my Blood, my Marrow.
Ha! what a Change of Torments I endure?

A Bolt of Ice runs hissing through my Bowels,

'Tis sure the Arm of Death:

Cover me, for I freeze, my Teeth chatter,
And my Knees knock together.

Perd. Heav'n blest the King!

Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?

I am all Hell, I burn, I burn agen.

My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my smoaky Entrails turn'd to Ashes.

Lee Alex.

Nothing in vain the Gods create;
This Bough was made to hasten Fate.
'Twas in Compassion of our Woe,
That Nature first made Poysons grow,
For hopeleß Wretches, such as I,
Kindly providing Means to die.
As Mothers do their Children keep,
So Nature feeds, and makes us sleep;
The Indispos'd she does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis Night.
Dead I shall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew nor Love nor Scorn.
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death sets us free
From Passion and from Injury.
The Living, chain'd to Fortune's Wheel,
In Triumph led, her Changes feel;
And Conquerors kept Poysons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconstancy.

Bays against Thunder might defend their Brow;

But against Love and Fortune here's the Bough. *Wall.*

Quick Shootings through my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,
Shiv'ring of Cold, and burning of my Entrails,
Within my little World make medly War,
Lose and regain, beat and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground:
Some deadly Draught, some Enemy to Life,
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.

Dryd. Don Seb.

PREDESTINATION and FREE WILL.

See Fate.

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute,
 Some hold Predestination absolute :
 Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,
 And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.
 If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,
 And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill ;
 For what he first foresaw he must ordain,
 Or his eternal Prescience may be vain :
 As bad for us if Prescience had not been ;
 For first or last he's Author of the Sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
 Say worse, ev'n of the Devil, if he can :
 For how can that eternal Pow'r be just
 To punish Man, who sins because he must ?
 Or how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed ?
 I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,
 As *Bradwardin* and holy *Anselm* can :
 If Prescience can determine Actions so,
 That we must do because he did foreknow ;
 Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity :
 This strict Necessity they simple call ;
 Another sort there is conditional :
 The first so binds the Will, that things foreknown,
 By Spontaneity not Choice are done.
 Thus Galley-slaves tug willing at their Oar,
 Content to work in Prospect of the Shore ;
 But would not work at all if not constrain'd before.
 The other does not Liberty restrain,
 But Man may either act or may refrain ;
 Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,
 And Prescience only held the second Place.
 If he could make such Agents wholly free,
 I'll not dispute, the Point's too high for me ;
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd Power what Man can sound,
 Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?
 He made us to his Image all agree,
 That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
 Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.
 But whether it had better Man had been
 By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a Rock.

(Fox.
Dryd. the Cock and the
 The

The Priesthood grossly cheat us with Free-will,
 Will to do what ? But what Heaven first decreed :
 Our Actions then are neither good nor ill,
 Since from eternal Causes they proceed.
 Our Passions, Fear and Anger, Love and Hate,
 Meer senseless Engines that are mov'd by Fate :
 Like Ships on stormy Seas without a Guide,
 Tost by the Winds, and driven by the Tide. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Hard State of Life ! since Heav'n foreknows my Will,
 Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill ?
 Why am I trusted with my self at large ?
 When he's more able to sustain the Charge ?
 Since Angels fell, whose Strength was more than mine,
 'Twould shew more Grace my Frailty to confine.
 For knowing the Success, to leave me free,
 Excuses him, and yet supports not me. *Dryd. State of Inn.*

P R I E S T.

A Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train :
 An awful, rev'rend, and religious Man.
 His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
 And Charity it self was in his Face.
 Rich was his Soul, tho' his Attire was poor,
 As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador ;
 For such, on Earth, his blest Redeemer bore.
 Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,
 And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.
 Yet had his Aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd, or sullen was to see ;
 But sweet Regards, and pleasing Sanctity :
 Mild was his Accent ; and his Action free.
 With Eloquence innate his Soul was arm'd ;
 Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.
 He bore his great Commission in his Look :
 But sweetly temper'd Awe, and soften'd all he spoke.
 He taught the Gospel rather than the Law ;
 And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
 For Fear but freezes Minds ; but Love, like Heat,
 Exhales the Soul sublime to seek her native Seat.
 The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took ;
 But never su'd, or curs'd with Bell and Book.
 With Patience bearing Wrong, but off'ring none,
 Since ev'ry Man is free to lose his own.
 Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the Famish'd, and to cloath the Bare.
 And still he was at Hand, without Request,
 To serve the Sick, to succour the Distress'd.

He duly watch'd his Flock by Night and Day ;
 And from the prowling Woolf redeem'd the Prey,
 But hungry sent the wily Fox away.
 The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd,
 Nor to reprove the rich Offender fear'd ;
 His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
 (A living Sermon of the Truth he taught)
 Thus all might see the Doctrine which they heard :
 For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest,
 The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd :
 If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
 Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.
 With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd,
 And gave the Charities himself receiv'd :
 Gave, while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd by Proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

Dryd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, you mistake the Matter,
 For in all Scruples of this Nature,
 No Man includes himself, nor turns
 The Point upon his own concerns,
 As no Man of his own self catches
 The Itch, or amorous *French* Aches ;
 So no Man does himself Convince
 By his own Doctrine of his Sins.
 And 'tis not what we do, but say,
 In Love and Preaching, that must sway.

Hud.

Priesthood that makes a Merchandize of Heav'n :
 Priesthood that sells ev'n to their Pray'rs and Blessings,
 And forces us to pay for our own Coz'nage.
 Nay, cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals,
 Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice;
 And keeps the best for private Luxury.

Dryd. Troil. & Cress.

The Gods are theirs, not ours ; and when we pray
 For happy Omens, we their Price must pay :
 In vain at Shrines th'ungiving Suppliant stands ;
 In vain we make our Vows with empty Hands :
 Fat Off'rings are the Priesthood's only Care :
 They take the Money, and Heav'n hears the Pray'r :
 Without a Bribe their Oracles are mute,
 And their instructed Gods refuse the Suit.

Dryd. Cleom.

The pious Priesthood the fat Goose receive,
 And they once brib'd, the Godhead must forgive.

Dryd. Juu.

For Gain has wonderful Effects,
 T'improve the Factory of Sects ;
 The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
 And great *Diana* of th'*Ephefians*.

Hud.

For

For Priests of all Religions are the same:
 Of whatsoe'er Descent their Godhead be,
 Stone, Stock, or other homely Pedigree;
 In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
 For 'tis their Duty, all the Learned think,
 T'espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink. *(C. Achit. Dryd. Abs.)*

I tell thee, *Musti*, if the World were wise,
 They would not wag one Finger in your Quarrels:
 Your Heav'n you Promise, but our Earth you covet;
 The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
 Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

For whether King or People seek Extreame,
 Still Conscience and Religion are the Themes.
 And whatsoever Change the State invades,
 The Pulpit either forces, or perswades.
 Others may give the Fuel or the Fire,
 But Priests the Breath, that makes the Flame, inspires. *Danh. Soph.*
 We know their Thoughts of us; that Laymen are
 Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
 Set upward with a little Puff of Breath,
 And bid us pass for Men. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

We know their holy Jugglings,
 Things that would startle Faith, and make us deem
 Not this, or that, but all Religions false. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

You want to lead
 My Reason blindfold, like a hamper'd Lion,
 Check'd of its noble Vigour: Then when baited
 Down to obedient Tameness, make it couch
 And shew strange Tricks, which you call Signs of Faith:
 So silly Souls are gull'd, and you get Money. *Osw. Ven. Pres.*

If we must pray,
 Rear in the Streets bright Altars to the Gods,
 Let Virgins Hands adorn the Sacrifice;
 And not a grey-Beard forging Priest come there,
 To pry into the Bowels of the Victim,
 And with their Dotage mad the gaping World. *Lee Oedip.*

Why seek we Truth from Priests?
 The Smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots Tears,
 The Tradesmans Oath, and Mourning of an Heir,
 Are Truths to what Priests tell:
 Oh why has Priesthood Privilege to lie,
 And yet to be believ'd? *Lee Oedip.*

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?
 Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?
 Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,

To

To study Souls, their Cures, and their Diseases ?
 The Province of the Soul is large enough
 To fill up ev'ry Cranny of your Time,
 And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch
 Be damn'd by your Neglect.

Why then these foreign Thoughts of State Employments,
 Abhorrent to your Function, and your Breeding ?
 Poor droning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
 Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys ;
 What Wonder is it if you know not Men ?
 Yet there you live demure with down-cast Eyes,
 And humble as your Discipline requires :
 But when let loose from thence to live at large,
 Your little Tincture of Devotion dies :
 Then Luxury succeeds, and set agog
 With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
 You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast ;
 Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
 But your original Ignorance remains.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
 Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face :
 How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mien,
 When big they strut behind a double Chin ?
 Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
 Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No learn'd Debates molest their downy Trance,
 Or discompose their pompous Ignorance.

But undisturb'd they loiter Life away,
 So wither Green, and blossom in Decay.

Deep sunk in Down, they by Sloth's gentle Care,
 'Avoid th'Inclemencies of Morning Air ;

And leave to tatter'd Crape, the Drudgery of Pray'r.

Gar.

But bloated with Ambition, Pride and Avarice,
 You swell to counsel Kings and govern Kingdoms :

Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,

And let this little hanging Ball alone ;

For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,

And you, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe,

Dryd. Don Seb.

Your Saviour came not with a gawdy Show,

Nor was his Kingdom of the World below ;

Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,

These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,

And living taught, and dying left behind.

The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn,

In Purple he was crucify'd, not born :

They who contend for Place and high Degree,

Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebeder*,

Dryd.
Yet

Yet Churchmen, tho' they itch to govern all,
 Are silly, woful, aukard Politicians;
 They make lamie Mischief, tho' they mean it well.
 Their Int'rest is not finely drawn and hid,
 But Seams are coarsly bungled up and seen. *Dryd. Dom. Seb.*

Sure 'tis an Orthodox Opinion,
 That Grace is founded in Dominion.
 Great Piety consists in Pride;
 To rule is to be sanctify'd.
 To domineer and to controul
 Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
 Is the most perfect Discipline
 Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine.
Bel and the *Dragon's* Chaplains were
 More moderate than these by far.
 For they, poor Knaves, were glad to cheat,
 To get their Wives and Children Meat.
 But these will not be fobb'd off so,
 They must have Wealth and Pow'r too;
 Or else with Blood and Desolation,
 They'll tear it out o'th' Heart o'th' Nation.
 Sure these themselves from Primitive
 And Heathen Priesthood do derive:
 When Butchers were the only Clerks,
 Elders and Presbyters of Kirks:
 Whose Directory was to kill,
 And some believe that 'tis so still.
 The only Diff'rence is, that then
 They slaughter'd only Beasts, now Men.
 For then to sacrifice a Bullock,
 Or now and then a Child to *Moloch*,
 They count a vile Abomination,
 But not to slaughter a whole Nation. *Hud.*

CHAPLAIN.

My Time is spent pleasantly;
 My Lord is neither haughty nor imperious,
 Nor I gravely whimsical: He has good Nature,
 And I have good Manners.
 His Sons too are civil to me, because
 I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
 I meddle with no Man's Business, but my own.
 I rise in a Morning early, study moderately,
 Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
 Take my innocent Pleasures freely;
 So meet with Respect, and am not the Jest of the Family. *(Osw. Orph.)*

PROMISE.

Promises once made are past Debate;
 And Truth's of more Necessity than Fate: *Dryd. Riv. Lad.*

It

It is no Scandal nor Aspersiſion,
 Upon a great and noble Perſon,
 To ſay, he nat'rally abhorr'd
 Th'old faſhion'd Trick to keep his Word:
 Tho' 'tis Proſidiousneſs and Shame,
 In meaner Men to do the ſame:
 For to be able to forget,
 Is found more uſeful to the Great,
 Than Gout, or Deafneſs, or bad Eyes,
 To make 'em paſs for wondrous wiſe.

Hx4.

PROTEUS.

In the *Carpathian* Bottom makes abode,
 The Shepherd of the Seas, a Prophet and a God :
 High o'er the Main in wat'ry Pomp he rides,
 His Azure Car, and finny Courſers guides.

Proteus his Name.

Him, not alone the River Gods adore,
 But aged *Nereus* harkens to his Lore.
 With ſure Foreſight, and with unerring Doom
 He ſees what is, and was, and is to come.
 This *Neptune* gave him, when he gave to keep
 His ſcaly Flocks, that graze the watry Deep.
 When weary with his Toil and ſcorch'd with Heat,
 The wayward Sire frequents his cool Retreat :
 With Force invade his Limbs, and bind him faſt ;
 For unconſtrain'd he nothing tells for nought,
 Nor is with Pray'rs, or Bribes, or Flatt'ry bought.
 The ſlipp'ry God will try to looſe his Hold,
 And various Forms aſſume to cheat thy Sight,
 And with vain Images of Beaſts affright.
 With foamy Tuſks will ſeem a briſtly Boar,
 Or imitate the Lion's angry Roar ;
 Break out in crackling Flames to ſhun thy Snares,
 Or hiſs a Dragon, or a Tiger ſtares ;
 Or with a Wile thy Caution to betray,
 In fleeting Streams attempt to ſlide away.
 Will weary all his Miracles of Lies,
 Till having ſhifted ev'ry Form to 'ſcape,
 Convinc'd of Conqueſt he reſumes his Shape.

Proteus's Cave.

Within a Mountain's hollow Womb, there lies
 A large Receſs, conceal'd from human Eyes :
 Where Heaps of Billows, driv'n by Wind and Tide,
 In Form of War their watry Ranks divide,
 And there, like Centries ſet, without the Mouth abide.
 A Station ſafe for Ships, when Tempeſts roar,
 A ſilent Harbour and a cover'd Shore.

Secure

Secure within resides the various God,
 And draws a Rock upon his dark Abode,
 His sinny Flocks about their Shepherd play,
 And rousing round him spirt the bitter Sea.
 Unweildily they wallow first in Ooze,
 Then in the shady Covert seek Repose.
 Himself their Herdsman, on the middle Mount,
 Takes of his mustur'd Flocks a just Account.
 So, seated on a Rock, a Shepherd's Groom,
 Surveys his Ev'ning Flocks returning home;
 When lowing Calves, and bleating Lambs from far,
 Provoke the prowling Woolf to nightly War. *Dryd. Virg.*

P R O V I D E N C E.

The holy Pow'r that cloaths the senseless Earth
 With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs and verdant Grass,
 Whose bounteous Hand feeds the whole brute Creation,
 Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us. *Row. Fair Pen.*

P R U D E N C E. *See Wisdom.*

Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
 And with Age purchas'd, art too dearly bought:
 We're past the use of Wit for which we toil:
 Late Fruit; and planted in too cold a Soil. *Dryd. Auren.*

P T G M T.

So when the *Pygmys* marshall'd on the Plains,
 Wage puny War against th'invading Cranes,
 The Poppets to their Bodkin Spears repair,
 And scatter'd Feathers flutter in the Air.
 But soon as e'er th'imperial Bird of *Jove*,
 Stoops on his founding Pinions from above:
 Among the Brakes the Fairy Nation crowds,
 And the *Strymonian* Squadron seeks the Clouds. *Gay.*

When Cranes invade, his little Sword and Shield
 The *Pigmy* takes, and strait attends the Field;
 And not one Soldier is a Foot in Height;
 The Fight's soon o'er; the Cranes descend, and bear
 The sprawling Warriours thro' the liquid Air. *Cra. Juv.*
PYTHAGOREAN Philosophy. See Transmigration of Souls.

Know first, that Heav'n, and Earth's compacted Frame,
 And flowing Waters, and the starry Flame,
 And both the radiant Lights, one common Soul
 Inspires; and feeds, and animates the Whole.
 This active Mind, infus'd thro' all the Space,
 Unites, and mingles with the mighty Mass.
 Hence Men and Beasts the Breath of Life obtain;
 And Birds of Air, and Monsters of the Main:
 Th'ethereal Vigour is in all the same,
 And ev'ry Soul is fill'd with equal Flame:

As

As much as earthy Limbs, and gross Alloy
 Of mortal Members, subject to Decay,
 Blunt not the Beams of Heav'n, and Edge of Day.
 From this coarse Mixture of terrestrial Parts,
 Desire and Fear, by Turns, possess their Hearts;
 And Grief and Joy: Nor can the grov'ling Mind,
 In the dark Dungeon of the Limbs confin'd,
 Assert the native Skies, or own its heav'nly Kind.
 Nor Death itself can wholly wash their Stains;
 But long-contracted Filth, ev'n in the Soul, remains,
 The Reliques of inveterate Vice they wear;
 And Spots of Sin obscene in ev'ry Face appear.
 For this are various Penances enjoin'd;
 And some are hung to bleach upon the Wind;
 Some plung'd in Waters, others purg'd in Fires;
 Till all the Dregs are drain'd, and all the Rust expires:
 All have their *Manes*, and those *Manes* bear:
 The few, so cleans'd, to blest Abodes repair,
 And breath in ample Fields the soft *Elysian* Air.
 Then are they happy, when by Length of Time,
 The Scurf is worn away of each committed Crime.
 No Speck is left of their habitual Stains;
 But the pure Æther of the Soul remains.
 But, when a thousand rouling Years are past,
 (So long their Punishments and Penance last,)
 Whole Droves of Minds are, by the driving God,
 Compell'd to drink the deep *Lethæan* Flood:
 In large forgetful Draughts to steep the Cares
 Of their past Labours, and their irksom Years;
 That unrememb'ring of its former Pain,
 The Soul may suffer mortal Flesh again.

Dryd. Virg.

He first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
 And argu'd well, if Arguments could move.
 O Mortals! from your Fellows Blood abstain,
 Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
 While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
 And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
 While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs produce;
 And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice:
 Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost:
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Honey, redolent of Spring:
 While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
 But lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury;
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.

Wild

Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill ;
 And yet not all ; for some refuse to kill :
 Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed
 On Browze, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows feed.
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lions angry Brood,
 Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
 He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
 In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell ;
 Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak by Might,
 And all in Prey, and purple Feasts delight.
 O impious Use ! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
 Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd :
 Where fatten'd by their Fellows Fat they thrive,
 Maintain'd by Murther, and by Death they live.
 'Tis then for Nought that Mother Earth provides
 The Stores of all she shews, and all she hides,
 If Men with fleshy Morsels must be fed,
 And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread :
 What else is this, but to devour our Guests,
 And barb'rously renew Cyclopean Feasts ?
 We, by destroying Life our Life sustain,
 And gorge th'ungodly Maw with Meats obscene.

Not so the golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
 Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
 Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
 And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove :
 Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
 For all was peaceful ; and that Peace sincere.
 Whoever was the Wretch, (and curs'd be he)
 That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity ;
 Th'Essay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
 And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
 Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd,
 On Beasts of Prey, that other Beasts destroy'd,
 Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
 This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,
 And Self-Defence : But who did Feasts begin
 Of Flesh, he stretch'd Necessity to Sin.
 To kill Man-Killers, Man has lawful Pow'r ;
 But not th'extended Licence to devour.

The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
 Th'intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
 And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope.
 The cov'rous Churl of unforgiving Kind,
 Th'Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd :
 Her Hunger was no Plea ; for that she dy'd.
 The Goat came next in order to be try'd :

The Goat had crop'd the Tendrils of the Vine :
 In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
 Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
 Here was at least some Shadow of Offence :
 The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
 But meek, and unresisting Innocence.
 A patient, useful Creature, born to bear
 The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer ;
 And daily to, give down the Milk she bred,
 A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
 Living, both Food and Raiment she supplies,
 And is of least Advantage when she dies.
 How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
 A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve ?
 O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
 The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop,
 When thou destroy'd thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd
 And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field ?
 From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
 That Neck, with which the surly Clods he broke ;
 And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
 Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began !
 From whence, O mortal Man, this Gust of Blood
 Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food ?
 Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
 Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won :
 And when you eat the well-deserving Beast,
 Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast.

Besides ; whatever lies
 In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
 All suffer Change ; and we, that are of Soul
 And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole :
 Then, when our Sires or Grandfires shall forsake
 The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take ;
 Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy Father in the Beast ;
 Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin ;
 If none of those, yet there's a Man within :
 O spare to make a *Thyestean* Meal,
 T'inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.
 And let not Piety be put to Flight,
 To please the Taste of Glutton-Appetite ;
 But suffer Inmate Souls secure to dwell,
 Left from your Seats your Parents you expel ;
 With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
 Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin,
 So near Perfection, who with Blood begin ?
 Deaf to the Calf, that lies beneath the Knife,
 Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life :
 Deaf to the harmless Kid, that e'er he dies,
 All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
 And imitates, in vain, thy Children's Cries.
 Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread,
 Then eats the Poultry, which before he fed ?
 Let plough thy Steers ; that when they lose their Breath,
 To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
 Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
 And Sheep from Winter-Cold thy Sides defend ;
 But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
 And be no more ingenious to destroy.
 Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
 Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain :
 Nor op'ning Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
 Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight :
 Nor Hooks, conceal'd in Baits, for Fish prepare,
 Nor Lines to heave them twinkling up in Air.
 Take not away the Life you cannot give :
 For all things have an equal Right to live.
 Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save,
 This only just Prerogative we have ;
 But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
 And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

Dryd. Ovid.

Q U I E T.

In Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide :
 Shew me at Sea the boldest there,
 That does not wish for Quiet here.
 For Quiet, Friend ! the Soldier fights,
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Osw. Hor.

R A C E.

To their appointed Base the Rival Runners went ;
 With beating Hearts th'expected Sign receive,
 And starting all at once, the Barrier leave.
 Spread out, as on the Wings of Winds, they flew,
 And seiz'd the distant Goal with greedy View.
 Shot from the Crowd, swift *Nisus* all o'erpass'd,
 Nor Storms, nor Thunder equal half his Haste ;
 The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoyn'd,
 Came *Salus*, and *Euryalus* behind ;

C c

Then

Then *Helymtus*, whom young *Diores* ply'd,
 Step after Step, and almost Side by Side:
 His Shoulders pressing, and in longer Space
 Had won, or left at least a dubious Race.
 Now spent, the Goal they almost reach at last,
 When eager *Nisus*, hapless in his Haste,
 Slipt first, and slipping, fell upon the Plain,
 Soak'd with the Blood of Oxen newly slain.
 The careless Victor had not mark'd his Way,
 But treading where the treach'rous Puddle lay,
 His Heels flew up, and on the grassy Floor
 He fell, besmear'd with Filth and holy Gore.
 Not mindless then, *Euryalus*, of thee,
 Nor of the sacred Bonds of Amity,
 He strove th'immediate Rival's Hope to cross,
 And caught the Foot of *Salius* as he rose;
 So *Salius* lay extended on the Plain,
Euryalus springs out the Prize to gain,
 And leaves the Crowd: Applauding Peals attend (Virg.)
 The Victor to the Goal, who vanquish'd by his Friend. Dryd.

R A G E. See Anger.

Rage is the shortest Passion of our Souls.
 Like narrow Brooks, that rise with suddain Show'r's,
 It swells in Haste, and falls agen assoon.
 Still as it ebbs the softer Thoughts flow in,
 And the Deceiver Love supplies its Place. Row. Fair Pen.

His Breast with Fury burn'd, his Eyes with Fire,
 Mad with Despair, impatient with Desire. Dryd.

Restless his Feet, distract'd was his Walk,
 Mad were his Motions, and confus'd his Talk;
 Mad as the vanquish'd Bull when forc'd to yield
 His lovely Mistress, and forsake the Field, Dryd. Ovid.

He found his Veins with Indignation swell,
 And felt within the Fire and Rage of Hell.
 Legions of spleenful Spirits fill'd his Breast,
 And dire Revenge his troubled Soul possess'd.
 As the vast Rage of vanquish'd *Lucifer*,
 When dreadful Thunder charg'd his flying Rear:
 When by th' Almighty's conqu'ring Squadrons driv'n
 O'er the blue Plains and from the Brow of Heav'n,
 Rush'd into Hell, he saw his ruin'd Host
 Plung'd in hot Vengeance, and for ever lost. Blot.

Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' his Bosom move,
 Heave up, and madly mount the Soul above
 The Reach of Pity, or the Bounds of Love. Dryd. Cleom. }

At first Her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
 But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud: Mad

Mad as the Priestess of the *Delphick* God,
Enthusiastick Passion swell'd her Breast,
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form.

Row. Fair Pen.

Think you beheld him like a raging Lion,
Pacing the Earth, and tearing up his Steps,
Fate in his Eyes, and roaring with the Pain
Of burning Fury.

Otw. Orph.

My Mind, and its Intents are savage, wild,
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring Sea.

Otw. Cai. Mar.

Oh give me Daggers, Fire, or Water !
How I could bleed ! how burn ! how drown ! the Waves
Hissing and booming round my sinking Head,
Till I descended to the peaceful Bottom.

Oh there all's quiet ; here all Rage and Fury :
The Air's too thin, and pierces my weak Brain,
I long for thick substantial Sleep : Hell ! Hell !
Burst from the Centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am.

Otw. Ven. Pres.

Patience ! Oh I've none !

Go bid the moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not when the stormy South blows high :
From Top to Bottom thou hast tost my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir' st a suddain Stop.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Patience ! Preach it to the Winds,
To roaring Seas, or raging Fires : The Knaves,
That teach it, laugh at you when you believe 'em.

Otw. Orph.

Madness ! Confusion ! let the Storm come on :

Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,
Dash my devoted Bark, ye Surges break it ;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempest rises.

Row. Fair Pen.

Away ! be gone ! and give a Whirlwind room !

Or I will blow you up like Dust ! Avaunt !

Madness but meanly represents my Toil !

Eternal Discord,

Fury, Revenge, Disdain and Indignation

Tear my swollen Breast ; make Way for Fire and Tempest :

My Brain is burst ; Debate and Reason quench'd.

The Storm is up, and my hot bleeding Heart

Splits with the rack ; while Passions, like the Winds,

Rise up to Heav'n, and put out all the Stars.

Lee Alex.

Rage has no Bounds in slighted Womankind.

Dryd. Cleomis

Oppose not Rage, while Rage is in its Force ;

But give it way awhile, and let it waste :

The rising Deluge is not stopp'd with Danis,

Those it o'erbears, and drowns the Hope of Harvest :

But wisely manag'd, its divided Strength
Is sluic'd in Channels, and securely drain'd.
And when its Force is spent and unsupply'd,
The Residue with Mounds may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked Ford. *Shak. Troil. & Cress.*

RAINBOW.

Thus oft the Lord of Nature, in the Air
Hangs Ev'ning Clouds, his sable Canvass, where
His Pencil, dip'd in heav'nly Colours, made
Of intercepted Sun-beams, mix'd with Shade
Of temper'd Æther, and refracted Light,
Paints his fair Rainbow charming to the Sight. *Blac.*

R A P E.

Force is the last Relief which Lovers find ;
And 'tis the best Excuse of Womankind :
It is Resistance that inflames Desire,
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire :
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much Ease,
He languishes, and does not care to please :
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard,
With so much Care, to make Possession hard. *Dryd. Auren.*

Who'd be that fordid, foolish Thing, call'd Man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a Pleasure,
Which Beasts enjoy so very much above him ?
The lusty Bull ranges thro' all the Field,
And from the Herd singling his Female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at Will.
It shall be so ! I'll yet possess my Love ;
Wait on, and watch her loose unguarded Hours ;
Then when her roving Thoughts have been abroad,
And brought in wanton Wishes to her Heart,
I'll very Minute when her Vertue nods,
I'll rush upon her in a Storm of Love,
Beat down her Guard of Honour all before me,
And surfeit upon Joys, till ev'n Desire grows sick. *Osw. Orph.*

'Tis nobler, like a Lyon, to invade,
Where Appetite directs, and sieze my Prey,
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,
Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.
I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,
I'll tear up Pleasure by the Roots ;
And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame. *Rash. Val.*

To what a Height did Infant Rome,
By ravishing of Women come ?
When Men upon their Spouses siez'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd.
They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the Minds they were in, dy'd :

Nor

Nor took the Pains t'address and sue ;
 Nor plaid the Masquerade to wooe.
 Disdain'd to stay for Friends Consents,
 Nor juggl'd about Settlements :
 Did need no Licence, nor no Priest,
 Nor Friends, nor Kindred to assist ;
 Nor Lawyers to joyn Land and Money,
 In th'holy State of Matrimony ;
 Nor would endure to stay until
 They'd got the very Bride's Good-will :
 But took a wife, and shorter Course
 To win the Ladies, down-right Force :
 And when they had 'em at their Pleasure,
 They talk'd of Love and Flames at Leisure.
 For which the Dames, in Contemplation
 Of that best Way of Application,
 Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er were known
 By Suit or Treaty to be won :
 And such as all Posterity,
 Could never equal, or come nigh.

Hold, hold, quoth *Hudibras* ; soft Fire,
 They say, does make sweet Malt : Good Squire :
 The Quirks and Cavils thou dost make
 Are false, and built upon Mistake.

Hud.

Force never yet a gen'rous Heart did gain,
 We yield on Parley, but are storm'd in vain.
 Constraint in all things makes the Pleasureless,
 Sweet is the Love which comes with Willingness. *Dryd. Auren.*

R E A S O N. See Man.

Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and Stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
 Is Reason to the Soul : And as on high,
 Those rowling Fires discover but the Sky,
 Not light us here : So Reasons glimm'ring Ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
 But guide us upward to a better Day.
 And as those nightly Tapers disappear,
 When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's Sight ;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral Light. *Dryd. Rel. Laici.*

}

For Reason is a Guide we must resign,
 When the Authority is Divine.

Cowl.

Reason, the Power to ghes at Right and Wrong !
 The twinkling Lamp
 Of wand'ring Life, that wakes and winks by turns ;
 Fooling the Follower betwixt Shade and Shining. *(Bride. Cong. Mourn.*

Reason was given to curb our headstrong Will,
 And yet but shews a weak Physician's Skill ;
 Gives nothing while the raging Fit does last ;
 But stays to cure it when the Worst is pass'd :
 Reason's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone ;
 But Youth is strong enough to walk alone. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

Our Passions gone, and Reason in her Throne,
 Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done :
 After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
 The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made. *Wall.*

Oh why did Heav'n leave Man so weak Defence,
 To trust frail Reason with the Rule of Sense ?
 'Tis overpois'd, and kick'd up in the Air ;
 While Sense weighs down the Scale, and keeps it there :
 Or, like a Captive King, 'tis born away,
 And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebels Sway :

Oh no ! our Reason was not vainly lent,
 Nor is a Slave, but by its own Consent :
 If Reason on his Subjects Triumph wait,
 An easy King deserves no better Fate. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

RELIGION.

The common Cry is ever Religion's Test ;
 The Turk's is at *Constantinople* best ;
 Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome* ;
 And our own Worship only true at home :
 And true but for the Time ; 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This Side to Day, and that to Morrow burns ;
 So all are God-A'mighty in their Turns. *Dryd.*

Turning of Religion's made
 The means to turn and wind a Trade :
 And tho' some change it for a worse,
 They put themselves into a Course.
 For all Religions flock together,
 Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather.
 Hence 'tis Hypocrisy as well,
 Will serve t'improve a Church, as Zeal :
 As Persecution or Promotion
 Do equally advance Devotion. *Hud.*

To prove Religion true
 If either Wit or Suff'rings could suffice,
 All Faiths afford the Constant and the Wise ;
 And yet, ev'n they, by Education sway'd,
 In Age defend what Infancy obey'd. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

All Faiths are to their own Believers just,
 For none believe, because they will, but must. *Dryd. Tyr. Leon.*

By Education most have been misled,
 So they believe, because they so were bred. *The*

The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man. *Dryd. Hind and Pant.*

Look round, how Providence bestows alike
Sun-shine and Rain, to bless the fruitful Year,
On diff'rent Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths :
And (tho' by several Names and Titles worship'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praise ;
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,
One best, one greatest, only Lord of All.

Row. Tamerl.

All under various Names adore and love
One Power Immense, which ever rules above. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

If you've Religion, keep it to your self ;
Atheists will else make use of Toleration,
And laugh you out on't. Never shew Religion,
Unless you mean to pass for Knaves of Conscience,
And cheat believing Fools that think you honest. *Orw. Orph.*

REPENTANCE. See Nunnery.

These Books teach holy Sorrow and Contrition
And Penitence. Is it become an Art then ?

A Trick that lazy, dull, luxurious Gown-men
Can teach us to do over ? I'll no more on't.

I have more real Anguish in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Discipline e'er knew. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid,
As can express my Guilt. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Let that Night,

That guilty Night be blotted from the Year ;

Let not the Voice of Mirth or Musick know't.

Let it be dark and desolate : No Stars

To glitter o'er it : Let it wish for Light,

Yet want it still, and vainly wait the Dawn :

For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame. *Row. Fair Pen.*

This fatal Form, that drew on my undoing,

Fasting and Tears and Hardship shall destroy ;

Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,

Nor ought that may continue hated Life.

Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,

Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,

On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,

Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,

At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away.

At length 'tis time her Punishment shou'd cease,

Dye then poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Let Wretches, loaded hard with Guilt, as I am,

Bow with the Weight, and groan beneath the Burthen,

Creep with the Remnant of the Strength they've left,

Before the Footstool of the Heav'n they've injur'd. *Orw. Ven. Pres.*

Oh my Offence is rank ! it smells to Heav'n ;
 It has the primal eldest Curse upon it,
 A Brother's Murther ! Pray, I cannot,
 Tho' Inclination be as sharp as Will,
 My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent,
 And like a Man, to double Bus'ness bound,
 I stand in Pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect : What if this cursed Hand
 Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood,
 Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'ns,
 To wash it White as Snow ? Whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the Visage of Offence ?
 And what's in Prayer but this twofold Force,
 To be forestalled e'er we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up :
 My Fault is past : But oh what Form of Prayer
 Can serve my Turn ? Forgive me my foul Murther !
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murther !
 My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th'Offence ?

Shak. Haml.

No ! while our former Flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

In the corrupted Currents of this World,
 Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice :
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize it self
 Buys out the Law : But 'tis not so above.
 There is no Shuffling, there the Action lies
 In its true Nature ; and we our selves compell'd
 Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
 To give in Evidence : What then ? What rests ?
 Try what Repentance can ! what can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 Oh wretched State ! Oh Bosom black as Death !
 Oh limed Soul ! that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd : Help, Angels ! make Essay !
 Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel,
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe.
 All may be well.

Shak. Haml.

For true repentance never comes too late ;
 As soon as born, she makes herself a Shroud,
 The weeping Mantle of a fleecy Cloud ;
 And swift as Thought her airy Journey takes,
 Her Hand Heav'n's Azure Gate with trembling strikes,
 The Stars do with Amazement on her Look,
 She tells her Story in so sad a Tone,
 That Angels start from Bliss, and give a Groan.

Lee Mas. of Par.

So cheers some pious Saint a dying Sinner,
 Who trembled at the Thoughts of Pains to come,
 With Heav'n's Forgiveness, and the Hopes of Mercy:
 At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
 And ev'ry Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
 Boldly he proves the dark uncertain Road;
 The Peace his holy Comforter bestow'd,
 Guides and protects him like a Guardian God. *Row. Tamerl.* }

REPUTATION.

Good Name in Man or Woman,
 Is the immediate Jewel of our Souls.
 Who steals my Purse steals Trash; 'tis something, nothing;
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been Slave to thousands:
 But he that filches from me my good Name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed. *Shak. Othel.*

RESURRECTION.

Th'Arch-Angel's Trumpet shakes the trembling Ground:
 The startled Dead awaken at the Sound;
 The Grave resigns her antient Spoils, and all
 Death's adamantine Prisons burst and fall:
 The Souls that did their forc'd Departure mourn,
 To the same Bodies with swift Flight return.
 The crowding Atoms re-unite apace,
 All without Tumult know and take their Place:
 Th'assembled Bones leap quick into their Frame,
 And the warm Blood renews a brighter Flame.
 The quicken'd Dust feels fresh and youthful Heats,
 While its old Task the beating Heart repeats.
 The Eyes, enliven'd with new vital Light,
 Open, admiring whence they had their Sight.
 The Veins too twine their bloody Arms around
 The Limbs, and with red leaping Life abound.
 Hard-twisted Nerves new-brace, and faster bind
 The close-knit Joints, no more to be disjoin'd.
 Strong new-spun Threads immortal Muscles make,
 That justly fix'd, their antient Figure take.
 Brisk Spirits take their upper Seats, and dart
 Thro' their known Channels thence to ev'ry Part.
 The Men now draw their long forgotten Breath,
 And striving, break th'unweildy Chains of Death.
 Victorious Life to ev'ry Grave resorts,
 And rifles Death's inhospitable Courts:
 Its Vigour through those dark Dominions spread,
 From all their gloomy Mansions frees the Dead.

Now

Now ripe Conceptions through the Earth abound,
And new-sprung Men stand thick on all the Ground.
The Sepulchres are quick, and ev'ry Tomb
Labours with Life, and grows a fruitful Womb.

Blas.

Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,
And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,
And all the Creatures plain conspiring Voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd awake ;
This mightier Sound shall make,

When dead arise :

And open Tombs, and open Eyes,
To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years ;
This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.
Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come

Back to their antient Home ;

Some from Birds, from Fishes some,
Some from Earth, and some from Seas,
Some from Beasts, and some from Trees,
Some descend from Clouds on high,
Some from Metals upward fly,

And whereth'attending Soul naked and shiv'ring stands,
Meet, salute, and join their Hands ;

As dispers'd Soldiers at the Trumpet's Call,
Haste to their Colours all ;

Unhappy most, like tortur'd Men,
Their Joints new-set, to be new-rack'd agen:

To Mountains they for Shelter pray,

(Cowl.

The Mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

R E T R E A T.

As compass'd with a Wood of Spears around,
The lordly Lion still maintains his Ground ;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again,
Threats his distended Paws, and shakes his Mane ;
He loses, while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his Courage let him dare to run :
So *Turnus* fares ; and, unresolv'd of Flight,
Movestardy back, and just recedes from Fight :

Disdains to yield,

And with slow Paces measures back the Field,
And inches to the Walls.

Dryd. Virg.

R E V E N G E.

Exalted *Socrates* ! divinely brave !
Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave :
He drank the poys'nous Draught
With Mind serene, and could not wish to see
His vile Accuser drink as deep as he.

Too

Too noble for Revenge ! which still we find
 The weakest Frailty of a feeble Mind.
 Degenerous Passion, and for Man too base,
 It seats its Empire in the female Race ;
 There rages, and to make its Blow secure,
 Puts Flatt'ry on until its Aim be sure.

Cree. Juu.

What tho' his mighty Soul his Grief contains,
 He meditates Revenge who least complains :
 And like a Lion, slumb'ring in his Way,
 Or Sleep dissembling while he waits his Prey,
 His fearless Foes within his Distance draws,
 Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws ;
 Till at the last, his Time for Fury found,
 He shoots with suddain Vengeance from the Ground ;
 The prostrate Vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly Rage his Hunters tears. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Revenge is but a Frailty incident
 To craz'd and sickly Minds ; the poor Content
 Of little Souls, unable to surmount
 An Injury, too weak to bear Affront.

Old.

Now might I do it ; now he is praying,
 And now I'll do it, and so he goes to Heav'n !
 And so I am reveng'd ? That would be scann'd.
 A Villain kills my Father, and for that
 I his foul Son do this same Villain send
 To Heav'n ! O this is Hire and Sallary, not Revenge.
 He took my Father grossly, full of Bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blown, and fresh as May ;
 And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heav'n ?
 But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,
 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the Purging of his Soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his Passage ?
 No ! up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Bent :
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
 Or in th'incestuous Pleasure of his Bed,
 At gaming, swearing, or about some Act
 That has no Relish of Salvation in it ;
 Then triphim that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
 And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
 As Hell, whereto it goes. Then I with Wings as swift
 As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
 Will sweep to my Revenge.

Shak. Haml.

A base Revenge is Vengeance on my self.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Revenge, at first tho' sweet,
 Bitter e'er long back on it self recoils.

Milt.

R H E.

R H E T O R I C I A N.

For Rhetorick, he could not ope
 His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope :
 And when he happen'd to break off
 I'th' Middle of his Speech, or cough,
 H'ad Words ready to shew why,
 And tell what Rules he did it by.
 Else when with greatest Art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
 For all a Rhetorician's Rules,
 Teach nothing but to name his Tools.

Hud.

R H Y M E.

Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
 With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses. Hud.
 And those who write in Rhyme, still make
 The one Verse for the other's sake ;
 For one for Sense and one for Rhyme,
 I think's sufficient for one time.

Hud.

R I C H E S.

Greatness of Mind and Fortune too,
 Both their several Parts must do,
 In the noble Chace of Fame ;
 This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
 Nor is fair Virtue's Picture seen aright,
 But in Fortune's golden Light.

Riches alone are of uncertain Date ;
 And on short Man long cannot wait.
 The Virtuous make of them the best,
 And put them out to Fame for Interest ;
 With a frail Good they wisely buy
 The solid Purchase of Eternity.

Cowl. Pind.

'Tis Madnes sure Treasures to hoard,
 And make them uselefs as in Mines remain,
 To lose th'Occasion Fortune does afford,
 Fame and publick Love to gain.

Cowl. Pind.

Of all the Vows the first and chief Request
 Of each, is to be richer than the rest :
 And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught controul,
 He dreads no Poyson in his homely Bowl :
 Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems divine
 Enchase the Cup, and sparkle in the Wine.
 The fearful Passenger who travels late,
 Charg'd with the Carriage of a paltry Plate,
 Shakes at the Moon-shine Shadow of a Rush,
 And sees a Red-Coat rise from ev'ry Bush.
 The Beggar sings, ev'n when he sees the Place
 Beset with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.

Dryd. Juu.
Fond

Fond Men, by Passions wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those Idols which their Fancy made :
 Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
 We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare ;
 And having all, all to our selves refuse,
 Oppress'd with Blessings which we fear to lose.
 In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
 If our Abundance makes us wish for more.

Refc.

A RIDING.

First, he that led the Cavalcade,
 Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flageller,
 On which he blew as strong a Lever,
 As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate,
 When over one another's Heads
 They charge, three Ranks at once, like *Swedes*.
 Next Pans and Kettles of all Keys,
 From Trebles down to double Base ;
 And after them upon a Nag,
 That might pass for a fore-hand Stag,
 A Cornet rode, and on a Staff
 A Smock display'd did proudly wave :
 Then Bagpipes of the loudest Drones,
 With snuffing broken-winded Tones,
 Whose Blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
 Look filthier than that from Gut ;
 And make a viler Noise than Swine,
 In windy Weather when they whine.
 Next one upon a Pair of Panniers,
 Full fraught with that which for good Manners
 Shall here be nameless, mix'd with Grains,
 Which he dispens'd among the Swains :
 Then mounted on a horned Horse,
 One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
 Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword,
 He held revers'd, the Point turn'd downward.
 Next after on a raw-bon'd Steed
 The Cong'rour's Standard-bearer rid,
 And bore aloft before the Champion
 A Petticoat display'd and rampant.
 Next whom the *Amazon* Triumphant
 Bestrid her Beast, and on the Rump on't
 Sate Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
 The Warriour whilom overcome ;
 Arm'd with a Spindle and a Distaff,
 Which as he rode she made him twist off ;
 And when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
 Chastis'd the Reformado Soldier.

Before

Before the Dame, and round about,
 March'd Whifflers and Staffiers on Foot,
 With Lacquays, Grooms, Valets, and Pages,
 In fit and proper Equipages;
 Of whom some Torches bore, some Links,
 Before the proud Virago Minx,
 That was both Madam and a Don,
 Like Nero's *Sparus*, or Pope *Joan*:
 And at fit Periods the whole Rout
 Set up their Throats with clam'rous Shout.

Hud.

But *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
 On such Sights with judicious Wonder,
 Could hold no longer to impart
 His Animadversions for his Heart:
 Quoth he, in all my Life till now
 I ne'er saw so prophane a Show:
 It is a paganish Invention,
 Which heathen Writers often mention;
 And he who made it had read *Goodwin*,
 I warrant him, and understood him;
 With all the *Grecian Speeds and Stems*,
 That best describe those antient Shows.

Hud.

R I V A L S.

O Love! thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
 And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign;
 Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

Love and a Crown no Rivalship can bear;
 All precious things are still possess'd with Fear. *Dryd. Aure.*

Lovers, like Misers, cannot bear the Stealth
 Of the least Trifle from their endless Wealth: *Sed. Ant. & Ch.*

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
 Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd;
 Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand,
 But when they met they made a surly Stand;
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,
 And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last. *Dr. Pal. & Arc.*

Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd Love!
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms!
 Doats on my Conqu'ror, my dear Lord, my King!
 Devours his Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses!
 She grasps him all! She, the curs'd happy she!
 By Heav'n, I cannot bear it; 'tis too much!
 I'll die, or rid me of this burning Torture.
 I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
 Or grow distracted; Madness may throw off
 This mightry Load, and drown the flaming Passion: *Lee Alex.*

O I shall find *Roxana* in his Arms,
 And taste her Kisses left upon his Lips:
 Her curs'd Embraces have defil'd his Body,
 Nor shall I meet the wonted Sweetness there,
 But artificial Smells and aking Odours.

Lee Alex.

My Life! my Soul! my All! *Othavia* has him!
 O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!

My Kisses my Embraces now are hers. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Methinks I see her yonder! O the Torment,
 Busy for Bliss, and full of Expectation.
 Sh'adorns her Head, and give her Eyes new Lustre,
 Languishes in her Glass, tries all her Looks;
 Steps to the Door, and listens for his Coming;
 Runs to the Bed, and kneels, and weeps, and wishes;
 Then lays the Pillow easy for his Head,
 Warms it with Sighs, and moulds it with her Kisses.
 Oh I am lost! torn with Imagination!
 Kill me, *Cassander*, kill me instantly,
 That I may haunt her with a thousand Devils.

Lee Alex.

RIVER. See Creation, Garden of Eden.

Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's Sons
 By his old Sire, to his Embraces runs;
 Hastening to pay his Tribute to the Sea,
 Like mortal Life to meet Eternity.
 Tho' with those Streams he no Resemblance hold,
 Whose Foam is Amber, and their Gravel Gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty Wealth t'explore,
 Search not the Bottom, but survey his Shore:
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious Wing,
 And hatches Plenty for th'ensuing Spring;
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a Stay,
 Like Mothers who their Children overlay:
 Nor with a suddain and impetuous Wave,
 Like profuse Kings, resumes the Wealth he gave:
 No unexpected Inundations spoil
 The Mower's Hopes, nor mock the Ploughman's Toil;
 But, God-like, his unweary'd Bounty flows,
 First loves to do, then loves the Good he does.
 Nor are his Blessings to his Banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the Sea or Wind;
 When he to boast or to dispense his Stores,
 Full of the Tribute of his grateful Shores,
 Visits the World, and in his flying Tow'rs,
 Brings home to us, and makes both *Indies* ours.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
 My great Example, as it is my Theme!

Tho'

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
 Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heav'n her *Eridanus* no more shall boast,
 Whose Fame's in thine, like lesser Currents, lost :
 Thy nobler Streams shall visit *Jove's* Abodes,
 To shine among the Stars, and bathe the Gods.

Drob.

The fair *Meduſa*, that with wanton Pride
 Forms silver Mazes with her crooked Tide.

Blac.

Its wanton Tide in wreathing Volumes flows,
 Still forming reedy Islands as it goes.

Blac.

The fair *Neella* rouls here noble Tide,
 And o'er the Meads unfolds her silver Pride.

Blac.

Fair *Ligor*, the *Armorick* Region's Pride,
 Does thro' the Vale in smooth Meanders glide,
 And rolls her silver Volumes by its Side.

Blac. }

Then rolling down the Steep, *Timæus* raves,
 And thro' nine Channels disembogues his Waves.

Dryd. Virg.

And *Lycus* swallow'd up, is seen no more,
 But far from thence knocks at another Door.

Thus *Erasmus* dives, and blind in Earth,
 Runs on, and gropes his Way to second Birth ;
 Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his Locks
 Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.

Dryd. Ovid.

Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
 Runs rapid often, and as often stands :

And here he threatens the drunken Fields to drown,
 And there his Dugs deny to give their Liquor down.

Dr. Ovid.

There *Po* first issues from his dark Abodes,
 And, awful in his Cradle, rules the Floods.
 Two golden Horns on his large Front he wears,
 And his grim Face a Bull's Resemblance bears.
 With rapid Course he seeks the sacred Main,
 And fattens as he runs the fruitful Plain.

Dryd. Virg.

Betwixt the Trees the *Tyber* took his Course ;
 With Whirlpools dimpled, and with downward Force
 That drove the Sand along, he took his Way,
 And roll'd his yellow Billows to the Sea.

About him, and above, and round the Wood,
 The Birds that haunt the Borders of his Flood,
 That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his Side,
 To tuneful Songs their narrow Throats apply'd.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus in Meanders to the neighb'ring Main,
 The liquid Serpent drew its silver Train.

Blac.

When a calm River, rais'd with sudden Rains,
 Or Snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th'adjoining Plains,
 The Husbandmen with high-rai'd Banks secure
 Their greedy Hopes ; and this he can endure :

But

But if with Bays and Dams they strive to force
 His Channel to a new or narrow Course,
 No longer then within his Banks he dwells,
 First to a Torrent, then a Deluge swells:
 Stronger and fiercer by Restraint he roars,
 And knows no Bound, but makes his Pow'r his Shores. *Denb.*

Thus rising in his Might, the King of Floods
 Rush'd through the Forests, tore the lofty Woods;
 And rousing onward with a sweepy Sway,
 Bore Houses, Herds, and lab'ring Hinds away. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O C K.

A pointed flinty Rock, all bare and black,
 Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
 Owls, Ravens, all ill Omens of the Night,
 Here built their Nests, and hither wing'd their Flight.
 The leaning Head hung threatening o'er the Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shore,
 There stands a Rock: The raging Billows roar
 Above his Head in Storms; but when 'tis clear,
 Uncurl their ridgy Backs, and at his Foot appear.
 In Peace below the gentle Waters run,
 The Cormorants above lie basking in the Sun. *Dryd. Virg.*

A Rock that braves
 The raging Tempests and the rising Waves:
 Propp'd on himself he stands, his solid Sides
 Wash off the Sea-weeds, and the sounding Tides. *Dryd. Virg.*

See, from afar, yon Rock that mates the Sky,
 About whose Feet such Heaps of Rubbish lie,
 Such indigested Ruin: Bleak and bare,
 How desart now it stands, expos'd in Air. *Dryd. Virg.*

He, like a solid Rock, by Seas inclos'd,
 To raging Winds and roaring Waves oppos'd,
 From his proud Summit looking down, disdains
 Their empty Menace, and unmov'd remains. *Dryd. Virg.*

R O S E. *See Blush.*

Go, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In Desarts where no Men abide,
 Thou must have uncondemned dy'd.
 Then die, that she

The common Fate of all things rare
 May read in thee :
 How small a Part of Time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Wall.

ROWING.

Far in the Sea, against the foaming Shoar,
 There stands a Rock:
 On this the Heroe fix'd an Oak in sight,
 The Mark to guide the Mariners aright.
 To bear with this, the Seamen stretch their Oars,
 Then round the Rock they steer, and seek the former Shoars.
 Four Gallies first which equal Rowers bear,
 Advancing in the wat'ry Lifts appear;
 Three *Trojans* tug at ev'ry lab'ring Oar,
 The Banks in three Degrees the Sailors bore;
 Beneath their sturdy Strokes the Billows roar.
 The common Crew, with Wreaths of Poplar Boughs
 Their Temples crown, and shade their sweaty Brows.
 Besmear'd with Oil their naked Shoulders shine;
 All take their Seats, and wait the sounding Sign.
 They gripe their Oars, and ev'ry panting Breast
 Is rais'd by turns with Hope, by turns with Fear depress'd.
 The Clangor of the Trumpet gives the Sign,
 At once they start, advancing in a Line:
 With Shouts the Sailors rend the starry Skies;
 Lash'd with their Oars, the smoaky Billows rise,
 Sparkles the briny Main, and the vex'd Ocean fries.
 Exact in Time with equal Strokes they row;
 At once the brushing Oars and brazen Prow,
 Dash up the sandy Waves, and ope the Depths below:
Gyas out-strip'd the rest, and sprung before;
Cleanthus, better mann'd, pursu'd him fast,
 But his o'er-master'd Galley check'd his Haste.
 The *Centaur* and the *Dolphin* brush the Brine,
 With equal Oars advancing in a Line.
 And now the mighty *Centaur* seems to lead,
 And now the speedy *Dolphin* gets ahead:
 Now Board to Board the rival Vessels row;
 The Billows lave the Skies, and Ocean groans below.
 They reach the Mark; proud *Gyas* and his Train,
 In Triumph rode the Victors of the Main.
 But steering round, he charg'd his Pilot stand
 More close to Shore, and skim along the Sand:
 Let others bear to Sea. The Pilot heard,
 But secret Shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
 And fearing, sought the Deep, and still aloof he steer'd.

With

With louder Cries the Captain calls again,
 Bear to the rocky Shoar, and shun the Main.
 He spoke, and speaking, at his Stern he saw
 The bold *Gleanthus* near the Shelvings draw ;
 Betwixt the Mark and him the *Scylla* stood,
 And in a closer Compass plough'd the Flood.
 He pass'd the Mark, and wheeling got before ;
Gyas blasphem'd the Gods, devoutly swore ;
 The trembling Dotard overboard he threw,
 Then seiz'd the Helm himself, his Fellows cheer'd,
 Turn'd short upon the Shelves, and madly steer'd.
 The following *Centaur* and the *Dolphin's* Crew
 Their vanish'd Hopes of Victory renew ;
 While *Gyas* lags, they kindle in the Race
 To reach the Mark, *Sergesthus* takes the Place ;
Mnestheus pursues ; and while around they wind,
 Comes up not half his Galley's Length behind.
 His Crew exert their Vigour, tug the Oar,
 Stretch to their Strokes.
 Now one and all they tug amain, they row
 At the full Stretch, and shake the brazen Prow.
 The Sea beneath 'em sinks, their lab'ring Sides
 Are swell'd, and Sweat runs gutt'ring down in Tides.
 Chance aids their Daring with unhop'd Success ;
Sergesthus, eager with his Beak to press
 Betwixt the rival Galley and the Rock,
 Shuts up th'unweildy *Centaur* in the Lock.
 The Vessel struck, and with the dreadful Shock,
 Her Oars she shiver'd, and her Head she broke ;
 The trembling Rowers from their Banks arise,
 And anxious for themselves, renounce the Prize.
 With iron Poles they heave her off the Shores,
 And gather from the Sea their floating Oars.
 The Crew of *Mnestheus* with elated Minds
 Urge their Success, and call the willing Winds :
 They ply their Oars, and cut their liquid Way
 In larger Compass on the roomy Sea :
Sergesthus in the *Centaur* soon he pass'd,
 Wedg'd in the rocky Shoals, and sticking fast.
 In vain the Victor he with Cries implores,
 And practises to row with shatter'd Oars.
 Then, *Mnestheus* bears with *Gyas*, and out-flies ;
 The Ship, without a Pilot, yields the Prize.
 Unvanquish'd *Scylla* now alone remains,
 Her he pursues, and all his Vigour strains.
 Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their Pace,
 All obstinate to die, or gain the Race.

Rais'd with Success, the *Dolphin* swiftly ran ;
 (For they can conquer who believe they can :)
 Both urge their Oars, and Fortune both supplies,
 And both perhaps had shar'd an equal Prize ;
 But old *Portunus*, with his Breadth of Hand,
 Push'd on, and sped the *Scylla* to the Land :
 Swift as a Shaft or winged Wind she flies,
 And darting to the Port, obtains the Prize.

Dryd. Virg.

So the Boat's brawny Crew the Current stem,
 And, slow advancing, struggle with the Stream ;
 But if they slack their Hands, or cease to strive,
 Then down the Flood with headlong Haste they drive.

(Virg. Dryd.

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a Pipe
 Blown by Surmises, Jealousies, Conjectures ;
 And of so easy and so plain a Stop,
 That the blind Monster with uncounted Heads,
 The still discordant wav'ring Multitude,
 Can play upon't.

Shak. Hen. 4. 2. 3.

RUNAWAY.

Disguis'd in all the Masks of Night,
 We left our Champion on his Flight :
 In equal Fear of Night and Day :
 He never was in greater Need,
 Nor less Capacity of Speed :
 Disabled both in Man and Beast,
 To fly, and run-away his Best :
 To keep th'Enemy and Fear
 From equal falling on his Rear.
 And tho' with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
 The farther and the nearer Side ;
 As Seamen ride with all their Force,
 And tug as if they row'd the Horse ;
 And when the Hackney sails most swift,
 Believe they lag or run adrift :
 So tho' he posted e'er so fast,
 His Fear was greater than his Haste.
 For Fear, tho' fleetier than the Wind,
 Believes 'tis always left behind.
 But timely Running's no small Part
 Of Conduct in the martial Art.
 But that some glorious Feats atchieve,
 As Citizens by Breaking thrive,
 It saves th'Expence of Time and Pains,
 And dang'rous beating out of Brains :
 For they that fly may fight again,
 Which he can never do that's slain.

Hob.

And

And they who run from th'Enemy,
Engage them equally to fly;
And when the Fight's become a Chace,
They win the Day that win the Race.

Hud.

SACRIFICES. See Necromancer:

We Heav'n it self to bribe,

Do recompence with Death their Creatures Toil,
Then call the Bless'd above to share the Spoil:
The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease;
So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns:
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his Doom he hears;
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours past)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees,
Torn out for Priests to inspect the Gods Decrees.

Dryd. Ovid.

So when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,
His Eye-balls rooted out are thrown to Ground,
His Nose dismantled in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound.

(Ovid.
Dryd.

They next with sober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar place:
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes; while *Chryses* stood
With Hands up-lifted, and invoc'd his God.
And when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast:
Then turning back, the Sacrifice they sped,
The fatted Oxen slew, and flea'd the Dead;
Chopt off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
To involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweetbreads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides, imbibing what they deck'd.
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to rine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The first Libations to the Gods they pour,
And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour,
Holy Debauch! till Day to Night they bring,
With Songs and *Pæans* to the bowyer King.
With perfect Hetacombs the God they grac'd,
Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.
Black Bulls and bearded Goats on Altars lie,
And Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky.

Dryd. Hom.

Dryd. Hom.

A

A chosen Ewe of two Years old they pay
 To *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, and the God of Day :
 The beauteous Queen before her Altar stands,
 And holds the golden Goblet in her Hands :
 A milk-white Heifer she with Flow'rs adorns,
 And pours the ruddy Wine betwixt her Horns,
 And while the Priests with Pray'r the Gods invoke,
 She feeds their Altars with *Sabaan* Smoke.
 With hourly Care the Sacrifice renews,
 And anxiously the panting Entrails views.

Dryd. Virg.

He pour'd to *Bacchus* on the hallow'd Ground
 Two Bowls of sparkling Wine, of Milk two more,
 And two from offer'd Bulls of purple Gore :
 With Roses then the Sepulchre he strow'd.
 Five Sheep according to the Rites he slew,
 As many Swine, and Steers of sable Hue :
 New gen'rous Wine he from the Goblets pour'd,
 And call'd his Father's Ghost, from Hell restor'd.
 The glad Attendants in long Order come,
 Off'ring their Gifts at great *Anchises* Tomb :
 Some add more Oxen, some divide the Spoil,
 Some place the Chargers on the grassy Soil,
 Some blow the Fires, and offer'd Intrails broil.

Dryd. Virg.

Haste the Sacrifice ;
 Sev'n Bullocks, yet unyok'd, for *Phæbus* chuse,
 And for *Diana* sev'n unspotted Ewes.

Dryd. Virg.

Thick Clouds of rouling Smoke involve the Skies,
 And Fat of Entrails on the Altar fries.

Dryd. Virg.

The Victim Beast, are slain before the Fire ;
 The trembling Entrails from their Bodies torn,
 Are to the fatten'd Flames in Chargers born.

Dryd. Virg.

SAILING. See Paradise.

Our Anchors weigh'd, and Topsails loos'd, a Gale
 Sprung up, and swell'd the Womb of ev'ry Sail ;
 Old Ocean, pleas'd, our bounding Vessels laves,
 Which with sharp Keels cut through the foaming Waves.

Blat.

The Wind suffic'd the Sail ;
 The bellying Canvas strutted with the Gale :
 The Waves indignant roar with furlly Pride,
 And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide.
 They cut the foamy Way.

Dryd. Hom.

Ent'ring with cheerful Shouts the watry Reign,
 And ploughing frothy Furrows on the Main.

Dryd. Virg.

The houling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
 And the tall Ships their spacious Wings display'd :
 They spoom'd away before the shoving Wind,
 And left recreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.

Blat.
They

They stretch their Canvas, and they ply their Oars,
All Hands aloft, for *Creer*, for *Creer*, they cry,
And swiftly through the foamy Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now Seas and Skies their Prospect only bound,
An empty Space above, a floating Field around. *Dryd. Virg.*

There rose a gentle Breeze,
That curl'd the Smoothness of the glassy Seas:
The rising Winds a rustling Gale afford,
And call the merry Mariners aboard.
They slip their Haulsers.
Fresh Gales arise; with equal Strokes they vie;
And brush the buxom Seas, and o'er the Billows fly. *Dryd. Virg.*

The threaten Sails,
Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottom thro' the furrow'd Seas,
Breasting the lofty Surge. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

The floating Castles dance upon the Tide,
And on its foamy Ridge triumphant ride. *Blat.*

Stand to your Tackle, Mates, and stretch your Oars,
Contract your swelling Sails, and luff to Wind.
Now shift your Sails.

Tack to the *Starboard*, and stand off to Sea:
Veer *Starboard* Sea and Land.

Before the Wind
They skud amain, and make the Port assign'd. *Dryd. Virg.*

Their Anchors dropt, his Crew the Vessel moor;
They turn their Heads to Sea, their Sterns to Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

Sure he who first the Passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side:
Or his at least in hollow Wood,
Who tempted first the briny Flood;
Nor fear'd the Winds contending Roar;
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades*, portending Rain,
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death could him affright;
Who unconcern'd with stedfast Sight,
Cou'd view the Surges Mountain-steep,
And Monsters rouling in the Deep?
Could through the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below?
In vain did Nature's wife Command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th'inviolable Main,
Th'eternal Fences over-leap,

And pass at Will the boundless Deep.
 No Toil no Hardships can restrain
 Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain ;
 The more confin'd, the more he tries,
 And at forbidden Quarry flies.

Dryd. Hor.

A Fleet under Sail.

The wanton Zephyrs with the Pendants play,
 Which loose in Air their waving Pride display.
 The Streamers gay Defiance spread on high,
 At once adorn and terrify the Sky.
 Th'unweildy Ships were on the Billows tost,
 And all the Blasts the Winds could blow engross'd.
 The longest breath'd, and the most vigorous Gales,
 Are all employ'd to swell the spacious Sails :
 The lofty Firs, which pregnant Canvas wear,
 Bear thro' the floating Clouds the floating War.
 Oaks which by Land did fiercest Winds disdain,
 Become obedient to them on the Main.
 The lab'ring Gales with Pain the Navy shove,
 And o'er the Billows heave the bounding Grove.
 Stript of their Boughs the naked Pines advance,
 And to the Musick of the Trumpet dance.
 They pass in long Procession o'er the Deep,
 And with their Flags contiguous Æther sweep.
 Their gilded Sides and Sterns improve the Day,
 And with augmented Glory Heav'n repay.
 His Rays recoil'd so bright, th'astonish'd Sun
 Started, unmindful that they were his own.

Blat.

SALMONEUS.

Salmonius suff'ring cruel Pains I found,
 For emulating *Jove*; the ratling Sound
 Of mimic Thunder, and the glitt'ring Blaze
 Of pointed Lightning, and their forked Rays:
 Thro' *Elus* and the *Grecian* Towns he flew,
 Th'audacious Wretch four fiery Coursers drew :
 He wav'd a Torch aloft, and madly vain,
 Sought godlike Worship from a servile Train:
 Ambitious Fool! with horny Hoofs to pass
 O'er hollow Arches of resounding Brass;
 To rival Thunder in its rapid Course,
 And imitate inimitable Force.
 But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
 Bar'd his right Arm, and lanching from the Sky
 His withen Bolt, not shaking empty Smoak,
 Down to the deep Abyss the flaming Felon strook.

Dryd. Virg.

SCANDAL.

There is a Lust in Man, no Charm can tame,
 Of loudly publishing his Neighbour's Shame :

On

On Eagles Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While virtuous Actions are but born and die. *Harv. Juv.*

Slander, the worst of Poysons, ever finds
An easy Entrance in ignoble Minds. *Harv. Juv.*

SCHOOL-MEN.

In School-Divinity as able
As he that hight *irrefragable*.

Profound in all the nominal,
And real Ways beyond them all ;

And with as delicate a Hand
Could twist as tough a Rope of Sand ;

And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull,
That's empty when the Moon's at full ;

Such as take Lodgings in a Head,
That's to be let unfurnished.

He could raise Scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice.

As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd ;

Or, like a Mountebank, did wound,
And stab herself with Doubts profound,

Only to shew with how small Pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again ;

Altho' by woful Proof we find
They always leave a Scar behind.

He knew the Seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what Degree it lies,

And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the Moon, or else above it.

What *Adam* dreamt of, when his Bride
Came from her Closter in his Side :

Whether the Devil tempted her
By a *High-Dutch* Interpreter.

If either of them had a Navel,
Who first made Musick malleable.

Whether the Serpent at the Fall,
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.

All this without a Gloss or Comment
He could unriddle in a Moment ;

In proper Terms, such as Men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the Matter. *Hud.*

SCORN.

Who Pride and Scorn do undergo,
In Tempests and rough Seas Love's Galleys row :

They pant, and groan, and sigh, but find
Their Sighs increase the angry Wind. *Cowl.*

As Water fluid is till it do grow
Solid and fix'd by Snow ; *So*

So in warm Seasons Love does loosely flow:
 Frost only can it hold.
 A Woman's Rigour and Disdain
 Does its swift Course restrain:
 But when kind Beams appear,

It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
 And loses it self there:
 So the Sun's am'rous Play
 Kisses the Ice away.

Coul.

Thus some the harsher and hide-bounder
 The Damsels prove, become the fonder,
 For what mad Lover ever dy'd
 To gain a soft and gentle Bride?
 Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
 In purling Streams or Hemp departed?
 But for some cross ill-natur'd Dame,
 The amorous Fly burnt in his Flame:

Hud.

SCULPTURE. See Statues.

Some carve the Trunks, and breathing Shapes bestow,
 Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.

Coul.

In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands,
 By three fierce Tygers and three Lyons born,
 Which grin, and fearfully the Place adorn:
 Widely they gape, and to the Eyes they roar;
 As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.

Coul.

SCYLLA and CHARIBDIS.

In the Straights;

Where proud *Pelorus* opens a wider Way,
 Far on the right, her Dogs foul *Scylla* hides;
Charibdis roaring, on the Left presides,
 And in her greedy Whirlpool sucks the Tides:
 Then spouts them from below; with Fury driv'n,
 The Waves mount up, and wash the Face of Heav'n:
 But *Scylla* from her Den, with open Jaws,
 The sinking Vessels in her Eddy draws,
 Then dashes on the Rocks: A humane Face,
 And Virgin's-Bosom hide her Tail's Disgrace:
 Her Parts obscene below the Waves descend,
 With Dogs inclos'd, and in a Dolphin end.

Dryd. Virg.

SEA. See Creation, Jealousy, Rowing, Sailing,
 Storm, Tempest.

Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the Bottom torn by furious Winds,
 And surging Waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'n's Height, and with the Centre mix the Pole:
 The Sea it self smooths his rough Face a while,
 Flatt'ring the greedy Merchant with a Smile;

But

But he whose shipwreck'd Bark it drank before,
Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.

Cowl.

S E A, divided for a Passage to the Israelites.

Commanded by thy Breath, th'obsequious Main
Stood still, and gather'd up its flowing Train.

Th'Almighty did the Sea divide,
And as he rends the Hills, he split the Tide:
Benumb'd with Fear, the Waves erected stood,

O'erlooking all the distant Flood.

Mountains of craggy Billows did arise,
And Rocks of stiffen'd Water reach'd the Skies.
Remoter Waves came rolling on to see

The strange transforming Mystery.

But they, approaching near,
Where the high chrystal Ridges did appear,

Felt the divine Contagion's Force,

Mov'd slothfully a while, and then quite stop'd their Course.

Th'Egyptians cry'd, Let us pursue the flying Slaves,

We'll bathe the Desert with a purple Flood,

And heal its gaping Wounds with Hebrew Blood.

Blac.

S E R P E N T. See Creation, Paradise, Snake.

With speckled Pride

A Serpent from the Tomb began to glide :

His huge Bulk on seven high Volumes roll'd,

Blue was his Breadth of Back, but streak'd with scaly Gold.

Thus riding on his Curls, he seem'd to pass,

A rowling Fire along, and singe the Grass :

More various Colours through his Body run,

Than *Iris*, when her Bow imbibes the Sun.

Dryd. Virg.

Two Serpents rank'd abreast, the Seas divide,

And smoothly sweep along the swelling Tide.

Their flaming Crests above the Waves they show,

Their Bellies seem to burn the Seas below :

Their speckled Tails advance to steer their Course,

And on the sounding Shore the flying Billows force.

And now the Strand, and now the Plain they held,

Their ardent Eyes with bloody Streaks were fill'd ;

Their nimble Tongues they brandish'd as they came,

And lick'd their hissing Jaws, that sputter'd Flame.

Dryd. Virg.

Serpent tempting E V E.

The Serpent, sleeping fast, the Devil found

In Labyrinth of many a Round self-rowl'd,

His Head the midst, well stor'd with subtle Wiles ;

Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,

Nor nocent yet ; but on the grassy Herb

Fearless, unfeard he slept : In at his Mouth

He enter'd, Inmate bad, and toward Eve

Address'd

Address'd his Way, not with indented Wave,
 Prone on the Ground, as since ; but on his Rear,
 Circular Base of rising Folds, that tow'r'd
 Fold above Fold, a surging Maze : His Head
 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes ;
 With burnish'd Neck of verdant Gold, erect
 Amidst his circling Spires, that on the Grass
 Floated redundant :

With Traſt oblique,
 At first, as one who sought Access, but fear'd
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his Way.
 As when a Ship by skillful Steersman wrought
 Nigh Rivers Mouth, or Foreland, where the Wind
 Veers oft, as oft so steers and shifts her Sail ;
 So vary'd he, and of his tortuous Train
 Curl'd many a wanton Wreath in Sight of *Eve*,
 To lure her Eye ;
 Then as in Gaze admiring, oft he bow'd
 His Turret Crest, and sleek enamel'd Neck,
 Fawning, and lick'd the Ground whereon she trod :
 Lead on, said *Eve* ; he leading swiftly rowl'd
 In Tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To Mischief swift : Hope elevates, and Joy
 Brightens his Crest.

HERCULES killing the Serpents.

The big-limb'd Babe in his huge Cradle lay,
 Too weighty to be rock'd by Nurſes Hands :
 When lo ! by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,
 Two dreadful Serpents come
 Rowling, and hissing loud into the Room.
 To the bold Babe they trace their bidden Way,
 Forth from their flaming Eyes dread Lightnings went, (sent.
 Their gaping Mouths fork'd Tongues, like Thunderbolts, pre-
 The mighty Infant smil'd, and seem'd well pleas'd

At his gay gilded Foes,
 And as their spotted Necks up to the Cradle rose,
 With his young warlike Hands on both he seiz'd ;
 In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
 In vain their armed Tails they twist,
 And angry Circles cast about, (Cowl. Pind:
 Black Blood, and fiery Breath, and pois'nous Soul he squeezes out.

S H A D E.

Behold *Alexis*, see this gloomy Shade,
 Which seems alone for Sorrow's Shelter made :
 Where the glad Beams of Light can never play,
 But Night succeeding Night, excludes the Day :

Where

Where never Birds with Harmony repair,
 And lightfome Notes to chear the dusky Air ;
 To welcome Day, or bid the Sun farewell,
 By Morning Lark, or Ev'ning *Philomel* !
 No Vi'let here or Daffie e'er was seen,
 No sweetly-budding Flow'r, nor springing Green :
 For fragrant Myrtle and the blushing Rose,
 Here baleful Yew with deadly Cypress grows.

Cong.

Here highest Woods, impenetrable
 To Sun or Starlight, spread their Umbrage broad,
 And brown as Evening.

Milt.

So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,
 That no reviving Sun-beams enter'd there :
 Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray,
 That lost it self in wandring from the Day :
 Which serv'd not to refresh, but to affright,
 Not to dispell, but to disclose the Night.

Blac.

A Green-wood Shade, for long Religion known,
 Incompass'd round with gloomy Hills above,
 Which added holy Horrour to the Grove.

Dryd. Virg.

S H I P. See Deluge.

Guyomar. As far as I could cast my Eyes
 Upon the Sea, something methought did rise,
 Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
 Took dreadful Shapes, and thus mov'd towards the Shore :
 The Object I could first distinctly view,
 Was tall streight Trees, which on the Waters flew ;
 Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow ;
 And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
 Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.

Montezuma. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods ! are these,
 That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas ?
 Came they alive or dead upon the Shore ?

Guyom. Alas they liv'd too sure, I heard 'em roar :
 All turn'd their Sides, and to each other spoke,
 I saw their Words break out in Fire and Smoke.
 Sure 'tis their Voice that thunder from on high,
 And these the younger Brothers of the Sky.
 Deaf with the Noise, I took my hasty Flight,
 No mortal Courage can support the Fright.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Behold a stately Ship
 Proud of her gawdy Trim, comes this Way sailing,
 With all her Brav'ry on, and Tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and Streamers waving,
 Courted by all the Winds that hold them Play.

Milt.

This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,

All

All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind :
 Sometimes he nodded down his Head a while,
 And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon :
 He clamb'ring to the Top of all the Billows ;
 And then again he curst'd down so low,
 I could not see him ; till at last, all sidelong
 With a great Crack, his Belly burst in pieces.

Shak. Temp.

Thus as a Ship, which Winds and Waves assail,
 Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail :
 She feels a double Force : By Turns obeys
 Th'imperious Tempest and impetuous Seas.

Dryd. Ovid.

SICKNESS. See Diseases.

Mean while the Health of *Arctus* still impares,
 From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares :
 Swoll'n is his Breast, his inward Pains increase ;
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of Art :
 The Mould of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void :
 The Bellows of his Lungs begins to swell,
 All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell ;
 Nor can the good receive, nor bad expell.
 Those breathing Organs, thus within oppress'd,
 With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast ;
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
 Nor vomits upward Aid, nor downward Laxative.
 The midmost Region batter'd and destroy'd, (Pal. & Ar.
 When Nature cannot work, th'Effect of Art is void. Dryd.

Physicians had forsaken his Cure :
 All scorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
 The Moisture that maintain'd consuming Nature
 Lick'd up, and in a Fever fry'd away.

Dryd. Riv. Lad.

He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'Tis true, this God did shake !
 His Coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose Bend does awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre. I did hear him groan ;
 I, and that Tongue of his that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books,
 Alas ! it cry'd, Give me some Drink, *Titinius* ;
 As a sick Girl.

Shak. Jul. Cas. Spoken of Caesar.

And thus the Wretch, whose Feavour-weakn'd Joints,
 Like strengthless Hinges, buckle under Life,

Impatient

Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a Fire,
Out of his Keepers Arms.

Shak. Hen. 4. Part 2.

As he who in a Feaver burning lies
First of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more. *Osw. Don Carl.*

Her wasted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart, as in a Fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless Pains.
Thus while the Feaver, am'rous of his Prey,
Thro' all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
Her Fate's like *Semele's*: The Flames destroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade:
Her Skin has lost that Lustre, which surpass'd
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last.
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmest Hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts.
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And Sickness triumphs in the Throne of Love.

Norm.

Ah! lovely *Amoret*, the Care
Of all that know what's good or fair!
Is Heav'n become our Rival too?
With such a Grace you entertain,
And look with such Contempt on Pain,
That languishing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So Lightnings, which in Storms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear.
And as pale Sickness does invade
Your frailer Part, the Breaches made
In that fair Lodging, still more clear
Make the bright Guest, your Soul, appear.
So Nymphs o'er pathless Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn,
From their fair Limbs exposing new
And unknown Beauties to the View
Of following Gods, increase their Flame,
And haste to catch the flying Game.

Wid.

SIGH. See Tears.

He rais'd a Sigh so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being.

Shak. Hamf.

She drew a Length of Sighs.
Sigh'd from her inward Soul.

Dryd. Virg.

Dryd. Virg.

All

All around
 A general Sigh diffus'd a mournful Sound. *Cong. Hom.*
 Then such deep Sighs heav'd from his woful Heart,
 As if his sorrowful Soul
 Had crack'd the Strings of Life, and burst away: *Lee Oedip.*
 He knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd,
 Like some sad Prophet, who foresaw the Doom *(Don Seb.*
 Of those whom best he lov'd, and could not save. *Dryd.*
 All the vital Air that Life draws in,
 Is render'd back in Sighs. *Row. Tamerl.*

Nor Women's Sighs, nor Tears are true,
 Those idly blow, these idly fall ;
 Nothing like to ours at all :
 But Sighs and Tears have Sexes too. *Cowli.*
 Keep down, ye rising Sighs !
 And murmur in the Hollow of my Breast ;
 Run to my Heart, and gather more sad Wind ;
 That when the Voice of Fate shall call you forth,
 You may at once rush from the Seat of Life,
 Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder. *Lee Alex.*

S I L E N C E.

Silence, the midnight God appears :
 In all its downy Pomp array'd,
 Behold the rev'rend Shade.
 An ancient Sigh he sits upon,
 Whose Memory of Sound is long since gone,
 And purposely annihilated for his Throne.
 Beneath two soft transparent Clouds do meet,
 In which he seems to sink his softer Feet :
 A melancholy Thought condens'd to Air,
 Stoll'n from a Lover in Dispair,
 Like a thin Mantle, serves to wrap
 In fluid Folds his visionary Shape ;
 A Wreath of Darkness round his Head he wears,
 Where curling Mists supplies the want of Hairs.
 While the still Vapours, which from Poppies rise,
 Bedew his hoary Head, and lull his Eyes. *Cong.*
 Silence, more dreadful than severest Sounds !
 Would she but speak, tho' Death, eternal Exile,
 Hung at her Lips, yet while her Tongue pronounces,
 There would be Musick ev'n in my Undoing. *Lee Alex.*
 Far from my Lips, within my Breast I'll keep it,
 Nor breathe it softly to my self alone,
 Lest some officious murm'ring Wind should tell it,
 And babbling Echoes catch the feeble Sound. *Row. Ulyss.*
 No, to what purpose should I speak !
 No, wretched Heart, swell till you break !
 No, *No,*

No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there:
I will not ask her, 'tis a milder Fate
To fall by her not loving, than her Hate.

Cowp.

Mean while the Knight had no small Task,
To compass what he durst not ask:
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her Ignorance is his Devotion.
Like Caiiff vile, that for Misdeed,
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed;
Or rowing Skull, he's fain to love,
Look one way, and another move;
Or as a Tumbler that does play
His Game, and look another Way,
Until he sieze upon the Coney;
Just so does he by Matrimony.

Hud.

Silent as the extatick Bliss,
Of Souls, that by Intelligence converse.

Otw. Orph.

Still as the Bosom of the desert Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep-plotting Friends.

Lee Alex.

Still as the peaceful Walks of antient Night;

Silent as are the Lamps that burn in Tombs.

Shak. K. Lear.

Silent as Dews that fall in Dead of Night.

Dryd. Ind. Emp.

SILENUS.

Two Satyrs, on the Ground
Stretch'd at his Ease, their Sire *Silenus* found:
Doz'd with his Fumes, and heavy with his Load,
They found him snoring in his dark Abode;
And siez'd with youthful Arms the drunken God.
His rosy Wreath was dropt not long before,
Borne by the Tide of Wine, and floating on the Floor.
His empty Can, with Ears half worn away,

Was hung on high, to boast the Triumph of the Day. *Dr. Virg.*

SINGING. See Enthusiasm, Musick.

Behold and listen, while the Fair
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air;
And with her own Breath fans the Fire,
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.
What Reason can that Love controul,
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?
So when a Flash of Lightning falls
On our Abodes, the Danger calls
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, tho' from Heav'n it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

Wall.

She rais'd her Voice so high, and sung so clear,
The Fawns came scudding from the Groves to hear,
And all the bending Forest lent an Ear. }

At ev'ry Close she made, th'attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burthen of the Song :
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

(and the Leaf.
Dryd. The Flower

She sung, and carol'd our so clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoyce to hear :
Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring. Dr. Pal. & Arc.

He rais'd his Voice, and soon a num'rous Throng
Of tripping *Satyrs* crowded to the Song ;
And sylvan Fawns and savage Beasts advanc'd,
And nodding Forests to the Numbers danc'd.

Not by *Hæmonian* Hills the *Thracian* Bard,
Nor awful *Phæbus* was on *Pindus* heard,
With deeper Silence, or with more Regard. }

Dryd. Virg.

Amphion sung not sweeter to his Herd,
When summon'd Stones the *Theban* Turrets rear'd. Dryd. Virg.

Unweary'd he pursues the tuneful Strain,
Till unperceiv'd the Heav'ns with Stars were hung,
And suddain Night surpriz'd the yet unfinish'd Song. Dryd. Virg.

A Song that would have charm'd th'infernal Gods,
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes.

Dryd.

While I listen to thy Voice,
Chloris ! I feel my Life decay ;
That powerful Noise
Calls my sitting Soul away.
Oh ! suppress the magick Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.
Peace *Chloris* ! Peace ! or singing, die,
That together you and I

To Heav'n may go:
For all we know,
Of what the Blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

Wall.

Chloe ! your self you so excel,
While you vouchsafe to breathe my Thought ;
That, like a Spirit, with this Spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.
That Eagles Fate and mine are one,
Who, on the Shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a Feather of his own,
With which he wont to soar so high :
Had *Echo* with so sweet a Grace
Narcissus loud Complaints return'd,

Not

Not for Reflexion of his Face,
But of his Voice the Boy had burn'd.

[Wall. To a Lady that sung a Song of his composing.]

S I R E N.

Thus as a Mariner, that sails along,
With Pleasure hears th'enticing Siren's Song;
Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd.

Ow. Don Carl.

S L E E P.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode,
Deep in a Cavern dwells the drowsy God;
Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod:
Whose gloomy Mansion, nor the rising Sun,
Nor setting Visits, nor the lightsom Moon;
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight and a doubtful Sky.
No crowing Cock does there his Wings display;
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day:
No watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace.
No Beast of Nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry:
But safe Repose without an Air of Breath

}

Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.
An Arm of *Lethe* with a gentle Flow
Arising upward from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps;
And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps.
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow.
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent Plains:
No Door there was th'unguarded House to keep;
Or creaking Hinges turn'd to break his Sleep.
But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed,
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon Sted;
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God,
And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad:
About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
Which various Images of Things supply,
And mock their Forms, the Leaves on Trees not more,
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore. *Dryd. Virg.*

O sacred Rest!

Sweet pleasing Sleep! of all the Powers the best.

O Peace of Mind! Repairer of Decay,

Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day,

Care thuns thy soft Approach, and fullen flies away. *Dryd. Virg.*

}

E c 2

The

The weary World's best Med'cine, Sleep!
 It shuts those Wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,
 And flies Oppressors to relieve the Opprest.
 It loves the Cottage, and from Court abstains;
 It stills the Seaman, tho' the Storm be high;
 Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains;
 Stops Want's loud Mouth, and blinds the treach'rous Spy. *(Gond. Dav.)*
 Sleep, that locks up the Senses from their Care;
 The Death of each Day's Life : Tir'd Nature's Bath!
 Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
 Death's Counterfeit.

Chief Nourisher in Life's Feast.

Shak. Macb.

Somnus, the humble God that dwells,
 In Cottages and smoaky Cells;
 Hates gilded Roofs, and Beds of Down,
 And tho' he fears no Princes Frown,
 Flies from the Circle of a Crown.
 Nature, alas! why art thou so
 Oblig'd unto thy greatest Foe?
 Sleep, that is thy best Repast,
 Yet of Death it bears a Taste,
 And both are the same Thing at last.

Denh. Soph.

O Sleep, O gentle Sleep!

Natur's best Nurse! how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my Eye-lids down,
 And steep my Senses in Forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky Cribbs,
 Upon uneasy Pallads stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing Night fly'st to thy Slumber;
 Than in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great,
 Under the Canopies of costly State,
 And lull'd with Sounds of sweetest Melody?
 O thou dull God! why ly'st thou with the Vile
 In loathsome Beds, and leav'st the kingly Couch?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy Mast,
 Seal up the Ship-Boy's Eyes, and rock his Brains,
 In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
 And in the Visitation of the Winds?
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy Repose,
 To the wet Sea-boy in an Hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest Night
 Deny it to a King?

Shak. Hen. 4

So sleeps the Sea-boy on the cloudy Mast,
 Safe as a drowsy *Triton*, rock'd with Storms,
 While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Lee Mithrid.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,
 And yet so humble too as not to scorn

The

The meanest Country Cottages !
 His Poppy grows among the Corn.
 The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest
 In any stormy Breast.

'Tis not enough, that he does find
 Clouds and Darknes in the Mind ;
 Darknes but half his Work will do,
 'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

Cowl. Her.

In vain, thou drowsy God, I thee invoke,
 For thou, who dost from Fumes arise,
 Thou, who Man's Soul dost over-shade,
 With a thick Cloud by Vapours made,
 Canst have no Pow'r to shut his Eyes,
 Or Passage of his Spirits to choak,
 Whose Flame's so pure, that it sends up no Smoke.

Thou who dost Men, as Nights to Colours do,
 Bring all to an Equality ;
 Come, thou just God, and equal me
 A while to my disdainful She :
 In that Condition let me lie,
 Till Love does the Favour shew ;

Love equals all a better Way than thou.

Thou never more shalt be invok'd by me ;
 Watchful as Spirits and Gods I'll prove,
 Let her but grant, and then will I
 Thee and thy Kinsman Death defy :
 For betwixt thee, and them that love,
 Never will an Agreement be,

Thou scorn'st the Unhappy, and the Happy thee.

Cowl.

Falling asleep.

The timely Dew of Sleep

Now falling, with soft slumbrous Weight inclines
 My Eye-Lids.

Milt.

Then gentle Sleep, with soft Oppression seiz'd
 My drowzed Sense.

Milt.

Thick Mists arise,
 And with their silken Cords tie down his Eyes.

Gar.

They stop the Sense, and close the conquer'd Eyes.

Cowl. Her.

God of S L O T H.

This Place so fit for undisturb'd Repose,

The God of Sloth for his Asylum chose.

Upon a Couch of Down in these Abodes,

Supine with folded Arms he thoughtless nods :

Indulging Dreams his Godhead lull to Ease.

With Murmurs of soft Rills, and whisp'ring Trees.

The Poppy, and each numming Plant dispense

Their drowsy Virtue, and dull Indolence.

A careless Deity !

No Passions interrupt his easy Reign,
No Problems puzzle his lethargick Brain :
But dull Oblivion guards his peaceful Bed ;
And lazy Fogs bedew his gracious Head.
Thus at full Length the pamper'd Monarch lay,
Batt'ning in Ease, and slumb'ring Life away.

Gar.

The slumb'ring God, amaz'd at this new Din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down agen :
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his Eyes,
Then faulter'd thus betwixt half Words and Sighs.

Gar.

SMILE.

She spoke it with a Smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.

Cowl.

A Smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy Red, Love's proper Hue.

Mile.

He screw'd his Face into a harden'd Smile. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
From his bent Brow a gloomy Smile arose. *Dryd. Cong. of Gran.*

The Terror of their Brows so rough e'er while
Sunk down into the Dimples of a Smile.

Cowl.

What Charms has Sorrow in that Face ?
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness ;
Yet now and then a melancholy Smile,
Breaks out, like Lightning in a Winter's Night,
And shews a Moment's Day.

Dryd. All for Love.

SMITH. See Cyclops.

The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the lung'd Bellows hissing Fire provoke.

Dryd. Juu.

One stirs the Fire, and one the Bellows blows :
The hissing Steel is in the Smithy drown'd ;
The Grot with beaten Anvils groans around :
By Turns their Arms advance in equal Time,
By Turns their Hands descend, and Hammers chime ;
They turn the glowing Mass with crooked Tongs,
The fiery Work proceeds with rustick Songs.

Dryd. Virg.

As when the Cyclops at th'almighty Nod,
New Thunder hasten for their angry God ;
Subdu'd in Fire, the stubborn Metal lies ;
One brawny Smith the puffing Bellows plys,
And draws and blows reciprocating Air ;
Others to quench the hissing Mass prepare ;
With lifted Arms they order ev'ry Blow,
And chime their sounding Hammers in a Row :
With labour'd Anvils *Aëna* groans below.
Strongly they strike, huge Flakes of Flame expire.
With Tongs they turn the Steel, and vex it in the Fire.

*(Virg.)**Dryd.*

SMOKE

S M O K E.

In dusky Wreaths the Smoke began to roul.

Milt.

The Smoke in cloudy Vapours flies,

Cov'ring the Plain, and curling to the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

Black smould'ring Smoke from the green Wood expires,

The Light of Heav'n is choak'd, and the new Day retires.

Dr. Vir.

Feebly the Flames on clumsy Wings aspire,

And smoth'ring Fogs of Smoke benight the Fire.

Gar.

S N A K E. *See Serpent.*

In fair *Calabria's* Wood a Snake is bred,

With curling Crest, and with advancing Head:

Waving he roul, and makes a winding Track;

His Belly spotted, burnish'd is his Back;

While Springs are broken, while the southern Air,

And dropping Heav'n's the moisten'd Earth repair.

He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,

And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious Frogs.

But when in muddy Pools the Water sinks,

And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o'er with Chinks,

He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the Ground,

And, hissing, roul, his glaring Eyes around:

With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the Heats,

He rages in the Fields, and wide Destruction threatens:

Oh! let not Sleep my closing Eyes invade,

In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,

When he, renew'd in all the speckled Pride

Of pompous Youth, has cast his Slough aside:

And in his Summer Livery roul along

Erect, and brandishing his forked Tongue,

Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young:

And, thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear,

The Hopes of Poyson for the following Year.

Dryd. Virg.

So when the Springs warm Breath, and cheering Ray

Calls from his Cave th'awaken'd Snake, that lay

Folded to Rest, while Winter's Snows conceal'd

The Mountains Heads, and Frosts the Lakes congeal'd;

The sloughy Spoils from his sleek Back depos'd,

And the gay Pride of his new Skin disclos'd:

He views himself, with youthful Beauties crown'd,

Elated, casts his haughty Eyes around,

And roul, his speckled Spires along the Ground.

Fresh Colours die his Sides, and thro' his Veins,

Turgid with Life, reviving Vigour reigns.

The sprightly Beast unfolds upon the Plain,

The glossy Honours of his Summer Train:

His Crest erected high, and forked Tongue

Shot out, he hisses, bounds, and leaps along.

Blac.

So

So shines, renew'd in Youth, the crested Snake,
 Who slept the Winter in a thorny Brake;
 And casting off his Slough, when Spring returns,
 Now looks aloft, and with new Glory burns:
 Restor'd with poisonous Herbs, his ardent Sides
 Reflect the Sun, and rais'd on Spires he rides:
 High o'er the Grass he hissing roulds along
 And brandishes by fits his forked Tongue.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Snake surpriz'd upon the Road,
 Is crush'd athwart her Body by the Load
 Of heavy Wheels; or with a mortal Wound
 Her Belly bruised, or trodden to the Ground:
 In vain with loosen'd Curls she crawls along,
 Yet fierce above, she brandishes her Tongue;
 Glares with her Eyes, and bristles with her Scales,
 But grov'ling in the Dust, her Part unsound she trails. Dryd. Virg.

A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,
 And in the leafy Summit spy'd a Nest,
 Which o'er her callow young a Sparrow press'd,
 Eight were the Birds unfledg'd: The Mother flew
 And hover'd round her Care, but still in View,
 Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood,
 Then seiz'd the fluttering Dam, and drank her Blood. Dryd. Ovid.

Of a Lady playing with a Snake.

'Tis Innocence and Youth which makes
 In *Chloris* Fancy such Mistakes,
 To start at Love, and play with Snakes.
 Thrice happy Snake, that in her Sleeve
 May'st boldly creep; we dare not give
 Our Thoughts so unconfin'd a Leave.
 Contented in that Nest of Snow
 He lies, as he his Bliss did know,
 And to the Wood no more would go.
 Take heed, fair *Eve*, you do not make
 Another Tempter of this Snake,
 A marble one, so warm'd, would speak.

Wall.

S N O W.

A Shower of soft and fleecy Rain
 Falls to new-cloath the Earth again:
 Behold the Mountains Tops around,
 As if with Fur of Ermin crown'd:

And lo! how by Degrees,
 The universal Mantle hides the Trees,
 In hoary Flakes which downward fly,
 As if it were the Autumn of the Sky,
 Whose Fall of Leaf would theirs supply.

Trem.

Trembling the Groves sustain the Weight, and bow
Like aged Limbs, which feebly go,
Beneath a venerable Head of Snow.

} Cong.

SOLDIER. See Mars, Storm, and Shipwreck.

A Leader seem'd

Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the Sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The Ridges of grim War: No Thought of Flight,
None of Retreat; No unbecoming Deed
That argu'd Fear; each on himself rely'd
As only in his Arm the Moment lay
Of Victory.

. Milt.

Full Fifty Years, harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blaft,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer;
While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches,
Were, at my Cost, secure in Luxury.

Row. Amb. Step.

The Tyrant, Custom,
Has made the flinty and steel Couch of War
My thrice driven Bed of Down.

Shak. Othel.

Let Honour

Call for my Blood, and sluice it into Streams:
Turn Fortune loose again to my Pursuit,
And let me hunt her thro' embattel'd Foes,
In dusty Plains amidst the Cannons Roar;
There will I be the first.

Dryd. Span. Fry.

Rude am I in my Speech,
And little bless'd with the soft Phrase of Peace:
For since these Arms of mine had Seven Years Pith,
Till now some Nine Moon wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest Action in the tented Field:

And little of this great World can I speak,
More than pertains to Feats of Broils and Battel.

Shak. Othel.

Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face,
The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head;
And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
He look'd a Lyon with a gloomy Stare,
And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his Arms were round and long:
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the Field.

His Surcoat was a Bear's Skin on his Back:
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven black:
Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
Loud as a Trumpet with a silver Sound.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.
Ravish'd

Ravish'd with Wars, and Danger's horrid Charms,
 He with impetuous Ardour flew to Arms:
 Soon as the rang'd Battallions came in Sight,
 He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,
 And shudder'd with his Eagerness to fight.
 What Flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far
 View'd the fowr Brows, and murdering Jaws of War! Blas.

Rough in Battel

As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
 Yet after Victory more pitiful,
 Than all their praying Virgins left at home. *Dryd. All for Love.*
 Had'st thou once seen him, like the God of War,
 While grievedly Terror perch'd upon his Plume,
 Severely shining in his dreadful Helmet,
 And thund'ring thro' the Tempest of the Field. *Den. Rin. & Arm.*
 When the young Hero, yet unfledg'd in Arms,
 Made the tough Age of bold *Ramirez* bend,
 He fought like *Mars* descending from the Skies,
 And look'd like *Venus* rising from the Waves. *Dryd. Love Trium.*

How nobly he becomes the great Battallion!
 See how he shines in Arms, and suns the Field! (of Gaius. Let D.
 Moves, speaks, and fights, and is himself a War.

Adorn'd with Sweat, and painted gay with Blood,
 He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around. Cra.

Thro' all the Mazes of the bloody Field
 I hunted his sacred Life. I fought him
 Where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place,
 To seek *Sebastian*; thro' a Tract of Death
 I follow'd him by Groans of dying Men:
 But still I came too late; for he was flown,
 Like Lightning, swift before me, to new Slaughter.
 I mow'd across, and made irregular Harvest,
 Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain;
 For he was still supplying Death elsewhere.

Dryd. Don Seb.

As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,
 And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,
 There shall he find him at his manly Length,
 With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument
 Which his true Sword has digg'd.

Dryd. Don Seb.

He in the Battle had a thirsty Sword,
 And well 'twas glutted there.

Dryd. Don Seb.

Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,
 And like the Grave, the glutt'ous Blade devour'd:
 Slaughter upon its Point in Triumph fate,
 And scatter'd Death as quick and wide as Fate.

Old

Twelve Legions wait you,
 And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys

I led them, patient of both Heat and Hunger :
 'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces, (them :
 Their scarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands ; there's Virtue in
 They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates
 Than yon trim Bands can buy. *Dryd. All for Love.*

Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
 Watchful they stood, expecting op'ning Day :
 And now are hardly by their Leaders held,
 From darting on the Foe : Like a hot Courser,
 That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, disdain
 The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race. *Row. Tamerl.*

Oh thou hast fir'd me ! my Soul is up in Arms,
 And mans each Part about me : Once again
 That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me,
 That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
 To *Cassius* Camp : In vain the steepy Hill
 Oppos'd my Way : In vain a War of Spears
 Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield :
 I won the Trenches while my foremost Men
 Lagg'd on the Plain below. Come on, my Soldier !
 Our Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
 Once more to meet our Foes, that thou and I,
 Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
 May taste Fate to 'em, mow 'em out a Passage,
 And entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
 Begin the noblest Harvest of the Field. *Dryd. All for Love.*

SOLITUDE.

O Solitude ! first State of human Kind,
 Which blest remain'd, till Man did find
 Ev'n his own Helper's Company !
 As soon as two, alas ! together join'd,
 The Serpent made up three.
 Thee God himself thro' countless Ages, thee
 His sole Companion chose to be !
 Thee, sacred Solitude ! alone,
 Before the branchy Head of Numbers three
 Sprung from the Trunk of one.
 Ah ! wretched and too solitary He,
 Who loves not his own Company !
 He'll feel the Weight of't ev'ry Day,
 Unless he call in Sin or Vanity,
 To help to bear't away. *CowL.*
 For Solitude sometimes is best Society. *Milt.*
 In Solitude
 What Happiness ? Who can enjoy alone ?
 Or all enjoying what Contentment find ? *Milt.*

SOR-

SORROW. *See Despair, Funeral, Grief, Tears, Weeping*
He at the News

Heart-struck, with chilling Gripe of Sorrow stood,
That all his Senses bound.

Milk.

Some secret Anguish rouls within his Breast,
That shakes him, like an Earthquake, which he presses,
And will not give it Vent.

He blushes and would speak, and wants a Voice,
And stares, and gapes like a forbidden Ghost.

Dryd. Clem.

Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all the inseperable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever.

Dryd. Amphit.

Misfortunes on Misfortunes press upon me,
Swell o'er my Head like Waves, and dash me down.
Sorrow, Remorse, and Shame have torn my Soul,
And blast the Spring and Promise of my Year.
They hang like Winter on my youthful Hopes :
So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To lose their Freshness among Bones and Rottenness,
And have their Odours stifled in the Dust.

Row. Fair Pen.

All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes ;
And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans, and
Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair.

(Cries.

Dryd. Ovid.

Confusion, Fear, Distraction, and Disgrace,
And silent Shame, are seen on ev'ry Face.

Dryd. Virg.

Distracted with ungovernable Woe,
All mingle Tears ; their Cries together flow,
And form a hideous Harmony of Woe.

Blac.

The wretched Parent with a pious Haste,
Came running, and his lifeless Limbs embrac'd :
Accusing all the Gods, and ev'ry Star.

Dryd. Virg.

The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor ;
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.

(Dryd. Ovid.

Had I a Hundred Tongues, a Wit so large,
As could their Hundred Offices discharge ;
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd,
In all the Streams, inspiring all the Gods ;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God, in vain
Would offer to describe his Sister's Pain.

They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,
Till they turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow :
The Corps they cherish'd, while the Corps remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains.

And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis born away
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay.

And

And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
 (The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
 Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
 And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Mean time no squallid Grief his Looks defiles,
 He gilds his sadder Fate with nobler Smiles.
 Thus the World's Eye, with reconciled Streams
 Shines in his Showers, as if he wept his Beams.

Clav.

SPIRITS.

Spirits, that live throughout,
 Vital in ev'ry Part, not as frail Man,
 In Entrails, Head or Heart, Liver or Reins,
 Cannot, but by annihilating, die;
 Nor in their liquid Texture mortal Wound
 Receive, no more than can the fluid Air:
 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Ear,
 All Intellect, all Sense; and, as they please,
 They limb themselves, and Colour, Shape, or Size
 Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Milt.

For Spirits, when they please,
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft,
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
 Not ty'd or manac'd with Joynt or Limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle Strength of Bones,
 Like cumbrous Flesh; but in what Shape they chuse,
 Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
 Can execute their airy Purposes,
 And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

Milt.

The SPRING. *See Venus, Year.*

When with his golden Horns in full Career,
 The Bull beats down the Barriers of the Year;
 And Argos and the Dog forsake the Northern Sphere. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
 His Course exalted thro' the Ram had run:
 And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
 Thro' Taurus, and the lightsom Realms of Love;
 When Venus from her Orb descends in Show'rs
 To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs:
 When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
 And Buds that yet the Blasts of Eurus fear,
 Stand at the Door of Life, and doubt to cloath the Year:
 Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
 Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins;
 Then, at their Call embolden'd, out they come,
 And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room:
 Broader and broader yet their Blooms display;
 Salute the welcom Sun, and entertain the Day.

Then

Then from their breathing Souls their Sweets repair
 To scent the Skies, and purge th'unwholsom Air.
 Joy spreads the Heart, and with a gen'rous Song *(and the Leaf.*
 Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along. *Dr. The Flower*

The Spring adorns the Woods, renews the Leaves,
 The Womb of Earth the genial Seed receives;
 For then Almighty *Jove* descends, and pours
 Into his buxom Bride his fruitful Show'rs;
 And mixing his large Limbs with hers, he feeds
 Her Births with timely Juice, and fosters teeming Seeds.
 Then joyous Birds frequent the lonely Grove,
 And Beasts, by Nature stung, renew their Love.
 Then Fields the Blades of bury'd Corn disclose,
 And while the balmy Western Spirit blows,
 Earth to the Breath her Bosom dares expose.
 With kindly Moisture then the Plants abound,
 The Grass securely springs above the Ground:
 The tender Twig shoots upward to the Skies,
 And on the Faith of the new Sun relies.

The swerving Vines on the tall Elms prevail,
 Unhurt by Southern Show'rs, or Northern Hail:
 They spread their Gems the genial Warmth to share,
 And boldly trust their Buds in open Air.

In this soft Season, (let me dare to sing,)
 The World was hatch'd by Heav'n's imperial King,
 In Prime of all the Year, and Holy-days of Spring.

Then did the new Creation first appear,
 Nor other was the Tenour of the Year;
 When laughing Heav'n did the great Birth attend,
 And Eastern Winds their wintry Breath suspend;
 Then Sheep first saw the Sun in open Fields,
 And savage Beasts were sent to stock the Wilds;
 And golden Stars flew up to light the Skies,
 And Man's relentless Race from stony Quarries rise.
 Nor could the tender new Creation bear

Th'excessive Heats or Coldness of the Year;
 But chill'd by Winter, or by Summer fir'd,
 The middle Temper of the Spring requir'd:
 When Warmth and Moisture did at once abound,
 And Heav'n's Indulgence brooded on the Ground.

Dryd. Virg.

When Spring makes equal Day,
 When Western Winds on curling Waters play;
 When painted Meads produce their flow'ry Crops,
 And Swallows twitter on the Chimney-tops.

Dryd. Virg.

Now lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year;
 Now the pale Primrose, and blue Vi'let spring, *(and the Flower*
 And Birds essay their Throats, diffus'd to sing. *Dryd. The Cock*

See

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring,
Where Nightingales their love-sick Ditties sing ;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the Ground,
The Grottoes cool with shady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines on Arbours swerv'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The early dawning of the Year,
While yet the Spring is young, while Earth unbinds
Her frozen Bosom to the western Winds ;
While mountain Snows dissolve against the Sun,
And Streams, yet new, from Precipices run. *Dryd. Virg.*

When Winter's Rage abates, when chearful Hours
Awake the Spring, and Spring awakes the Flow'rs ;
'Tis then the Hills with pleasing Shades are crown'd,
And Sleeps are sweeter on the silken Ground.
With milder Beams the Sun securely shines,
Fat are the Lambs, and luscious are the Wines. *Dryd. Virg.*

The purple Spring arrays the various Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with Grass,
The Blossoms blow, the Birds on Bushes sing,
And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. *Dryd. Virg.*

S P U R.

The Horses Flanks and Sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking Lash, and Goring of the Steel. *Dryd. Virg.*

He ply'd
With iron Heel his Courser's Side,
Conveying sympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed. *Hud.*

While *Hudibras*, with equal Haste,
On both Sides laid about as fast ;
And spurr'd, as Jockies use, to break,
Or Padders, to secure a Neck. *Hud.*

Adds the Remembrance of the Spur, and hides
The goring Rowels in his bleeding Sides. *Dryd. Virg.*

As once the *Phrygian Knight*,
So ours with rusty Steel did smite
His *Trojan Horse*, and just as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch ;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd,
Just as that hollow Beast did sound ;
And angry, answer'd from behind,
With brandish'd Tail and Blast of Wind.
So have I seen with armed Heel,
A Wight besstride a Common-weal ;
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen Jade has stirr'd. *Hud.*

S T A G.

S T A G. See Creation, Hunting.

On the Plain,

Three beamy Stags command a lordly Train
Of branching Heads; the more ignoble Throng
Attend their stately Steps, and slowly graze along. *Dryd. Virg.*

So when two vig'rous Stags, each of his Herd
The haughty Lord, thro' all the Forest fear'd,
Resolv'd to try which must in Combat yield,
In all their Might advance across the Field;
They nod their lofty Heads, and from afar
Flourish their Horns, preluding to the War.
The Combatants their threat'ning Heads incline,
And with their clashing Horns in Battel join.
They rush to Combat with amazing Strokes,
And their high Antlars meet with dreadful Shocks;
The mighty Sound runs rattling o'er the Hills,
And Echo with the Fight the Valley fills:
Retiring oft, the Warriours cease to push,
But then with fiercer Rage to Battel rush.
The trembling Herds at Distance stand, and stay
To know the Conqueror whom they must obey.

Blac.

Thus when a fearful Stag is clos'd around
With crimson Toils, or in a River found,
High on the Bank the deep-mouth'd Hound appears,
Still op'ning, following still where'er he steers:
The persecuted Creature to and fro,
Turns here and there to 'scape his *Umbrian* Foe:
Steep is th' Ascent, and if he gain the Land,
The purple Death is pitch'd along the Strand.
His eager Foe, determin'd to the Chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains Ground at ev'ry Pace:
Now to his beamy Head he makes his Way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds the Prey;
Just at the Pinch, the Stag springs out with Fear,
He bites the Wind, and fills his sounding Jaws with Air:
The Rocks, the Lakes, the Meadows ring with Cries, *(Virg.)*
The mortal Tumult mounts, and thunders in the Skies. *Dryd.*

Thus like a Stag, whom all the Troop surrounds
Of eager Huntsmen, and invading Hounds;
No Flight is left, nor Hopes to force his Way:
Embolden'd by Despair, he stands at Bay;
Resolv'd on Death, he dissipates his Fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed Spears.

Dryd. Virg.

So the tall Srag upon the Brink
Of some smooth Stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed Head,
With Shame remembers that he fled.

The

The Dogs he scorns; resolves to try
 The Combat next; but if their Cry
 Invade agen his trembling Ear,
 He strait resumes his wonted Care;
 Leaves the untasted Spring behind,
 And wing'd with Fear, out-flies the Wind. *Wall.*

On the Head of a Stag,

So we some antique Heroe's Strength
 Learn by his Lance's Weight and Length,
 As these vast Beams express the Beast,
 Whose shady Brows alive they dress'd,
 O fertile Head, which ev'ry Year
 Could such a Crop of Wonder bear!
 Which, might it never have been cast,
 Each Year's Growth added to the last,
 These lofty Branches had supply'd
 The Earth's bold Sons prodigious Pride:
 Heav'n with these Engines had been scal'd,
 When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd. *Wall.*

STANDARD.

He from the glitt'ring Staff unfurl'd
 Th'imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd,
 Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind,
 With Gems and golden Lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphick Arms and Trophies! all the while
 Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.
 All in a Moment through the Gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air,
 With orient Colours waving. *Milt.*

He wav'd his royal Banner in the Wind,
 Where in an argent Field the God of War
 Was drawn triumphant on his iron Carr;
 Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
 And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire:
 Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
 And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguin Hue. *Dr. Pal. & Arb.*

STARS. *See Creation, Sun,*

The Sparks of Light,

The Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n. *Lee Mithrid.*

(Virg.)

The Gems of Heav'n that gild Night's fable Throne. *Dryd.*

The Moon's starry Train. *Milt.*

His marshall'd Clouds, to intercept the Light,
 Seal up the Stars, the twinkling Eyes of Night. *Blac.*

With Orbs of Light he inlays all the Spheres,
 And studs the sable Night with silver Stars. *Blac.*

He spread the pure cerulean Fields on high,
 And arch'd the Chambers of the vaulted Sky;
 Which he, to suit their Glory with their Height,
 Adorn'd with Globes that reel as drunk with Light:
 His Hand directed all the tuneful Spheres,
 He turn'd their Orbs, and polish'd all the Stars.

Blat.

As when the Stars in their ethereal Race,
 At length have roul'd around the liquid Space,
 At certain Periods they resume their Place.
 From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
 And move in Measures of their former Dance.

Dryd.

Morning Star.

Guide of the starry Flock.

Dryd.

Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn:
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet.

Milt.

So from the Seas exerts his radiant Head,
 The Star by whom the Lights of Heav'n are led;
 Shakes from his rosy Locks the pearly Dews,
 Dispers the Darkness, and the Day renews.

Dryd. Virg.

Evening Star.

Bright *Hesperus*, that leads the starry Train;
 Whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth: Short Arbiter
 'Twixt Day and Night.

Milt.

Falling Star. See Archers, Philosophy.

The seeming Stars fall headlong from the Skies,
 And shooting through the Darkness gild the Night
 With sweeping Glories and long Trails of Light.

Dryd. Virg.

The shooting Stars end all in purple Jellies.

Dryd. Oedip.

S T A T U E S. See Sculpture.

Statues that Skill inimitable show'd,
 In beauteous Order on the Terrass stood:
 They show'd indeed, but yet such Life did show,
 Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.

Blat.

He carv'd in Ivory such a Maid, so fair,
 As Nature could not with his Art compare;
 Were she to work but in her own Defence,
 Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
 Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
 Adores, and last, the thing ador'd desires.
 A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
 And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been.
 One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove
 With Modesty, and was ashamed to move.

Art

Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Chear;
 It caught the Carver with his own Deceit;
 He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
 And still the more he knows it, loves the more. *Dryd. Ovid.*

[Spoken of Pygmalion.]

STOCKS and WHIPPING-POST.

At farther End o'th'Town there stands
 An ancient Castle that commands
 Th'adjacent Part: In all the Fabrick
 You shall not see one Stone, nor a Brick;
 But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
 Of Magick made impregnable.
 There's neither iron Bar, nor Gate,
 Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
 And yet Men Durance there abide,
 In Dungeon scarce three Inches wide;
 With Roof so low, that under it
 They never stand, but lie or sit;
 And yet so foul, that whose is in,
 Is to the Middle-leg in Prison:
 In Circle Magical confin'd
 With Walls of subtle Air and Wind;
 Which none are able to breath thorough
 Until they are freed by Head of Borough.
 Near th'outward Wall of this there stands
 A Bastile, built t'imprison Hands;
 By strange Enchantment made to fetter
 The lesser Parts, and free the greater;
 For tho' the Body may creep through,
 The Hands in Gate are fast enow.
 And when a Circle 'bout the Wrist
 Is made by Beadle Exorcist,
 The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
 As if 'twere ridden Post by a Witch;
 At twenty Miles an hour Pace,
 And yet ne'er stirs out of the Place.

Had.

For as the Ancients heretofore
 To Honour's Temple had no Door,
 But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
 So from this Dungeon there's no Way
 To honour'd Freedom, but by passing
 That other virtuous School of Lashing;
 Where Knights are kept in narrow Lists,
 With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wrists:
 This suffer'd, they are set at large,
 And freed with hon'able Discharge.

Then in their Robes the Penitentials
 Are strait presented with Credentials ;
 And on their Way attended on
 By Magistrates of ev'ry Town,
 And all Respect and Charges paid,
 They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.

S T O R K.

As when the Storks prepare to change their Clime,
 The long-neck'd Nation, in the Air sublime,
 Wheeling, and tow'ring up in Circles fly,
 And with their cackling Cries disturb the Sky.
 In ling'ring Clouds they hang, and Leisure give
 For all their feather'd People to arrive :
 To th'airy Rendezvous all haste away,
 And their known Leader's noisy Call obey.
 Then through the Heav'ns their trackless Flight they take,
 And for new Worlds their present Seats forsake.

S T O R M.

Of't have I seen a sudden Storm arise
 From all the warring Winds that sweep the Skies ;
 The heavy Harvest from the Root is torn,
 And whirl'd aloft the lighter Stubble born ;
 With such a Force the flying Rack is driv'n,
 And such a Winter wears the Face of Heav'n !
 And oft whole Sheets descend of sluicy Rain,
 Suck'd by the spongy Clouds from off the Main :
 The lofty Skies at once come pouring down,
 The promis'd Crop and golden Labours drown ;
 The Dikes are fill'd, and with a roaring Sound,
 The rising Rivers float the nether Ground,
 And Rocks the bellowing Noise of boiling Seas rebound.
 The Father of the Gods his Glory throws,
 Involv'd in Tempests and a Night of Clouds ;
 And from the middle Darkness flashing out,
 By fits he deals his fiery Bolts about.
 Earth feels the Motions of her angry God,
 Her Entrails tremble, and her Mountains nod,
 And flying Beasts in Forests seek Abode.

Dryd. Virg.

Now gath'ring Clouds the Day begin to drown,
 Their threat'ning Fronts thro' all th'Horizon frown ;
 Their swagging Wombs low in the Air depend,
 Which struggling Flames and inbred Thunder rend.
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigour prove,
 And thro' the Heav'ns th'unweildy Tempest shove ;
 O'er-charg'd with Stores of Heav'n's Artillery,
 They groan, and pant, and labour up the Sky.
 Impending Ruin does the Sailor scare,
 Rolling and wall'wing thro' th'incumber'd Air.

Loud

Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night,
 Compounded Horrors, all the Deep affright :
 Rent Clouds a Medley of Destruction spout,
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about :
 Tempests of Fire, and Cataracts of Rain,
 Unnat'ral Friendship make t'afflict the Main.
 Prest by incumbent Storms, the Billows rise,
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amid the Skies ;
 Then falling lower than before they rose,
 The secret Horrors of the Deep disclose :
 Pursu'd by conqu'ring Winds, they fly and roar,
 And croud, and headlong run against the Shoar.
 This Orb's wide Frame with the Convulsion shakes,
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
 Horror, Amazement, and Despair appear,
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.

Blac.

Either Tropick now

'Gan Thunder: At both Ends of Heav'n the Clouds,
 From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce Rain with Lightning mixt, Water with Fire
 In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack,
 As Earth and Sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the Winds
 Within their stony Caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four Hinges of the World, and fell
 On the vex'd Wilderness, whose tallest Pines,
 Tho' rooted deep as high, and sturdiest Oaks,
 Bow'd their stiff Necks, loaden with stormy Blasts,
 Or torn up sheer:

Milt.

Heav'n's chrystal Battlements to Pieces dash'd.
 In Storms of Hail were downward hurl'd,
 Loud Thunder roar'd, red Lightning flash'd,
 And universal Uproar fill'd the World.

Torrents of Water, Floods of Flame,
 From Heav'n in fighting Ruins came.
 At once the Hills that to the Clouds aspire,
 Were wash'd with Rain, and scorch'd with Fire.

Blac.

Thus Storms, let loose,
 Do rive the Trunks of tallest Cedars down,
 Tear from their Tops the loaded pregnant Vine,
 And kill the tender Flow'rs, but yet half blown :
 But having no more Fury left in Store,
 Heav'n's Face grows clear, the Storm is heard no more,
 And Nature smiles as gaily as before.

Orw. Cai. Mar.

On the Storm that preceded the Death of Oliver Cromwel.
 We must resign! Heav'n his great Soul does claim,
 In Storms as loud as his immortal Fame :

His dying Groans, his last Breath shakes our Isle,
 And Trees uncut fall for his fun'ral Pile;
 About his Palace their broad Roots are tost
 Into the Air: So *Romulus* was lost!
 New *Rome* in such a Tempest miss'd her King,
 And from obeying fell to worshipping:
 On *Oeta's* Top thus *Hercules* lay dead,
 With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him spread.
 Nature her self took Notice of his Death,
 And sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a Breath,
 That to remotest Shores her Billows roul'd,
 Th'approaching Fate of their great Ruler told.

Storm at Sea.

Wall.

Now like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun;
 The Promise of a Storm! The shifting Gales
 Forsake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails.
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
 And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once: At once the Winds arise,
 The Thunders roul, the forky Lightning flies;
 In vain the Master issues out Commands,
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands:
 The Tempest unfor seen prevents their Care,
 And from the first they labour in Despair.
 The giddy Ship between the Winds and Tides,
 Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
 Stunn'd with the different Blows; then shoots amain,
 Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.

And now with Sails declin'd,
 The wand'ring Vessel drove before the Wind;
 Toss'd and retoss'd aloft, and then alow;
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,
 But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow. *Dryd. Gym. & Iph.*

Then o'er our Heads descends a Burst of Rain,
 And Night with sable Clouds involves the Main:
 The rustling Winds the foamy Billows raise:
 The scatter'd Fleet is forc'd to sev'ral Ways:
 The Face of Heav'n is ravish'd from our Eyes,
 And in redoubl'd Peals the roaring Thunder flies.
 Cast from our Course we wander in the Dark,
 Nor Star to guide, nor Point of Land to mark:
 Ev'n *Palinurus* no Distinction found
 Between the Night and Day, such Darkness reign'd around. *(Dryd. Virg.)*

Thus when a black-brow'd Gust begins to rise,
 White Foam at first on the curl'd Ocean fries,
 Then roars the Main, the Billows mount the Skies.

Till

Till by the Fury of the Storm, full blown,
The muddy Bottom o'er the Clouds is thrown.

Dryd. Virg.

The furious Winds the swelling Surges bear,
And rowze old *Ocean* from his peaceful Seat.
The raging Seas in high-ridg'd Mountains rise,
And cast their angry Foam against the Skies;
Then gape so deep that Day-light Hell invades,
And shoots grey Dawning thro' th'affrighted Shades.
Low-bellying Clouds soon intercept the Light,
And o'er the Sailors spread a Noon-day Night.
Exploded Thunder tears th'embowell'd Sky,
And sulph'rous Flames a dismal Day supply.

Blas.

To Heav'n aloft on ridgy Waves we ride,
Then down to Hell descend when they divide;
And thrice our Gallies knock'd the stony Ground,
And thrice the hollow Rocks return'd the Sound, *(Dr. Virg.)*
And thrice we saw the Stars, that stood with Dews around. }

A sudden Storm did from the South arise,
And horrid Black began to hang the Skies.
By slow Advances loaded Clouds ascend,
And cross the Air their lowring Front extend.
Heav'n's loud Artillery began to play,
And Wrath divine in dreadful Peals convey.
Darkness and raging Winds their Terrors join,
And Storms of Rain with Storms of Fire combine.
Some run ashore upon the shoaly Land,
Some perish by the Rocks, some by the Sand.

Blas.

Storm and Shipwreck.

Then *Aeolus* hurl'd against the Mountain Side
His quiv'ring Spear, and all the God apply'd.
The raging Winds run thro' the hollow Wound,
And dance aloft in Air, and skim along the Ground;
Then settling on the Sea, the Surges sweep,
Raise liquid Mountains, and disclose the Deep:
South, East, and West, with mixt Confusion roar,
And roll the foaming Billows to the Shoar.
The Cables crack, the Sailors fearful Cries
Ascend, and sable Night involves the Skies,
And Heav'n it self is ravish'd from our Eyes.
Loud Peals of Thunder from the Poles ensue,
Then flashing Fires the transient Light renew.
The Face of things a frightful Image bears,
And present Death in various Forms appears.
Fierce *Boreas* drives against the flying Sails,
And rends the Sheets; the raging Billows rise,
And mount the tossing Vessel to the Skies.

}

Nor can the shiv'ring Oars sustain the Blow,
 The Galley gives her Side, and turns her Prow;
 While those a-stern, descending down the Steep,
 Thro' gaping Waves behold the boiling Deep.
 Three Ships were hurry'd by the southern Blast,
 And on the secret Shelves with Fury cast;
 Three more fierce *Eurus* in his angry Mood,
 Dash'd on the Shallows of the moving Sand,
 And in Mid-ocean left them moor'd aland.
 From Stem to Stem one was by Waves o'erborn,
 The trembling Pilot, from the Rudder torn,
 Was headlong hurl'd: The Ship thrice round was tost,
 Then bulg'd at once, and in the Deep was lost;
 And here and there above the Waves were seen
 Arms, Pictures, precious Goods, and floating Men.
 The stoutest Vessel to the Storm gave Way,
 And suck'd thro' loosen'd Planks the rushing Sea.

The Ships with gaping Seams,
 Admit the Deluge of the briny Streams.

Dryd. Virg.

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
 The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row;
 Then hoist their Yards atrip, and all their Sails
 Let fall, to court the Wind and catch the Gales.
 By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
 And as much rested till the setting Sun.
 Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close
 Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose:
 The Sea grew white, the rolling Waves from far,
 Like Heralds, first denounce the watry War.
 This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
 Strike, strike the Topfail, let the Main-sheet fly,
 And furl your Sails: The Winds repel the Sound,
 And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd:
 Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught,
 Each in his Way, officiously they wrought;
 Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
 Another, bolder yet, the Yard bestrides,
 And folds the Sails; a fourth with Labour laves
 Th'intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.
 In this Confusion, while their Work they ply,
 The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
 And wage intestine Wars; the suff'ring Seas
 Are tost'd and mingled as their Tyrants please.
 The Master would command, but in Despair
 Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care;
 Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
 Th'ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows;

Vain

Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill,
 With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill :
 The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds ;
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds.
 At once from *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole,
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roul.
 Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,
 And in the Fires above the Water fries.
 When yellow Sands are sifted from below,
 The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show ;
 And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
 The *Stygian* Die the tainted Waters take :
 Then frothy white appear the flatted Seas,
 And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
 Like various Fits the beaten Vessel finds,
 And now, sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;
 As from a lofty Summet looks from high,
 And from the Clouds beholds the nether Sky ;
 Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
 And at a Distance see superiour Light :
 The dashing Billows make a loud Report,
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort ;
 Or as a Lyon, bounding in his Way,
 With Force augmented, bears against his Prey,
 Sidelong to sieze ; or, unappall'd with Fear,
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
 So Seas, impell'd by Winds, with added Pow'r,
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.
 The Planks, their pitchy Cov'ring wath'd away,
 Now yield ; and now a yawning Breach display.
 The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide,
 Rush thro' the Ruins of her gaping Side.
 Mean time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
 And Ocean, swell'd with Waters, upward tends.
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'n's and Sea
 Meet at their Confines in the middle Way.
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.
 No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :
 Darkness and Tempest make a double Night.
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns ;
 And while the Lightnings blaze, the Waters burns.
 Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite ;
 And as a Soldier foremost in the Fight,
 Makes Way for others ; and, an Host alone,
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town :

So while th'invading Billows come a-breast,
 The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey;
 Part foll'wing enter, Part remain without,
 With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring shout,
 And mount on others Backs, in Hope to share
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.
 An universal Cry resounds aloud,
 The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Crowd:
 Art fails, and Courage falls; no Succour near;
 As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief;
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief;
 But, stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate:
 One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
 And calls those happy who their Fun'rals wait.
 This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
 And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores;
 That other, on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
 His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
 The covetous Worldling, in his anxious Mind,
 Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.
 All *Ceyx* his *Alyone* employs;
 For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys.
 His Wife he wishes, and would still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her.
 Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shore,
 Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more;
 He fought, but in the dark tempestuous Night,
 He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
 So whirl the Seas, such Blackness blinds the Sky,
 That the black Night receives a deeper Die.
 The giddy Ship ran round; the Tempest tore
 Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
 One Billow mounts, and with a scornful Brow,
 Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below;
 Nor lighter falls than if some Giant tore
Pindus and *Athos* with the Freight they bore,
 And toss'd on Seas; press'd with the pond'rous Blow,
 Down sinks the Ship, within th'Abyss below:
 Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
 The Many never more to rise again.
 Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care,
 Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.
 Ev'n he, who late a Scepter did command,
 Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand;

And

And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
 Invokes his Father, and his Wife in vain :
 But yet his Comfort is his greatest Care,
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r :
 Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind ;
 Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind.
 Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
 From Prayers to Wishes he descends at last ;
 That his dead Body, wafted to the Sands,
 Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
 As oft as he can catch a Gulp of Air,
 And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair ;
 And ev'n when plung'd beneath on her he raves,
 Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves.
 At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
 Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath. *Dryd. Ovid.*

S T R E A M. See Brooks, Business, Country Life.

The Stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd Youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
 While he the Bottom, not his Face had seen. *Denh.*

Hard by a Stream did with that Softness creep,
 As't were by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep. *Old.*

Close by a softly murm'ring Stream,
 Where Lover's us'd to loll and dream. *Hud.*

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful Throng,
 I look for Streams immortaliz'd in Song,
 That lost in Silence and Oblivion lie,
 (Dumb are their Fountains, and their Channels dry,)
 Yet run for ever by the Muses Skill,
 And in the smooth Description murmur still. *Add.*

Thus a tame Stream does wild and dang'rous grow
 By unjust Force : He now with wanton Play
 Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away :
 But his known Channel stopp'd, begins to roar,
 And swell with Rage ;
 His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,
 And Troops of Waves come rowling from afar :
 Then scorns he such weak Stops to his free Source,
 And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent Force. *CowL.*

Th'innocent Stream, as it in Silence goes,
 Fresh Honours, and a sudden Spring bestows,
 On both its Banks, to ev'ry Flow'r and Tree. *CowL.*

S T R E N G T H.

Compos'd of mighty Bones and Brawn, he stands
 A goodly tow'ring Object on the Sands. *Dryd. Virg.*

His

His brawny Back, and ample Breast he shows,
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws,
And deals in whistling Air his empty Blows. *Dryd. Virg.*

We met in Fight ; I know him to my Cost,
With what a whirling Force his Lance he tofs'd !
Heav'ns ! what a Spring was in his Arm to throw !
How high he held his Shield, and rose at ev'ry Blow !
Had *Troy* produc'd two more his Match in Might,
They would have chang'd the Fortune of the Fight :
Th'Invasion of the *Greeks* had been return'd,
Our Empire wasted and our Cities burn'd.

Dryd. Virg.[*Diomedes* says it of *Aeneas*.]

But what is Strength without a double Share
Of Wisdom ? Vast, unweildy, burthensom :
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest Subtilties ; Strength's not made to rule,
But to subserve, where Wisdom bears Command.

Milt.

STYLE. See Eloquence, Poet, River, Verse.

His candid Style like a clear Stream does slide,
And his bright Fancy all the Way
Does like the Sun-shine on it play,
It does like *Thames*, the best of Rivers, glide ;
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
But gently pour the chrystal Urn,
And with judicious Hands does the whole Torrent guide ;
'T has all Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Drefs, without the Paint of Art.

Cowl.

Thy even Thoughts with so much Plainness flow,
Their Sense untutor'd Infancy may know :
Yet to such Height in all that Plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Easy in Words thy Style, in Sense sublime,
On its blest Steps each Age and Sex may rise ;
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream,
Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies.

Prior.

STYX. See Hell.

The Thund'rer said :

And shook the sacred Honours of his Head,
Attesting *Styx*, th'inviolable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God : *(Dryd. Virg.)*
Trembled the Poles of Heaven, and Earth confess'd the God.

To seal his sacred Vow, by *Styx* he swore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreary Shore ;
And *Phlegeton*'s unnavigable Flood :

He said ; and shook the Skies with his imperial Nod. *Dryd. Virg.*

SUBJECT.

S U B J E C T: *See King.*

We are but Subjects, *Maximus* ; Obedience
 To what is done, and Grief for what's ill done,
 Is all we can call ours. The Hearts of Princes
 Are like the Temples of the Gods ; pure Incense,
 Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Off'rings,
 Burns ever there : We must not put it out,
 Because the Priests who touch those Sweets, are wicked :
 We dare not, dearest Friend ; nay more, we cannot,
 While we consider whose we are, and how,
 To what Laws bound, much more to what Lawgiver :
 While Majesty is made to be obey'd,
 And not inquir'd into. *Roch. Valent.*

Was it for me to prop
 The Ruins of a falling Majesty ?
 To place my self beneath the mighty Flaw,
 Thus to be crush'd and pounded into Atoms
 By its o'erwhelming Weight ? 'Tis too presuming
 For Subjects to preserve that wilful Pow'r,
 Which courts its own Destruction. *Dryd. All for Love.*

The Elephant is never won with Anger,
 Nor must that Man who would reclaim a Lyon,
 Take him by the Teeth.
 Our honest Actions, and the Truth, that breaks,
 Like Morning, from our Service, chaste and blushing,
 Is that which pulls a Prince back : Then he sees,
 And not till then truly repents his Errours. *Roch. Valent.*

Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
 Feel slacken'd Reins, and throw the Rider down. *Dryd. Aur.*

Subjects like these are seldom seen,
 Who not forsake me at my greatest Need,
 Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty ;
 But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,
 And fenc'd them with their own. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

He who his Prince too blindly does obey,
 To keep his Faith, his Virtue throws away. *Dryd. Ind. Emp.*

S U C C E S S.

Success, the Mark no mortal Wit,
 Or surest Hand can always hit :
 For whatsoever we perpetrate,
 We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate.
 Which in Success oft disinherits,
 For spurious Causes, noblest Merits :
 Great Actions are not always true Sons,
 Of great and mighty Resolutions :
 Nor do the bold'st Attempts bring forth
 Events, still equal to their Worth.

But

But sometimes fail and in their stead
Fortune and Cowardise succeed. *Hud.*

For Falling is no Shame,
And Cowardise alone is Loss of Fame:
The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown,
But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own:
If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
The Victor under better Stars was born,
The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
Nor overpower'd with Arms, deserts his Cause;
Unchang'd tho' foil'd, he does the best he can:
Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

If he that is in Battle slain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
Sure he that's beaten may be said,
To lie in Honour's Truckle-bed. *Hud.*

Virtue without Success
Is a fair Picture shewn by an ill Light:
But lucky Men are Favourites of Heaven. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*
All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause. *Dryd. Pal.*
(*& Arc.*)

For all Affections wait on prosp'rous Fame:
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame. *Hem.*
S U M M E R. *See Year.*

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high,
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar,
And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky;
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'n's above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;
And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh;
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire;

Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams require,
And want a cooling Breath of Wind to fan the raging Fire.

The sultry Dog Star from the Sky (*Dryd. Virg.*)
Scorch'd *Indian* Swains, the riv'd Grass was dry;
The Sun with flaming Arrows pierc'd the Flood;
And darting to the Bottom bak'd the Mud. *Dryd. Virg.*

S U N. *See Creation, Light.*

O Sun! of this great World both Eye and Soul. *Milt.*
Oh thou! that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion, like the God
Of this great World, at whose Sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads! *Milt.*

The golden Sun, in Splendour likest Heav'n,
(Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due,) *Dis.*

Dispenses Light from far : They as they move
 Their starry Dance, in Numbers that compute
 Days, Months, and Years, tow'rds his all-chearing Lamp,
 Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
 By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms
 The Universe, and to each inward Part,
 With gentle Penetration, tho' unseen,
 Shoots invisible Virtue ev'n to the Deep. *Milt.*

Mark how the lusty Sun salutes the Spring,
 And gently kisses ev'ry thing :
 His loving Beams unlock each Maiden Flow'r,
 Search all the Treasures, all the Sweets devour ;
 Then on the Earth with Bridegroom Heat,
 He does still new Flow'rs beget. *Cowl.*

The glorious Ruler of the Morning, lo,
 But looks on Flow'rs, and strait they grow ;
 And when his Beams their Light unfold,
 Ripens the dullest Earth, and warms it into Gold.

The self-same Sun
 At once does slow and swiftly run.
 Swiftly his daily Journey goes,
 But treads his Annual with a statelier Pace,
 And does three hundred Rounds inclose
 Within one yearly Circle's Space,
 At once with double Course, in the same Sphere,
 He runs the Day, and walks the Year. *Cowl.*

Thus the great Lamp, by which the Globe is blest,
 Constant in Toil, and ignorant of Rest,
 Thro' different Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new.
 While by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light. *Steph.*

So when the Sun by Day, or Moon by Night,
 Strike on the polish'd Grass their trembling Light ;
 The glitt'ring Species here and there divide,
 And cast their dubious Beams from Side to Side.
 Now on the Walls, now on the Pavement play,
 And to the Cieling flash the glaring Day. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high
 Appears at first but as a blood-shot Eye ;
 And when his Chariot downwards drives to Bed,
 His Ball is with the same Suffusion red.
 But mounted high, in his meridian Race,
 All bright he shines, and with a better Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

As glorious as the Sun at Noon,
 To the admiring Eyes of gazing Mortals,

When

When he bestrides the lazy puffing Clouds,
And sails upon the Bosom of the Air.

Orw. Don Carl.

Sun-rising. See Morning.

The Sun scarce risen,
With Wheels yet hov'ring o'er the Ocean Brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy Ray.

Milt.

Sun-set. See Evening.

The parting Sun,
Beyond the Earth's green Cape, and verdant Isles,
Hesperian sets.

Milt.

It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That *Phæbus* into *That is* Bosom fell;
She blush'd at first, and then put out the Light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the Night.

Cowl. Hor.

The setting Sun
Still leaves a Track of Glory in the Skies:

Dryd. Don Sch.

S W A L L O W. *See Horse-Race.*

As the black Swallow near the Palace plies,
O'er empty Courts, and under Arches flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the Flood,
To furnish her loquacious Nest with Food.

Dryd. Virg.

The Swallows, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the Birds, as Man's familiar Guest,
Pursue the Sun in Summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting Cold.

When frowning Skies begin to change their Chear,
And Time turns up the wrong Side of the Year,
They seek a better Heav'n and warmer Climes;

But whether upward to the Moon they go,
Or dream the Winter out in Caves below, *(Hind. & Panth.)*
Or hawk at Flies elsewhere, concerns not us to know. *Dryd.*

S W A N. *See Creation.*

The silver Swans sail down the watry Road
And graze the floating Herbage of the Flood.

Dryd. Virg.

The Swans that sail along the silver Flood,
And dive with stretching Necks to search their Food. *Dryd. Virg.*

Like a long Team of snowy Swans on high,
Which clap their Wings and cleave the liquid Sky:
When homeward from their wat'ry Pastures born,
They sing, and *Asia's* Lakes their Notes return. *Dryd. Virg.*

Twelve Swans behold in beauteous Order move,
And stoop with closing Pinions from above;
Whom late the Bird of *Jove* had drove along,
And thro' the Clouds pursu'd the scatt'ring Throng.
Now all united in a goodly Team,
They skim the Ground, and seek the quiet Stream.

See

See! they with Joy returning clap their Wings,
And ride the Circuit of the Skies in Rings.

Dryd. Virg.

As rising Swans

Brush with their Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves.

Dryd. Don Seb.

S W E E T.

Sweet as the Breath of Morn.

Milt.

Sweeter than Buds unfolded in a Show'r;
Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,
Breath'd in the Whispers of a yielding Maid.

Daw.

O soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,
Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands.

Otw. Don Carl.

Sweet as Lovers' freshest Kisses,
Or their riper following Bliss.

Cowl.

S W I F T. *see Virago.*

Swift as the Winds, or *Scythian* Arrows Flight.

Dryd. Virg.

Swift as a shooting Star that thwarts the Night.

Milt.

Swift as exploded Lightning from the Skies.

Blac.

Swift as the Journeys of the Sigh,

Swift as the Race of Light.

Cowl.

Asabel, swifter than the *Northern* Wind,

Scarce could the nimble Motion of his Mind

Outgo his Feet: So strangely would he run,

That Time it self perceiv'd not what was done.

Of't o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,

His Weight unknown, and harmless to the Grass:

Of't o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,

Yet not one Atom trouble or displace.

Cowl.

I've seen him swifter run than starting Hinds,

Nor bent the tender Grass beneath his Feet:

Nay, ev'n the Winds with all their Stock of Wings,

Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him. *Lee Alex.*

S W I M M I N G.

I saw him beat the Billows under him,

And ride upon their Backs: He trod the Water,

Whose Enmity he flung aside, and breast

The most swell'd Surge that met him. His bold Head

High 'bove the most contentious Waves he kept,

And oar'd himself with his strong Arms to Shore. *Shak. Temp.*

Th'affrighted *Belvedere*,

As she stood trembling on the Vessel's Side,

Was by a Wave wash'd off into the Deep;

When instantly I plung'd into the Sea,

And buffeting the Billows to her Rescue,

Redeem'd her Life with half the Loss of mine.

Like a rich Conquest in one Hand I bore her,

G g

And

And with the other dash'd the sawcy Waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my Prize. *Otw. Ven. Pres.*

Accoutred as we were, we both plung'd in
The troubled *Tiber*, chafing with his Shores:
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it,
With lusty Sinews throwing it aside,
And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy.

Shak. Jul. Cas.

He stemm'd the stormy Tide,
And gain'd by Stress of Arms the farther Side.

Dryd. Virg.

S W O O N I N G.

A sudden Trembling seiz'd on all his Limbs,
His Eyes distort'd grew, his Visage pale,
His Speech forsook him, Life it self seem'd fled.

Otw. Orph.

She faints;

Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids.

Row. Ulyss.

A sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
His Ears rung inward, and his Senses fail'd.

Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

My Sight grows dim, and ev'ry Object dances
And swims before me in the Maze of Death.

Dryd. All for Love.

Astonish'd at the Sight, the vital Heat
Forsakes her Limbs, her Veins no longer beat;
She faints, she falls.

Dryd. Virg.

Her Eyes are clos'd, and tho' with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty shines without the Help of Light.

Nature begins to conquer in the Strife,
And through her Lips soft Whispers steal of Life:

How fresh they shew! the Roses almost gone
For want of Air, by Breath seem newly blown.

Her Eyes begin to move, and shine with Life,
Now sink again in Death's ungentle Strife:

In doubtful Weather so the Sun resigns,

(Virg.)

Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and sometimes shines.

How. Vesp.

He therefore sent out all his Senses,
To bring him in Intelligences;

Which Vulgars out of Ignorance,

Mistake for falling in a Trance;

But those who deal in Geomancy,

Affirm to be the Strength of Fancy.

Hud.

Then *Ralpho* gently rais'd the Knight,

And set him on his Bum upright:

To rowze him from lethargick Dump,

He tweak'd his Nose; with gentle Thump

Knock'd on his Breast, as if't had been

To raise the Spirits lodg'd within:

They waken'd with the Noise did fly

From inward Room to Window Eye,

Ant.

And gently op'ning Lid, the Casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some Amazement. *Hud.*

S W O R D. See Armour, Battel, Soldier War.

His puissant Sword unto his Side,
Near his undaunted Heart was ty'd ;
The trenchant Blade, *Toledo* trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And eat into it self for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt ;
For of the lower End two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful. *Hud.*

With his refulgent Sword he hew'd his Way.
From his broad Belt he drew a shining Sword,
Magnificent with Gold *Lyacon* made,
And in an iv'ry Scabbard sheath'd the Blade.

Dryd. Virg.

A Sword with glitt'ring Gems diversify'd,
For Ornament, not Use, hung idly by his Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

S Y B I L. See Enthusiasm.

The mad prophetick *Sybil* you shall find
Dark in a Cave, and on a Rock reclin'd :
She sings the Fates, and in her frantick Fits,
The Notes and Names inscrib'd to Leafs commits :
What she commits to Leafs, in order laid,
Before the Cavern's Entrance are display'd ;
Unmov'd they lie, but if a Blast of Wind
Without, or Vapours issue from behind,
The Leafs are born aloft in liquid Air,
And she resumes no more her useful Care,
Nor gathers from the Rocks her scatter'd Verse,
Nor sets in order what the Winds disperse.
Thus many not succeeding, most upbraid
The Madness of the visionary Maid,
And with loud Curfes leave the mystick Shade. *Dryd. Virg.*

Have you been led thro' the *Cumean* Cave,
And heard the impatient Maid divinely rave ?
I hear her now, I see her rowling Eyes,
And panting, Lo ! the God ! the God, she cries :
With Words not hers, and more than human Sound,

(Ground. *Rosc.*)

She makes th'obedient Ghosts peep trembling thro' the
T E A R S. See Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Weeping.

I'll teach him a Receipt to make
Words that weep and Tears that speak ;
I'll teach him Sighs like those in Death,
At which the Soul goes out too with the Breath.

Coml.

A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast ;
 Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking. *(Pen. Row. Fair*

Tears not squeez'd by Art,
 But shed from Nature like a kindly Show'r. *Dryd. Don Seb.*

She then look'd down and sigh'd,
 While from her unchang'd Face the silent Tears *(for Love.*
 Drop'd as they had not Leave, and stole their parting. *Dryd. All*

Her Head reclin'd, as hiding Grief from view,
 Droops like a Rose surcharg'd with morning Dew. *Dryd. Auren.*

He begg'd Relief
 With Tears, the dumb Petitioners of Grief ;
 With Tears so tender as adorn'd his Love,
 And any Heart but only hers would move. *Dryd. Theo.*

Believe these Tears, which from my wounded Heart
 Bleed at my Eyes. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep :
 Passion I see is catching ; for my Eyes
 Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
 Begin to water. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

He thrice assay'd to speak, and thrice in spite of Scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep burst forth : At last
 Words interwove with Sighs found out their way. *Milt.*

She acts the Jealous, and at will she cries ;
 For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes. *Dryd. Juv.*

The waiting Tears stood ready for Command,
 And now they flow to varnish the false Tale. *Row. Amb. Step.*

I found her on the Floor
 In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful ;
 Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips
 Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'erblown ;
 Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
 That were the World on fire, they might have drown'd
 The Wrath of Heaven, and quench'd the mighty Ruin. *Lee Mith.*

'Twould raise your Pity, but to see the Tears
 Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,
 To lodge themselves on her red murmur'ing Lips,
 That talk such mournful things ; when strait a Gale
 Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
 As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flow'rs. *Lee Mith.*

She mix'd her Speech with mournful Cries,
 And fruitless Tears came trickling from her Eyes. *Dryd. Virg.*

Mine is a Grief of Fury, not Despair ;
 And if a manly Drop or two fall down,
 It scalds along my Cheeks ; like the green Wood, *(Cleon.*
 That sputt'ring in the Flames, works outward into Tears. *Dr.*

TENERIFF.

From *Atlas* far, beyond a Waste of Plains,
 Proud *Teneriff* his giant Brother reigns.
 With breathing Fire his pitchy Nostrils glow,
 As from his Sides, he shakes the fleecy Snow.
 Around their hoary Prince, from watry Beds
 His subject Islands raise their verdant Heads:
 The Waves so gently wash each rising Hill,
 The Land seems floating, and the Ocean still.

Gar.

TEMPEST. See Storm.

Things that love Night,
 Love not such Nights as these: The wrathful Skies
 Gallow the very Wanderers of the Dark,
 And make them keep their Caves. Since I was Man,
 Such Sheets of Fire, such Bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such Groans of roaring Winds and Rain, I never
 Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
 Th'Affliction, and not fear. Let the great Gods
 That keep this dreadful Pother o'er our Heads,
 Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
 Unwhipp'd of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloody Hand,
 Thou perjur'd, and thou Similar of Virtue,
 That art incestuous: Caitiff, to Pieces shake
 That under Covert and convenient Seeming,
 Hast practis'd on Man's Life. Close pent-up Guilt,
 Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
 These dreadful Summoners Grace.

Shak, K. Lear.

THANKS.

Let my Tears thank you, for I cannot speak;
 And if I could,
 Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine. Dryd.

(Don Seb.)

O my more than Father!
 Let me not live, but at thy very Name
 My eager Heart springs up and leaps with Joy.
 When I forget the vast Debt I owe thee,
 Forget! but 'tis impossible; then let me
 Forget the Use and Privilege of Reason,
 Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
 To wander in the Desert among Brutes,
 To bear the various Fury of the Seasons,
 The Night's unwholsom Dew, and Noon-day's Heat,
 To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curse of Heaven. Row. Fair Pen.
 My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
 They over-run each other in the Crowd:
 To you with hasty Flight they take their Way,
 And hardly for the Dress of Words will stay.

And now such Haste to tell their Message make,
They only stammer what they meant to speak.

Old.

Words would but wrong the Gratitude I owe you:
Should I begin to speak, my Soul's so full,
That I should talk of nothing else all Day.

Otway. Orph.

With what becoming Thanks can I reply,
Not only Words lie lab'ring in my Breast,
But Thought it self is by thy Praise oppress'd.

Dryden. Virg.

Oh let me unlade my Breast!

Pour out the Fulness of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought
This wond'rous Goodness stirs: But 'tis impossible,
And Utt'rance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much. Row. Fair Pen.

For should our Thanks awake the rising Sun,
And lengthen as his latest Shadows run, (Dryden.)
That, tho' the longest Day, would soon, too soon be done.

THIEF.

Like a Thief,

A Pilferer, descry'd in some dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with mischievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Rest,
And do a midnight Murder on the Sleepers.

Row. Fair Pen.

THOUGHTS.

Oh wretched Man! whose too too busy Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heavens round,
With an eternal Hurry of the Soul:
Nay, there's a Time when ev'n the rolling Year
Seems to stand still; dead Calms are in the Ocean,
When not a Breath disturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne'er at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

Lee Oedip.

Thoughts succeed Thoughts, like restless troubled Waves
Dashing out one another.

How. D. of Lerm.

Restless Thoughts, that like a deadly Swarm
Of Hornets arm'd, in Throngs come rushing on me. Milton.

I have been studying how to compare
The Prison where I live unto the World;
And for because the World is populous,
And here is not a Creature but my self,
I cannot do it. Yet I'll hammer't out:
My Brain I'll prove the Female to my Soul,
My Soul the Father; and these two beget
A Generation of still breeding Thoughts,
And these same Thoughts people this little World,
In Humours like the People of this World,

For

For no Thought is contented. The better sort,
As Thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
With Scruples, and do set the Faith it self
Against the Faith.

Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely Wonders ; how these vain weak Nails
May tear a Passage thro' the flinty Ribs
Of this hard World, my ragged Prison Walls ;
And, for they cannot, die in their own Pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's Slaves,
And shall not be the last : Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stocks, refuge their Shame
That many have, and others must be there ;
And in this Thought they find a kind of Ease,
Bearing their own Misfortunes on the Back
Of such as have before endur'd the-like.

Thus play I in one Prison many People,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then Treason makes me wish my self a Beggar,
And so I am : Then crushing Penury
Perswades me I was better when a King ;
Then I am King'd again ; and by and by
Think that I am unking'd by *Bullingbrook*,
And streight am nothing. But whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any Man, but that Man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
By being nothing

[Spoken by Rich. 2.]

Shak.

Thus my Thoughts are tir'd
With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind :
Sometimes they lose their Way ; sometimes as slow
As Beasts o'er-loaded heavily they move,
Press'd by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *How. Vest. Virg.*

Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
To let them brood in secret o'er their Sorrows. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Some melancholy Thought that shuns the Light,
Lurks underneath that Sadness in thy Visage. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Turn not to Thought, my Brain, but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade ; there lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulness steal upon me,
To soften and assuage this Pain of thinking. *Row. Fair Pen.*

Thought is Damnation ; 'tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are. *Row. Amb. Step.*

Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which justles like an Embryo
In its dark Womb, and longs to be disclos'd. *Row. Amb. Step.*

Time will perfect
A lab'ring Thought, that rous within my Breast. *Dryd. Don Seb.*
He heav'd beneath a pressing Load of Thought. *Row. Fair Pen.*

My Thoughts grow wild;
And let in Fears of ugly Form upon me. *Orw. Orph.*

Wild hurrying Thoughts
Start ev'ry Way from my distracted Soul
To find out Hope, and only meet Despair. *South. Fatal Mar.*

A Beam of Thought came glancing to my Soul. *Dryd. Glom.*
THUNDER. *See Lightning, Storm.*

With Terroure thro' the dark Aerial Hall. *Milt.*
A Peal of rattling Thunder roll'd along,
And shook the Firmament. *Dryd.*

The furious Infant's born, and speaks, and dies. *Gre. Lucr.*
Deep Thunders roar,

Must'ring their Rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell. *Milt.*

A Noise confus'd rose from the mingled Croud,
Like unform'd Thunder, murm'ring in a Cloud. *Blac.*

It comes like Thunder grumbling in a Cloud,
Before the dreadful Break; if here it falls,
The subtle Flame will lick up all my Blood,
And in a Moment turn my Heart to Ashes. *Dryd. Troil. & Cref.*

The Thunder now
Wing'd with red Lightning, and impetuous Rage,
Has spent its Shafts; it ceases now to roar,
And bellow thro' the vast and boundless Deep. *Milt.*

The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roll. *Dr. Don Seb.*

TYGER. *See Jousts.*
So when a *Scythian* Tyger gazing round,
A Herd of Kine in some fair Plain has found,
Lowing secure, he swells with angry Pride,
And calls forth all his Spots on ev'ry Side:
Then stops, and hurls his haughty Eyes at all,
In choice of some strong Neck on which to fall;
Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a Prey,
And grieves to see them trembling haste away. *Cowp.*

Thus as a Tyger, who by Chance has spy'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant Watch, as one who chose his Ground,
Whence rushing, he might soonest seize them both,
Grasp'd in each Paw. *Milt.*

TIME.

Time of it self is Nothing, but from Thought
Receives its Rise, by lab'ring Fancy wrought
From things consider'd, while we think on some
As present, some as past, or yet to come.

No

No Thought can think on Time,
But thinks on things in Motion or at Rest.

Gre. Luc.

For Nature knows,
No stedfast Station, but or ebbs or flows.
Ever in Motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new Figures in another Mold.
Even Times are in perpetual Flux, and run
Like Rivers from their Fountains rolling on :
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay,
The flying Hour is ever on her Way :
And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before :
Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
And urge their Predecessor Minutes on.
Still moving, ever new ; for former Things
Are set aside, like abdicated Kings.

And ev'ry Moment alters what is done,
And innovates some Act, till then unknown:

Dryd. Ovid.

Time is th'Effect of Motion, born a Twin,
And with the World did equally begin :
Time like a Stream, that hastens from the Shore,
Flies to an Ocean where 'tis known no more.
All must be swallow'd in this endless Deep,
And Motion rest in everlasting Sleep.

Dryd. Ovid.

Time glides along with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a Length behind the Past,
So swift are Years.

Dryd. Ovid.

Thy Teeth, devouring Time ! thine, envious Age !

On things below still exercise your Rage ;
With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
And then, at ling'ring Meals, the Morfels eat.

Dryd. Ovid.

Time hastes away,
Nor is it in our Pow'r to bribe its Stay :
The rolling Years with constant Motion run :
Lo ! while I speak the present Minute's gone :
And foll'wing Hours urge the foregoing on.

'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Pow'r,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee secure.

They're all too feeble to withstand
Gray Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidless End. *Old. Hor.*

To things immortal Time can do no Wrong,
And that which never is to dye, for ever must be young. *Cowl.*

T I T T U S.

There *Tityus* was to see, who took his Birth
From Heav'n, his Nursing from the foodful Earth ;

Here

Here his gigantick Limbs with large Embrace,
Infold nine Acres of infernal Space.

A rav'nous Vulture in his open'd Side

Her crooked Beak and cruel Talons try'd,

Still for the growing Liver dig'd his Breast,

The growing Liver still supply'd the Feast :

Still are his Entrails fruitful to their Pains ;

Th'immortal Hunger lasts, th'immortal Food remains. *Dr. Vir.*

T O A D.

So when a Toad, squat on a Border, spies

The Gard'ner passing by, his blood-shot Eyes

With Spite and Rage inflam'd, dart Fire around

The verdant Walks ; and on th'flow'ry Ground

The bloated Vermin loathsome Poison spits,

And swol'n, and bursting with his Malice, sits. *Blac.*

A T O P.

As young Striplings whip the Top for Sport,

On the smooth Pavement of an empty Court ;

The wooden Engine whirls and flies about,

Admir'd with Clamours of the beardless Rout.

They lash aloud, each other they provoke,

And lend their little Souls at ev'ry Stroke. *Dryd. Virg.*

The whirling Top they whip,

And drive her giddy till she fall asleep. *Dryd. Pers.*

T O R R E N T. See Brook, Flood, Stream.

As when a Torrent rous'd with rapid Force,

And dashes o'er the Stones that stop the Course :

The Flood constrain'd within a scanty Space,

Roars horrible along the uneasy Race :

White Foam in gath'ring Eddies floats around,

The rocky Shores rebellow to the Sound. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus when two neighb'ring Torrents rush from high,

Rapid they run, the foamy Waters fry ;

They roue to Sea with unresisted Force,

And down the Rocks precipitate their Course. *Dryd. Virg.*

T R A I N - B A N D S.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,

And, raw in Fields, the rude Militia swarms.

Of seeming Arms they make a short Essay ;

Then hasten to be drunk, the Bus'ness of the Day. *(O. Jph. Dryd. Cym.)*

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,

That dy'd with Punick Blood the conquer'd Seas,

And quash'd the stern *Æacides* :

Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel,

How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel :

Forc'd ev'n dire *Hannibal* to yield,

And won the long-disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field. *But*

But Soldiers of a rustick Mold,
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold ;
 Either they dug the sturdy Ground,
 Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did sound.

And after the declining Sun
 Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done :
 Home with their weary Team they took their Way, (Hor.
 And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labour of the Day. Refc.)

TRANSMIGRATION of SOULS.

Now since the God inspires me to proceed ;
 Be thou, whate'er inspiring Pow'r, obey'd :
 For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
 Of Truths conceal'd before from human Eyes ;
 Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
 Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
 Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year :
 To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
 Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly Weight.
 To look from upper Light, and thence survey
 Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
 And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
 Of future things, and trembling at their Fate.
 These I would teach, and by right Reason bring
 To think of Death, as but an idle thing.
 Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
 A Dream of Darknefs, and fictitious Flame ?
 Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems pass,
 And Fables of a World, that never was.
 What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
 By Time corrupted, or consum'd by Fires ?
 Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
 In other Forms, and only changes Seats.
 Then Death, so call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
 In some new Figure, and a vary'd Vest.
 Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
 And here and there th'unbody'd Spirit flies:
 By Time, or Force, or Sicknefs dispossefs'd,
 And lodges where it lights, in Man or Beast.
 Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
 And actuates those according to their Kind :
 From Tenement to Tenement is tofs'd ;
 The Soul is still the same. the Figure only lost.
 And, as the soften'd Wax new Seals receives,
 This Face assumes, and that Impression leaves ;
 Now call'd by one, now by another Name.
 The Form is only chang'd the Wax is still the same :

So

So Death, so call'd, can but the Form deface,
Th'immortal Soul flies out in empty Space,
To seek her Fortune in some other Place.

Dryd. Ovid.

TREES. See Creation, Funeral, Grove, Paradife.

Part to the Groves and woody Hills repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air.
Axes, high rais'd by brawny Arms, descend
With mighty Sway, and make the Forest bend.
The Mountains murmur, and the nodding Oaks
Groan with their Wounds from thick redoubled Strokes.
The falling Trees desert the neighb'ring Sky,
Where now the Clouds may unmolested fly.
A shady Harvest lies dispers'd around,
And lofty Ruin loads th'incumber'd Ground.

Blas.

They found an antient Wood,
The shady Covert of the savage Kind.

The sounding Ax is ply'd :
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Forest Alders, feel the fatal Stroke,
And piercing Wedges cleave the stubborn Oak.
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the steepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roul with Ruin down.

Dryd. Virg.

Thus yields the Cedar to the Ax's Edge,
Whose Arms gave Shelter to the princely Eagle :
Under whose Shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose Top-Branch over-look'd Jove's spreading Tree, (*Hen. 6.*)
And kept low Shrubs from Winter's powerful Wind. (*Shak. 1 Part.*)

As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
And the last mortal Stroke alone remains ;
Lab'rings in Pangs of Death, and threat'ning all,
This Way and that she nods, confid'ring where to fall. (*Dryd. Ovid.*)

The *Indian* Fig-tree too there spreads her Arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the Ground
The bending Twigs take Root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree : A pillar'd Shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing Walks between :
There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning Heat
Shelters in Cool, and tends his past'ring Herds
At Loop-holes cut thro' thickest Shades.

Mil.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

Fair Hand, that can on Virgin Paper write,
Yet from the Stain of Ink preserve it White ;
Whose Travel o'er that silver Field does shew,
Like Tracts of Leverets in Morning Snow.
Love's Image thus in purest Minds is wrought,
Without a Spot or Blemish to the Thought.

Strange

Strange that your Fingers should the Pencil foil,
 Without the Help of Colours, or of Oil:
 For tho' a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make,
 'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake.
 Whose Breath salutes your new created Grove,
 Like Southern Winds, and make it gently move.
Orpheus could make the Forest dance, but you
 Can make the Motion and the Forest too.

Wall.

T R O P H Y.

He bar'd an antient Oak of all its Boughs ;
 Then on a rising Ground the Trunk he plac'd,
 Which with the Spoils of his dead Foe he grac'd:
 The Coat of Arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
 Now on a naked Snag in Triumph borne,
 Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
 A Trophy sacred to the God of War.
 Above his Arms, fix'd on the leafless Wood,
 Appear'd his plumy Crest, besmear'd with Blood.
 His brazen Buckler on the Left was seen,
 Truncheons of shiver'd Lances hung between;
 And on his Right was plac'd his Corset bor'd;
 And to the Neck was ty'd the unavailing Sword.

Dryd. Virg.

T R U M P E T. See Country-Life.

The sprightly Trumpets from afar,
 Had giv'n the Signal of approaching War ;
 Had rowz'd the neighb'ring Steeds to scowr the Fields,
 While the fierce Rider clatter'd on their Shields:

Dryd. Virg.

The Trumpets terribly from far,
 With ratling Clangor rowze the sleepy War :
 The Soldiers Shouts succeed the brazen Sounds,
 And Heav'n from Pole to Pole the Noise rebounds.

Dryd. Virg.

The Clangor of the Trumpets pierce the Sky.
 By the loud Trumpet that our Courage aids,
 We learn that Sound as well as Sense perfwades.

Dryd. Virg.

Wall.

T R U M P E T E R.

None so renown'd

The Warriour Trumpet in the Field to found ;
 With breathing Brass to kindle fierce Alarms,
 And rowze to dare their Fate in honourable Arms.

Dryd. Virg.

T U L I P.

The Morn awakes the Tulip from her Bed ;
 E'er Noon in painted Pride she decks her Head :
 Rob'd in rich Dye she triumphs on the Green,
 And ev'ry Flow'r does Homage to their Queen.

Gay.

T W I L I G H T.

When blended Shades and Light
 A brown Confusion make of Day and Night,

When

When Birds obscene fly from their dark Abodes ;
 And prowling Wolves forsake the shady Woods :
 The Lion now, who in his Den by Day,
 His lazy Limbs extended, slumb'ring lay,
 Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes,
 Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams.

TYRANT. *See King, Usurper.*

Our Emperour is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated ;
 I scarce remember in his Reign one Day
 Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head :
 He thinks the Sun is lost, that sees not Blood ;
 When none is shed, we count it Holiday.
 We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
 This Hour our own.

Dryd. Don Seb.

For this to Tyranny belongs,
 To forget Service, but remember Wrongs.

Den. Soph.

Proud, impatient,
 Of ought superiour, ev'n of Heav'n that made him :
 Fond of false Glory, of the savage Pow'r
 Of ruling without Reason, of confounding
 Just and Unjust, by an unbounded Will ;
 By whom Religion, Honour, all the Bands
 That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
 Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wise Princes
 To draw their easy Neighbours to Destruction,
 To waste with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields :
 Like some accursed Fiend, who, 'scap'd from Hell,
 Poysons the balmy Air thro' which he flies ;
 He blasts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches, (*Row. Tamerl.*)
 • The lab'ring Hinds best Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

Oh the sweet Charms of independant Sway !
 Princes, whose Will pretended Law restrains,
 Are only royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
 But he's a King, who triumphs free from Law,
 Like the fierce Monarchs who the Desert awe.
 Who uncontroul'd range the wide Mountains o'er ;
 And shake the Forest with their dreadful Roar :
 Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
 Nor are their Subjects only, but their Prey,

Blas.

Long had this Prince imperiously thus sway'd
 By no set Laws, but by his Will obey'd.
 His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
 Admire his Strength, and dare not use their own.

How.

V A L E.

Beneath a Vale its Bosom does display,
 Oppress'd with Riches, and profusely gay :
 Where Nature throws her Gifts with lavish Hand,

And

And crowns, with flow'ry Luxury, the Land.
 Fruits, Rivers, Meadows, Groves, and airy Plains,
 Still echoing with the Lays of happy Swains,
 Lovely Confusion make, and charm the Eye
 With beautiful Irregularity.

Blac.

V E N U S.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above,
 Parent of *Rome*, propitious Queen of Love!
 Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
 And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rolling Skies:
 For ev'ry Kind by thy prolifick Might,
 Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light.
 Thee Goddess! thee, the Clouds and Tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
 For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress'd,
 For thee the Ocean smiles and smooths her wavy Breast,
 And Heav'n itself with more serene and purer Light is blest.
 For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scène of Nature stands display'd;
 When teeming Buds. and chearful Greens appear,
 And Western Gales unlock the lazy Year;
 The joyous Birds thy Welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess:
 Then savage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
 Strook with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood.
 All Nature is thy Gift, Earth, Air, and Sea:
 Of all that breaths the various Progeny,
 Stung with Delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,
 Extends thy uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.
 Thro' all the living Regions thou dost move,
 And scatter'st where thou go'st, the kindly Seeds of Love.
 Since then the Race of ev'ry living Thing
 Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
 Or beautiful or lovesome can appear;
 Be thou my Aid: My tuneful Song inspire,
 And kindle with thy one productive Fire;
 While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal Lay, (Pow'r display.)
 Of Heav'n, and Earth; and ev'ry where thy wondrous
 Mean time, on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord cease,
 And lull the list'ning World in universal Peace.
 To thee Mankind their soft Repose must owe,
 For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;

Because

Because the brutal Bus'ness of the War,
 Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care :
 Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
 The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love :
 And, panting on thy Breast, supinely lies,
 While with thy heav'nly Form he feeds his famish'd Eyes :
 Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
 By Turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
 There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
 Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love ;
 When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
 Thy Charms in that auspicious Moment try,
 With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
 And Quiet to the weary World restore.

Dryd. Lucr.

Creator *Venus* ! Genial Pow'r of Love !
 The Bliss of Men below, and Gods above !
 Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy Race,
 Dost fairest shine, and best become thy Place :
 For thee the Winds their Eastern Blasts forbear,
 Thy Mouth reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
 Thee Goddess ! thee, the Storms of Winter fly,
 Earth smiles with Flow'rs renewing, laughs the Sky,
 And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
 For thee the Lyon loaths the Taste of Blood,
 And roaring hunts his Female thro' the Wood ;
 For thee the Bulls rebellow thro' the Groves,
 And tempt the Stream, and snuff their absent Loves :
 'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair,
 All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care,
 • Thou mad'st the World, and dost the World repair.
 Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
 Increase of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun !
 With smiling Aspect you serenely move
 In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
 The Fates but only spin the coarser Clue,
 The finest of the Wool is left for you ;
 Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
 And let the Sisters cut below your Line ;
 The rest among the Rubbish may they sweep :
 Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.

Dryd. Pal. by Ar.

She turn'd, and made appear
 Her Neck refugent, and dishevel'd Hair ;
 Which flowing on her Shoulders reach'd the Ground,
 And widely spreads ambrosial Scents around.
 In Length of Train descends her sweeping Gown,
 And by her graceful Walk the Queen of Love is known.

(Virg.)

The

The Goddess flies sublime

To visit *Paphos*, and her native Clime :

Where Garlands ever green, and ever fair,

With Vows are offer'd, and with solemn Pray'r :

A hundred Altars in her Temple smoke ;

A thousand bleeding Hearts her Pow'r invoke.

Dryd. Virg.

She stood reveal'd before my Sight :

Never so radiant did her Eyes appear,

Not her own Star confess'd a Light so clear.

Great in her Charms, as when on Gods above

She looks, and breaths herself into their Love.

Dryd. Virg.

So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,

Around in Throgs the wond'ring *Nereids* crowd ;

The *Tritons* gaze, and tune the vocal Shell ;

And ev'ry Grace unsung the Waves conceal.

Gr.

TEMPLE of *Venus*.

In *Venus* Temple on the Sides were seen

The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men ;

Pray'rs that ev'n spoke, and Pity seem'd to call ;

And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the Wall ;

Complaints and hot Desires, the Lovers Hell,

And scalding Tears that wore a Channel where they fell :

And all around were nuptial Bands, and Ties

Of Love's Assurance, and a Train of Lies,

That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.

Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,

And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy ;

And Sorceries to raise th' infernal Pow'rs,

And Sigils, fram'd in planetary Hours ;

Expencc, and After-thought, and idle Care,

And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair ;

Suspensions, and fantastical Surmise,

And Jealousy suffus'd with Jaundice in her Eyes,

Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest,

Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist:

Oppos'd to her, on th'other Side, advance

The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance ;

Minstrils and Musick, Poetry and Play,

And Balls by Night and Turnaments by Day.

— There th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Cytheron* ;

The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn:

Before the Palace-Gate, in careless Dress,

And loose Array, sate Portress *Idleness* :

There by the Fount *Narcissus* pin'd alone,

There *Sampson* was, with wiser *Solomon*,

And all the mighty Names by Love undone.

Medea's Charms was there ; *Circcean* Feasts,

With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youths to Beasts :

H h

H h

Here might be seen that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
 And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit ;
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid,
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
 The Goddesses self some noble Hand had wrought,
 Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought ;
 From Ocean as she first began to rise,
 And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies ;
 She trod the Brine, all bare below the Breast,
 And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest :
 A Lute she held ; and on her Head was seen
 A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green :
 Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above,
 And, by his Mother, stood an infant Love,
 With Wings display'd, his Eyes were banded o'er,
 His Hand a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore (Pal. & Arc.)
 Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. Dryd.

VERSE. See Poets and Poetry.

Well-sounding Verses are the Charms we use,
 Heroick Thoughts, and Virtue to infuse.
 Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
 But they move more in lofty Numbers told.

Wal.

Not the soft Whispers of the Southern Wind,
 That play thro' trembling Trees delight me more,
 Nor murmur'ing Billows on the sandy Shore,
 Nor winding Streams that thro' the Valley glide,
 And the scarce-cover'd Pebbles gently chide :

For such thy Verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd Ears,
 As to the weary Swain with Cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the sylvan Shade refreshing Rest :
 As to the ferv'ish Traveller, when first
 He finds a chrystal Stream, to quench his Thirst.

Dryd. Virg.

Nor Winds to Voyagers at Sea,
 Nor Show'rs to Earth more necessary be,
 Than Verse to Virtue, which can do
 The Midwife's Office, and the Nurse's too.
 It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay ;
 And when it dies, with comely Pride,
 Embalms it, and erects a Pyramid,

That never will decay,
 Till Heav'n it self shall melt away,
 And nought behind it stay.

Crul.

For ev'n when Death dissolves our human Frame,
 The Soul returns to Heav'n from whence it came,
 Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.

Dryd.

Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre !

Lo ! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted Quire,

All

All Hand in Hand do decently advance,
And to my Song with smooth and equal Measures dance;
While the Dance lasts, how long so'er it be,
My Musick's Voice shall bear it Company.

Till all gentle Notes be drown'd
In the last Trumpet's dreadful Sound.
That to the Spheres themselves shall Silence bring,
Untune the universal String.

Then all the wide extended Sky,
And all th'harmonious Worlds on high,
And *Virgil's* sacred Work shall die:
And he himself shall see in one Fire shine
Rich Nature's antient *Troy*, tho' built by Hands divine. *Cont.*

V E S U V I U S.

As high *Vesuvius*, when the Ocean laves
His fiery Roots with subterranean Waves,
Disturb'd within, does in Convulsions roar,
And casts on high his undigested Oar;
Discharges massy Surfeit on the Plains,
And empties all his rich metallick Veins;
His ruddy Entrails; Cinders, pitchy Smoke,
And intermingled Flames the Sun-beams choak.

Blot:

VICISSITUDE.

Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by Turns, as Fortune shifts the Scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down again,
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again. *Dryd. Virg.*

Short is th'uncertain Reign and Pomp of mortal Pride;

New Turns and Changes ev'ry Day
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts;
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you, and parts:

But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy or little Sorrow shows.

For over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate,
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Destinies have only left
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd, like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. *How. Ind. Queen.*

The lowest and most abject Thing of Fortune
Stands still in Hope, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the best,
The worst returns to better.

Shak. K. Lear.

There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

Shak. Jul. Cæs.
White

What God, alas ! will Caution be
 For living Man's Security,
 Or will ensure his Vessel in this faithless Sea ?
 Where Fortune's Favour, and her Spight,
 Roll with alternate Waves like Day and Night. *Cowl. Pind.*
 He various Changes of the World had known,
 And strange Vicissitudes of humane Fate :
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady State.
 Good after Ill, and after Pain Delight,
 Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night.
 Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere Felicity ;
 With equal Mind what happens let us bear,
 Not joy nor grieve too much, for things beyond our Care :
 Like Pilgrims, to th'appointed Place we tend,
 The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End :
 Ev'n Kings but play, and when their Part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*
 What then remains, but after past Annoy
 To take the good Vicissitude of Joy :
 To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
 Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

VINE. See Embraces.

They led the Vine
 To wed her Elm : She, spous'd, about him twines,
 Her marriageable Arms ; and with her brings
 Her Dowry, th'adopted Clusters, to adorn
 His barren Leaves. *Mil.*

Th'aspiring Vines
 Embrace their Husband Elms in am'rous Twines. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
 Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong :
 But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
 And all my Clusters, and my Branches gone. *Osw. Don Carl.*

VIRAGO. See Amazon.

A Warriour Dame,
 Unbred to Spinning, in the Loom unskill'd,
 She chose the nobler *Pallas* of the Field ;
 Mix'd with the first the fierce *Virago* fought,
 Sustain'd the Toils of Arms, the Danger fought :
 Out-strip'd the Winds in Speed upon the Plain,
 Flew o'er the Fields, nor hurt the bearded Grain.
 She swept the Seas, and as she skimm'd along,
 Her flying Feet unbath'd on Billows hung :
 Men, Boys, and Women, stupid with Surprise,
 Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring Eyes.

Longing

Longing they look, and gaping at the Sight,
 Devour her o'er and o'er with vast Delight.
 Her purple Habit sits with such a Grace,
 On her smooth Shoulders, and so suits her Face :
 Her Head with Ringlets of her Hair is crown'd,
 And in a golden Caul the Curls are bound.
 She shakes her Myrtle Jav'lin, and behind
 Her *Lycian* Quiver dances in the Wind.

Dryd. Virg.

Next *Trulla* came ; *Trulla* more bright
 Than burnish'd Armour of her Knight.
 A bold *Virago*, stout and tall,
 As *Joan of France*, or *English Moll* :
 Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
 Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him :
 At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,
 She shar'd i'th' Hazard and the Prize :
 At beating Quarters up, or Forrage,
 Behav'd herself with matchless Courage ;
 And laid about in Fight more busily
 Than th' *Amazonian Pen-Thesly*.
 But here some Criticks do cry shame,
 And say our Authors are to blame,
 That spite of all Philosophers,
 Who hold no Females stout but Bears,
 Make feeble Ladies in their Works
 To fight like *Termagants* and *Turks* ;
 To lay their native Arms aside,
 Their Modesty, and ride astride ;
 To run a-Tilt at Men, and wield
 Their naked Tools in open Field,
 As stout *Armida*, bold *Thalestris*,
 And she that should have been the Mistress
 Of *Gondibert* ; but he had Grace,
 And rather took a Country-Lass.

Hud.

V I R T U E.

Virtue, the noble Cause for which you're made !
 Improperly we measure Life by Breath,
 Those do not truly live who merit Death.

Steph. Juv.

Our Life is short, but to extend that Span
 To vast Eternity, is Virtue's Work.

Shak. Troil. & Cres.

He lives in Fame that dies in Virtue's Cause. *Shak Tit. Andron.*

How vain is Virtue which directs our Ways
 Through certain Dangers to uncertain Praise !
 Barren and airy Name ! Thee Fortune flies,
 With thy lean Train, the pious and the wise.

Heav'n takes thee at thy Word, without Regard,
 And lets thee poorly be thy own Reward.

H b3

The

The World is made for the bold impious Man,
 Who stops at nothing, siezes all he can ;
 Justice to Merit does weak Aid afford,
 She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword :
 Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,
 And while she long consults, the Prize is gone. *Dryd. Aurel.*

Great Minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd with doing Good,
 Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favours
 Are barren in Return. Virtue does still
 With Scorn the mercenary World regard,
 Where abject Souls do Good, and hope Reward :
 Above the worthless Trophies Men can raise,
 She seeks not Honours, Wealth, nor airy Praise,
 But with herself, herself the Goddess pays. *Row. Tamerl.*

But few are virtuous when Reward's away. *Dryd.*
 For who would Virtue for herself regard,
 Or wed, without the Portion of Reward ? *Dryd. Juw.*

Hence with this peevish Virtue, 'tis a Cheat,
 And they who taught it first were Hypocrites. *Osw. Orph.*

Would'st thou to Honours and Preferments climb ?
 Be bold in Mischief, dare some mighty Crime ;
 Which Dangers, Death, or Banishment deserves,
 For Virtue is but dryly prais'd and starves :
 Great Men to great Crimes owe their Plate imboss'd,
 Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Cost,
 And high Commands : A sneaking Sin is lost. *Dryd. Juw.*

Torment of Mind ! O feeble Virtue, hence :
 I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage,
 To build in Hearts of Hinds ; bless their rude Hands,
 With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour :
 For me, since I have burst th'ungrateful Chain,
 That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
 I will enjoy whate'er the Gods have given,
 And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*. *Lee Mithrid.*

If when a Crown and Mistress are in Place,
 Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face ;
 Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe :
 Why does she come where she has nought to do ?
 Let her with Anch'ers, not with Lovers lie,
 Statesmen and they keep better Company. *Dryd. Conq. of Gran.*

Virtue and Vice are never in one Soul ;
 A Man is wholly wise, or wholly is a Fool. *Dryd. Pers.*

How strange a Riddle Virtue is !
 They never miss it, who possess it not ;
 And they who have it, ever find a Want. *Roch. Valent.*

Virtue, the more it is expos'd,
 Like purest Linnen, laid in open Air,

Will bleach the more, and whiten to the View. *Dryd. Amphit.*

For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds. *Cong. Mourn. Bride.*

USURPER. See King, Tyrant.

He who by Force a Scepter does obtain,
Shews he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of Course, whate'er he was before,
Murder and Usurpation are no more. *Dryd. Auren.*

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds;
Those Banks and Dams, that like a Screen
Did keep it out, now keeps it in:
So when tyrannick Usurpation,
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
Those Laws o'th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it. *Hud.*

A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly Hand,
Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry Place,
Makes nice of no vile Hold to stay him up. *Shak. K. John.*

Dare to be great without a guilty Crown,
View it, and lay the bright Temptation down.
'Tis base to sieze on all because you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's Joy, when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe.
A Joy which none but greatest Minds can taste,
A Fame which will to endless Ages last. *Dryd. Auren.*

And few Usurpers to the Shades descend,
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End. *Dryd. Jew.*

Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune does seldom lay them gently down. *How.*

VULCAN. See Cyclops.

In Ausonian Land

Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n they fabled, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o'er the chrystal Battlements: From Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summer's Day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith, like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos*, th' *Egean* Isle. *Milt.*

Me by the Heel he drew:
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell: My Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground, (*Dryd. Hom.*
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd my Wound.

H h 4

WANT:

W A N T.

Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
 Because its Virtues are not understood :
 Yet many things, impossible to Thought,
 Have been by Need, to full Perfection brought.
 The Daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
 Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence.
 Prudence at once and Fortitude it gives,
 And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives :
 For e'en that Indigence which brings me low,
 Makes me my self, and him above to know.
 A Good which none would challenge, few would chuse,
 A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.
 If we from Wealth to Poverty descend, (of *Bathes Tale*,
 Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend. *Dryd. Wife*
 Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
 And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Redicule. *Dryd. Jew.*

Famine is in thy Cheeks,
 Need and Oppression staring in thy Looks,
 Contempt and Beggery hang on thy Back. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*

Oh ! we must change the Scene,
 In which the pass'd Delights of Love were tasted.
 The Poor sleep little, we must learn to watch
 Our Labours late, and early ev'ry Morning,
 'Midst Winter Frosts, sparingly clad and fed,
 Rise to our Toils, and drudge away the Day.
 Oh *Belvidera* !

Want, worldly Want, that hungry meagre Fiend
 Is at our Heels, and chafes us in View.
 Canst thou bear Cold and Hunger ? Can these Limbs,
 Fram'd for the tender Offices of Love,
 Endure the bitter Gripes of smarting Poverty ?
 When in a Bed of Straw we shrink together,
 And the bleak Winds shall whistle round our Heads,
 Wilt thou then talk to me thus ?

Thus hush my Cares, and shelter me with Love ?

Oh ! I will love thee, ev'n in Madness love thee,
 Tho' my distracted Senses should forsake me !
 Tho' the bare Earth be all our resting Place,
 Its Roots our Food, some Cliff our Habitation ;
 I'll make this Arm a Pillow for thy Head,
 And as thou sighing ly'st, and swell'd with Sorrow,
 Creep to thy Bosom, pour the Balm of Love
 Into thy Soul, and kiss thee to thy Rest.

Osw. Ven. Pref.

Oh we will bear our wayward Fate together,
 And ne'er know Comfort more.

Osw. Ven. Pref.

Lord !

Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!
 How Debts and Mortgages enchant!
 What Graces must that Lady have,
 That can from Execution save?
 What Charms, that can reverse Extent,
 And null Decree and Exigent?
 What magical Attracts and Graces,
 That can redeem from *Scire Facias*?
 From Bonds and Statutes can discharge,
 And from Contempts of Courts enlarge?
 These are the highest Excellencies,
 Of all our true or false Pretences;
 And you would damn your selves, and swear
 As much t'an Hostess Dowager,
 Grown fat and purfy by Retail
 Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale,
 And find her fitter for your Turn,
 For Fat is wondrous apt to burn;
 Who at your Flames would soon take Fire,
 Relent, and melt to your Desire;
 And, like a Candle in the Socket,
 Dissolve her Graces int'your Pocket.

Hud.

W A R. See Battle, Fighting, Jousts, *Mars*, Soldier.

Now impious Arms from ev'ry Part resound:

The peaceful Peasant to the War is press'd,
 The Fields lie fallow in inglorious Rest.
 The Plain no Pasture to the Flocks affords;
 The crooked Scythes are streighten'd into Swords.
 Perfidious *Mars* long plighted Leagues divides,
 And o'er the wasted World in Triumph rides.

Dryd. Virg.

The peaceful Cities,

Lull'd in their Ease, and undisturb'd before,
 Are all on Fire; and some with studious Care,
 Their restiff Steeds in sandy Plains prepare.
 Some their soft Limbs in painful Marches try,
 And War is all their Wish, and Arms the gen'ral Cry.
 Part scour the rusty Shields with Seam, and Part
 New grind the blunted Ax, and point the Dart.
 With Joy they view the waving Ensigns fly,
 And hear the Trumpet's Clangor pierce the Sky.
 Some hammer Helmets for the fighting Field,
 Some twine young Sallows to support the Shield.
 The Corset some, and some the Cuiſhes mould,
 With Silver plated, and with ductile Gold.
 The rustick Honours of the Scythe and Share,
 Give Place to Swords and Plumes, the Pride of War.

Ola

Old Falchions are new-temper'd in the Fires ;
 The sounding Trumpet ev'ry Soul inspires.
 The Word is given, with eager Haste they lace
 The shining Head-piece, and the Shield embrace.
 The neighing Steeds are to the Chariot ty'd,
 The trusty Weapon sits on ev'ry Side.

Dryd. Virg.

As Legions in the Field their Front display,
 To try the Fortune of some doubtful Day ;
 And move to meet their Foes with sober Pace,
 Strict to their Figure, tho' in wider Space,
 Before the Battle joyns, while from afar,
 The Field yet glitters with the Pomp of War ;
 And equal Mars, like an impartial Lord,
 Leaves all to Fortune and the Dint of Sword.

Dryd. Virg.

An iron Harvest on the Field appears,
 Of Lances, burnish'd Shields, and bristling Spears :
 Throng'd Helms in long embattel'd Ranks dispos'd,
 The louring Front of horrid War disclos'd.

Blas.

The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'er,
 The Vale an iron Harvest seems to yield
 Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field,
 The polish'd Steel gleams terribly from far ;
 And ev'ry Moment nearer shews the War.

Dryd. Aur.

The various Glories of their Arms combine,
 And in one fearful dazling Medley joyn.
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath
 Shine with a bright Variety of Death.
 The Sun starts back to see the Fields display
 Their rival Lustre, and terrestrial Day.

Blas.

The Fields

Are bright with flaming Swords and brazen Shields ;
 A shining Harvest either Host displays,
 And shoots against the Sun with equal Rays.

Dryd. Virg.

All in a Moment rose

A Forest huge of Spears ; and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and serry'd Shields in thick Array,
 Of Depth immeasurable ; strait out flew
 Millions of flaming Swords ; the sudden Blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell. They fierce with grasped Arms
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the Din of War,
 Hurling Defiance tow'rd the Vault of Heav'n.

Milt.

It was the Time

When creeping Murmur, and the poring Dark
 Fill the wide Vessel of the Universe:
 From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night,
 The Hum of either Army stilly sounds.
 Fire answers Fire, and through their paly Flames

Each

Each Battel sees the other's umber'd Face.
 Steed threatens Steed in high and boastful Neighs,
 Piercing the Nights dull Ear ; and from the Tents
 The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
 With busy Hammers closing Rivets up,
 Give dreadful Note of Preparation. *Shak. Hen. 5.*

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring;
 When confus'd and high,
 Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry,
 For Mars was early up, and rous'd the Sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
 Sharpening their Sights, and leaning from their Stars :
 The Neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
 For Battel by the busy Groom prepar'd.
 Rustling of Harness, Rattling of the Shield,
 Clatt'ring of Armour furbish'd for the Field :
 The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold
 Of glitt'ring Arms, too dazling to behold ;
 And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,
 And crested Motions with their plummy Pride.
 Knights, with a-long Retinue of their Squires
 In gawdy Liv'ries, march and quaint Attires :
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance,
 A third the shining Buckler did advance :
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
 And snorting foam'd and champ'd the golden Bit.
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
 Files in their Hands, and Hammers at their Side ; *(vide. }*
 And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields pro- *})*
(Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

Peace leaves the violated Fields, and Hate
 Both Armies urges to their mutual Fate. *Dryd. Virg.*

The gloomy Throngs look terrible from far,
 Disclosing slow the horrid Face of War.
 The thick Battalions move in dreadful Form,
 As lowering Clouds advance before a Storm. *Blac.*
 A Cloud of blinding Dust is rais'd around ;
 Labours beneath their Feet the trembling Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

Advancing in a Line they couch their Spears,
 And less and less the middle Space appears.
 Thick Smoke obscures the Field, and scarce are seen
 The neighing Coursers, and the shouting Men.
 In distance of their Darts they stop their Course,
 Then Man to Man they rush, and Horse to Horse :
 The Face of Heav'n the flying Jav'lins hide,
 And Deaths unseen are dealt on either Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thick

Thick Storms of Steel from either Army fly,
And Clouds of clashing Darts obscure the Sky. *Dryd. Virg.*

Thus equal Deaths are dealt with equal Chance,
By Turns they quit their Ground, by Turns advance;
Victors and Vanquish'd in the various Field,
Not wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n survey the fatal Strife;
And mourn the Miseries of human Life. *Dryd. Virg.*

Now bearded Darts, and fatal Jav'lines fly,
And Balls of Fire hiss through th'enlighten'd Sky.
Each on his Foe missive Destruction pours,
And Death receives and gives in feather'd Show'rs. *Blat.*

To the rude Shock of War both Armies came,
Their Leaders equal and their Strength the same:
With Spears afar, with Swords at Hand they strike;
And Zeal of Slaughter fires their Souls alike.
The Soldiers dauntless thus maintain the Field,
And Hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They Blow for Blow return, and Wound for Wound;
And Heaps of Bodies raise the level Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*

And now both Hosts their broken Troops unite,
In equal Ranks, and mix in mortal Fight.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty Space,
Resolv'd on Death, impatient of Disgrace;
And where one falls, another fills his Place. *Dryd. Virg.*

An undistinguish'd Noise ascends the Sky,
(*Dryd. Virg.*)
The Shouts of those who kill, and Groans of those who die.

The Fight grows hot, the whole War's now at work,
And the roar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein. *Shak. K. Lear.*

When *Greeks* joyn'd *Greeks*, then was the Tug of War;
The labour'd Battel sweat, and Conquest bled. *Lee Alex.*

Now dying Groans are heard, the Fields are strew'd
With fallen Bodies, and are drunk with Blood:
Arms, Horses, Men, on Heaps together lie:
Confus'd the Fight, and more confus'd the Cry.
The Sands with streaming Blood are sanguin dy'd,
And Death with Honour fought on ev'ry Side. *Dryd. Virg.*

What Noise of Arms, what Shouts the Air confound!
What Ruin, what slain Heaps deform the Ground?
The Dead make Bulwarks, which the Living climb,
That in the Air rise, like our Walls, sublime.

Dead Corps imbofs the Vale with little Hills.
His smoking Horses at their utmost Speed
He lashes on, and urges o'er the Dead:
Their Fetlocks run with Blood, and when they bound,
The Gore and gathering Dust are dash'd around. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Rear so press'd the Front, they could not wield
The angry Weapons to dispute the Field. *Dryd. Virg.*

They Darts with Clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd War alive. *Dryd. Virg.*

The frighted Soldiers when their Captains fly,
More on their Speed than on their Strength rely.
Confus'd in Fight they bear each other down,
And spur their Horses headlong to the Town;
Driv'n by their Foes, and to their Fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their Wounds behind.
These drop the Shield, and those the Lance forego,
Or on their Shoulders bear the slacken'd Bow:
The Hoofs of Horses, with a rattling Sound,
Beat thick and short, and shake the solid Ground.
Black Clouds of Dust come rouling in the Sky,
And o'er the darken'd Walls and Rampiers fly.
All pressing on, Pursuers and Pursu'd
Are crush'd in Crowds, a mingled Multitude,
Some happy few escap'd: The Throng too late
Rush on for Entrance, till they choak the Gate.
Then in Affright the folding Gates they close,
But leave their Friends excluded with their Foes.
The Vanquish'd cry, the Victors loudly shout,
'Tis Terror all within, and Slaughter all without.
Blind in their Fear, they bound against the Wall;
Or to the Moats pursu'd precipitate their Fall. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then planting at the Walls a scaling Ladder,
I mounted spight of Show'rs of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the Lumber which they thunder'd down.
I left the Walls to fly among my Foes,
And, like a baited Lyon, dy'd my self
All over with the Blood of those bold Hunters;
Till spent with Toil, I battel'd on my Knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my Shield a Forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd Fury. *Lee Alex.*

Now Peals of Shouts came thund'ring from afar.
Cries, Threats, and loud Laments, and mingled War:
Louder, and yet more loud, we hear th'Alarms
Of human Cries distinct, and clashing Arms:
New Clamours and new Clangours now arise,
The Sound of Trumpets mix'd with fighting Cries.
The Fire consumes the Town, the Foe commands;
And armed Hosts, an unexperienc'd Force,
Break in, and Foes for Entrance press without.
To sev'ral Posts their Parties they divide;
Some block the narrow Streets, some scour the wide:

The

The Bold they kill, th'Unwary they surprize ;
 Who fights finds Death, and Death finds him who flies.
 The Warders of the Gate but scarce maintain
 Th' unequal Combat, and resist in vain.
 We heard : And Heav'n, that well-born Souls inspires,
 Prompts us thro' lifted Swords and rising Fires
 To run, where clashing Arms and Clamour calls,
 And rush undaunted to defend the Walls.
 The passive Gods behold the *Greeks* defile
 Their Temples, and abandon to the Spoil
 Their own Abodes ; we, feeble few, conspire
 To save a sinking Town involv'd in Fire.
 We leave the narrow Lanes behind, and dare
 Th' unequal Combat in the publick Square ;
 Night was our Friend, our Leader was Despair.
 What Tongue can tell the Slaughter of that Night ?
 What Eyes can weep the Sorrows and Affright ?
 An antient and imperial City falls ;
 The Streets are fill'd with frequent Funerals :
 Houses and holy Temples float in Blood,
 And hostile Nations make a common Flood.
 Not only *Trojans* fall, but in their Turn,
 The Vanquish'd triumph, and the Victors mourn.
 Ours take new Courage from Despair and Night,
 Confus'd the Fortune is, confus'd the Fight ;
 All Parts resound with Tumults, Plaints, and Fears,
 And griesly Death in sundry Shapes appears :
 New Clamours from th'invested Palace ring ;
 So hot th' Assault, so high the Tumult rose,
 While ours defend, and while the *Greeks* oppose ;
 As if all *Ilium* else were void of Fear,
 And Tumult, War, and Slaughter only there.
 Their Targets in a Tortoise cast, our Foes
 Secure advancing, to the Turrets rose :
 Some mount the scaling Ladders, some more bold
 Swerve upwards, and by Posts and Pillars hold :
 Their left Hand gripes their Bucklers in th' Ascent,
 While with the right they sieze the Battlement.
 From their demolish'd Tow'rs the *Trojans* throw
 Huge Heaps of Stones, that falling, crush the Foe,
 And heavy Beams and Rafter, from the Sides,
 And gilded Roofs come tumbling from on high,
 The Marks of State and antient Royalty.
 The Lightning flies not swifter than the Fall,
 Nor Thunder louder than the ruin'd Wall.
 Down goes the Top at once ; the *Greeks* beneath
 Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into Death.

Yet more succeed; and more to Death are sent
 We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
 The Guards below, fix'd in the Pals, attend
 The Charge undaunted, and the Gate defend.

The Infantry
 Rush on in Crowds, and the barr'd Passage free.
 Ent'ring the Court, with Shouts the Skies they rend,
 And flaming Firebrands to the Roofs ascend.
Pyrrhus, among the foremost, deals his Blows,
 And with his Ax repeated Strokes bestows
 On the strong Doors: Then all their Shoulders ply,
 Till from the Posts the brazen Hinges fly.
 He hews apace, the double Bars at length
 Yield to his Ax and unresisted Strength.

A mighty Breach is made: The Rooms conceal'd
 Appear, and all the Palace is reveal'd.
 The fatal Work inhuman *Pyrrhus* plies,
 And all his Father sparkles in his Eyes.
 Nor Bars, nor fighting Guards his Force sustain,
 The Bars are broken, and the Guards are slain.
 In rush the *Greeks*, and all th' Apartments fill;
 These few Defendants which they find, they kill:
 Where'er the rising Fire had left a Space,
 They enter and possess the Place.
 The fearful Matrons run from Place to Place,
 And kiss the Thresholds, and the Posts embrace.
 Driv'n like a Flock of Doves along the Sky,
 The Images they hug, and to the Altars fly.
 But the protecting Gods are deaf to Pray'rs. *Dryd. Virg.*

The wondring Babes from Mothers Breasts are rent,
 And suffer Ills they neither fear'd nor meant:
 No silver Rev'rence guards the stooping Age,
 No Rule or Method ties their boundless Rage.
 Nothing but Fire and Slaughter meets the Eyes,
 Nothing the Ear but Groans and dismal Cries. *Coel.*

Now march the bold Confederates thro' the Plain,
 Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and shining Train.
 Silent they move; majestically slow,
 Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his Flow.
 The *Trojans* view the dusty Cloud from far,
 And the dark Menace of the distant War.

They from the Rampire saw it rise,
 Black'ning the Fields, and thick'ning thro' the Skies.
 And when the rouling Clouds approach the Walls,
 They arm, and man the Works, prepare the Spears,
 And pointed Darts: Then shut their Gates; with Shouts ascend
 Their Bulwarks, and secure, their Foes attend.

For

For their wise Gen'ral, with foreseeing Care,
 Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful War :
 Nor, tho' provok'd, in open Fields advance ;
 But close within their Lines attend their Chance.
 Unwilling, yet they keep the strict Command ;
 And sourly wait in Arms the hostile Bands.

The Foe then fac'd the Lines,
 Amaz'd to find a dastard Race, that run
 Behind the Rampires, and the Battel shun.
 All clad in shining Arms the Works invest :
 Each with a radiant Helm, and waving Crest.
 The *Trojans* from above their Foes beheld,
 And with arm'd Legions all the Rampiers fill'd :
 Siez'd with Affright, their Gates they first explore :
 Join Works to Works with Bridges ; Tow'r to Tow'r :
 The Soldiers draw their Lots, and as they fall,
 By Turns relieve each other on the Wall.

The *Volsians* bear their Shields upon their Head,
 And rushing forward, form a moving Shed ;
 These fill the Ditch, those pull the Bulwarks down ;
 Some raise the Ladders, others scale the Town.
 But where void Spaces on the Walls appear,
 Or thin Defence, they pour their Forces there.
 With Poles and missive Weapons, from afar,
 The *Trojans* keep aloof the rising War.

They roul down Ribs of Rocks, an unresisted Weight,
 To break the Penthouse with the pond'rous Blow :
 Which yet the patient *Volsians* undergo.
 But could not bear th' unequal Combat long ;
 For where the *Trojans* find the thickest Throng,
 The Ruin falls : Their scatter'd Shields give way,
 And their crush'd Heads become an easy Prey.
 They shrink for Fear, abated of their Rage,
 Nor longer dare in a blind Fight engage.

Contented now to gaul them from below,
 With Darts and Slings, and with the distant Bow.
 They blazing Pines within the Trenches threw ;
 Broke down the Palisades ; the Trenches won ;
 And loud for Ladders call, to scale the Town.
 The Ditch with Faggots fill'd, the daring Foe
 Toss'd Firebrands to the steepy Turrets throw.

There stood a Tow'r, amazing to the Sight,
 Built up of Beams, and of stupendious Height ;
 Art and the Nature of the Place, conspir'd
 To furnish all the Strength that War requir'd.
 To level this, the bold *Italians* joyn ;
 The wary *Trojans* obviate their Design :

With

With weighty Stones o'erwhelm their Troops below,
 Shoot thro' the Loopholes, and sharp Jav'lins throw:
Turnus, the Chief, toss'd from his thund'ring Hand,
 Against the wooden Walls, a flaming Brand:
 It stuck, the fiery Plague: The Winds were high;
 The Planks were season'd, and the Timber dry.
 Contagion caught the Posts: It spread along,
 Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd Throng.
 The *Trojans* fled; the Fire pursu'd amain,
 Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling Train;
 Till crowding to the Corners of the Wall,
 Down the Defence, and the Defenders fall.
 The mighty Flaw makes Heav'n it self resound,
 The dead and dying *Trojans* strew the Ground.
 The Tow'r that follow'd on the fallen Crew,
 Whelm'd o'er their Heads, and bury'd whom it slew:
 Some stuck upon the Darts themselves had sent;
 All the same equal Ruin underwent.

Undaunted they no Danger shun;
 From Wall to Wall the Shouts and Clamours run.
 They bend their Bows, they whirl their Slings around:
 Heaps of spent Arrows fall, and strew the Ground;
 And Helms, and Shields, and rattling Arms resound.
 The Combat thickens, like the Storm that flies
 From Westward, when the show'ry Kids arise.

And now the *Trojan* Troops
 Presuming on their Strength, the Gates unbar,
 And on their own Accord invite the War.
 Arm'd on the Right and on the Left they stand,
 And flank the Passage.

In flows a Tide of *Latians*, when they see
 The Gate set open and the Passage free.

But soon repuls'd they fly,
 Or in the well-defended Pass they dye.

Dryd. Virg.

The dreadful Business of the War is over;
 And Slaughter, that, from yester Morn till Even,
 With Giant Steps, pass'd striding o'er the Field,
 Besmear'd, and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
 Now weary sits among the mangled Heaps,
 And slumbers o'er her Prey.

Row. Tamerl.

W A V E S. See Enjoyment.

So swelling Surges with a thund'ring Roar,
 Driv'n on each others Backs, insult the Shore;
 Bound o'er the Rocks, incroach upon the Land,
 And far upon the Beach eject the Sand:
 Then backward with a Swing they take their Way,
 Repuls'd from upper Ground, and seek their Mother Sea.

With equal Hurry quit th'invaded Shore, (Dryd. Virg.)
And swallow back the Sand and Stones they spew'd before.

Far off we hear the Waves with furly Sound
Invade the Rocks, the Rocks their Groans rebound.
The Billows break upon the sounding Strand ;
And roul the rising Tides impure with Sand.

Dryd. Virg.

WEeping. See Funeral, Grief, Sorrow, Tears.

Her brimful Eyes that ready stood,
And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
Like Clouds, low-hung, a sober Show'r of Rain :
Mute, solemn Sorrow, free from Female Noise,
Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys.

Dryd. Sig. & Guif.

O'er her *Adonis* so

Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious Show'r
Of her warm Tears, cherish'd the springing Flow'r.

Wall.

So silver *Thetis* on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate :
The Sea-Nymphs sate around, and joyn'd their Tears,
While from his lowest Deep old Father Ocean
Was heard to groan, in Pity of their Pain.

Row. Ulyss.

She silently a gentle Tear let fall
From either Eye, and wip'd them with her Hair :
Two other precious Drops that ready stood,
Each in their chrystal Sluice, he, e'er they fell,
Kiss'd, as the gracious Signs of sweet Remorse,
And pious Awe; that fear'd to have offended.

Milt.

A Show'r of Tears flow'd down her lovely Face,
Which from her Grief receiv'd yet sweeter Grace.

Blac.

So thro' a watry Cloud,
The Sun at once seems both to weep and shine. Dryd. Sec. Lou.

She came weeping forth,
Shining thro' Tears, like *April*-Suns in Show'rs,
That labour to o'ercome the Cloud that loads them.
While two young Virgins, on whose Arms she leand,
Kindly look'd up, and at her Grief grew sad,
As if they catch'd the Sorrows that fell from her ;
Ev'n the lew'd Rabble, that were gather'd round
To see the Sight, stood mute when they beheld her,
Govern'd their roaring Throats, and grumbled Pity.

(Prof.)

Otw. Ven.

Dumb Sorrows siez'd the Standers by,
The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
The Pattern form'd of perfect Woman-hood,
For tender Pity wept ; when she began,
Through the bright Quire th'infectious Virtue ran ;
All drop'd their Tears.

Dryd. Pal. & Ar.

The

The Tears ran gushing from her Eyes,
And stop'd her Speech in pompous Train of Woe. *Dryd. Virg.*

See where she sits; and in what comely wise
Drops Tears more fair than others Eyes;
Ah! charming Maid! let not ill Fortune see

Th'Attire thy Sorrow wears,
Nor view the Beauty of thy Tears,
For she'll still come to dress herself in thee.
Ne'er did I yet behold such glotious Weather;

As this Sun-shine and Rain together. *Cowli.*

With Head declin'd,
Like a fair Flower surcharg'd with Dew, she weeps. *Dryd.*

Then setting free a Sigh from her fair Eyes,
She wip'd two Pearls, the Remnant of wild Show'rs,
Which hung like Drops upon the Bells of Flow'rs. *Dryd. Sec. Love:*

So Morning Dews on new-blown Roses lodge,
By the Sun's am'rous Heat to be exhal'd. *Otw. Orph:*

Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal Jove descends in gentle Show'rs,
To cause Increase, and bless the Infant Year;
When ev'ry spiry Grass and painted Flow'r
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain. *Row. Ulyss:*

In *Palamon*, a manly Grief appears,
Silent he wept, asham'd to shew his Tears. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc:*

Bear my Weakness,
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Bosom. *Otw. Ven. Pref:*

Look Emperor! this is no common Dew;
I have not wept these forty Years; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes,
I cannot help her Softness.

By Heav'n he weeps! Poor good old Man he weeps;
The big round Drops course one another down
The Furrows of his Cheeks. *Dryd. All for Love:*

His Eyes;
Altho' unus'd unto the melting Mood,
Drop Tears more fast than the *Arabian Tree*
Her medicinal Gums. *Shak. Othel.*

Behold his Sorrow streaming from his Eyes. *Dryd. Virg:*

Compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to Tears. *Milt:*

WELCOME.

Welcome as kindly Show'rs to long-parch'd Earth. *Dr. Spän. Fr:*

Welcome as Mercy to a Man condemn'd.

Welcome to me as to a sinking Marriner

The lucky Plank that bears him to the Shore. *Lee Oedip:*

Welcome as the Light
To chearful Birds, or as to Lovers Night.

Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Welcome as happy Tidings after Fears.

Otw. Orph.

WIFE. See Marriage, Husband.

Who loves to hear of Wife ?

Otw. Orph.

That dull insipid thing without Desires,
And without Pow'r to give them.

Dryd. Auren.

When you would give all worldly Plagues a Name
Worse than they have already, call 'em Wife !

But a new-marry'd Wife's a seeming Mischief,

Full of herself: Why what a deal of Horrour

Has that poor Wretch to come that wedded Yesterday? *Otw. Orph.*

O wretched Husband ! while she hangs about thee,

With idle Blandishments, and plays the fond one ;

Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,

Contriving Riot, and loote Scares of Love :

(Tamerl.

And while she clasps thee close, makes thee a Monster.

Row.

We hope to find

That Help which Nature meant in Woman-kind

To Man, that Supplemental self design'd :

But proves a burning Caustick when apply'd :

And *Adam* sure could with more Ease abide,

(Batch.

The Bone when broken, than when made a Bride.

Cong. Old.

What hunt a Wife

On the dull Soil ? Sure a stanch Husband

Of all Hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,

Never be wean'd from Cawdles and Confections ?

What feminine Tale hast thou been list'ning to

Of unair'd Shirts, Catarrhs, and Tooth-ach got

By thin-soal'd Shoes ?

Otw. Ven. Prof.

Wives, like good Subjects, who to Tyrants bow,

To Husbands, tho' unjust, long Patience owe :

They were for Freedom made, Obedience we,

Courage their Virtue, ours is Chastity :

Reason it self in us must not be bold,

Nor decent Custom be by Wit controul'd ;

On our own Heads we desperately stray,

And are still happiest the vulgar Way.

Stall.

To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain ;

It gives them Courage to offend again :

For with feign'd Tears they Penitence pretend,

Again are pardon'd, and again offend :

Fathom our Pity when they seem to grieve,

Only to try how far we can forgive :

Till launching out into a Sea of Strife,

They scorn all Pardon, and appear all Wife.

Dryd. Auren.

WINDS.

WINDS. See *Æolus*, Storms, Tempests.

He views with Horrour next the noisy Cave,
Where with hoarse Din imprison'd Tempests rave;
Where clam'rous Hurricanes attempt their Flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous Eddies, fight.

Gar.

Thus rag'd the Goddess, and with Fury fraught,
The restless Region of the Storms she sought.
Where in a spacious Cave of living Stone,
The Tyrant *Æolus* from his airy Throne,
With Pow'r imperial curbs the struggling Winds,
And sounding Tempests in dark Prisons binds.
This Way and that, th'impatient Captives tend,
And pressing for Release the Mountain rend.
High in his Hall th'undaunted Monarch stands,
And shakes his Scepter, and their Rage commands:
Which did he not, their unresisted Sway
Would sweep the World before 'em in their Way:
Earth, Air, and Seas, thro' empty Space would roul,
And Heav'n would fly before the driving Soul.

In Fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their Fury to these dark Abodes,
And lock'd them safe within, oppress'd with Mountain Loads.
Impos'd a King with arbitrary Sway,
To loose their Fetters, or their Force allay.

Dryd. Virg.

Nor were those blust'ring Brethren left at large,
On Seas and Shores their Fury to discharge:
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in Place,
They rend the World resistless where they pass;
And mighty Marks of Mischief leave behind.
Such is the Rage of their tempestuous Kind.
First *Eurus* to the rising Morn is sent,
(The Regions of the balmy continent)

And Eastern Realms, where early *Persians* run
To greet the blest Appearance of the Sun.
Westward the wanton *Zephyr* wings his Flight,
Pleas'd with the Remnant of departing Light:
Fierce *Boreas*, with his Off-spring issues forth
T'invade the frozen Waggon of the North;
While frowning *Auster* seeks the Southern Sphere,
And rots with endless Rain th'unwholsom Year.

Dryd. Ovid.

Thus when the rival Winds their Quarrel try,
Contending for the Kingdom of the Sky:
South, East, and West, on airy Coursers born;
The Whirlwind gathers, and the Woods are torn:
Then *Nereus* strikes the Deep, the Billows rise,
And, mix'd with Ooze and Sand, pollute the Skies.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Whirlwind, rushing to the Shore,
From the mid Ocean drives the Waves before ;
The painful Hind with heavy Heart foresees
The flatted Fields, and Slaughter of the Trees.

Dryd. Virg.

As when loud *Boreas*, with his blust'ring Train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the Main ;
Where'er he flies, he drives the Rack before,
And rous the Billows on the *Aegean* Shore.

Dryd. Virg.

Like *Boreas* in his Race, when rushing forth
He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North :
The waving Harvest bends beneath his Blast,
The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast :
He flies aloft, and with impetuous Roar
Pursues the foaming Surges to the Shore.

Dryd. Virg.

Fierce *Boreas* flies

To puff away the Clouds, and purge the Skies:
Serenely while he blows, the Vapours driv'n
Discover Heav'n to Earth, and Earth to Heav'n.

Dryd. Ovid.

The South Wind Night and Horrour brings,

And Fogs are shaken from his flaggy Wings.
From his divided Beard two Streams he pours,
His Head and rheumy Eyes distill in Show'rs :
With Rain his Robe and heavy Mantle flow,
And lazy Mists are loursing on his Brow.

Dryd. Ovid.

So Winds, while yet unfledg'd in Woods they lie,
In Whispers first their tender Voices try :
Then issue on the Main with bell'wing Rage,
And Storms to trembling Mariners presage.

Dryd. Virg.

As wintry Winds, contending in the Sky,
With equal Force of Lungs their Titles try,
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful Rack of Heav'n
Stands without Motion, and the Tide undriv'n :
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field.

Dryd. Virg.

W I N T E R. *See Year.*

No Grass the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear,
The frozen Earth lies bury'd there below
A hilly Heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow,
And all the West Allies of stormy *Boreas* blow.
The Sun from far peeps with a sickly Face,
Too weak the Clouds and mighty Fogs to chase,
When up the Skies he shoots his rosy Head,
Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.
Swift Rivers are with sudden Ice constrain'd,
And studded Wheels are on its Back sustain'd ;
An Hostry now for Waggons, which before
Tall Ships of Burthen on its Bosom bore.

The

The brazen Cauldrons with the Frost are flaw'd,
 The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd ;
 With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence
 By Weight the solid Portions they dispence ;
 From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,
 Long Isicles depend, and crackling Sounds are heard :
 Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,
 Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.
 The starving Cattle perish in their Stalls,
 Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wintry Walls
 Of Snow congeal'd ; whole Herds are bury'd there
 Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.
 The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,
 With Shafts or Darts, or makes a distant War
 With Dogs, or pitches Toils to stop their Flight,
 But close engages in unequal Fight ;
 And while they strive in vain to make their Way
 Thro' Hills of Snow, and pitifully bray,
 Assaults with Dint of Swords or pointed Spears,
 And homeward on his Back the joyful Burthen bears.
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire,
 Secure from Cold, and crowd the chearful Fire ;
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks the Hearth they load,
 Nor tempt th'Inclemency of Heav'n abroad.
 Their jovial Nights in Frolicks and in Play
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away ;
 And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets chear
 Of windy Cyder, or of barmy Beer :
 Such are the cold *Riphean* Race, and such
 The Savage *Scythian*, and unwarlike *Dutch* ;
 Where Skins of Beasts the rude Barbarians wear,
 The Spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear. *Dryd. Virg.*
 Then when the fleecy Skies new-cloath the Wood, *(Virg.)*
 And Cakes of rustling Ice come rowling down the Flood. *Dryd.*

When gagg'd with Ice the Waves no longer roar,
 But with stiff Arms embrace the silent Shore.

When naked Hills in frozen Armour stand.

Blac.

Behold yon Mountains hoary Height,
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow ;
 Again behold the Winter's Weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below ;
 And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.
 With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Heat with Fires ;
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:

For what hereafter shall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

Dryd; Hor.

W I S D O M. *See Prudence.*

Wisdom's too froward to let any find
Trust in himself, or Pleasure in his Mind;
She takes by what she gives; her Help destroys:
She shakes our Courage, and disturbs our Joys. *How. Ind. Queen.*

Wisdom's an Evenness of Soul,
A steady Temper which no Cares controul,
No Passions ruffle, no Desires inflame;
Still constant to it self, and still the same.

Old.

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties
By daring to attempt them: Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th'Impossibility they fear.

Row. Amb. Stepm.

But Wisdom is to Sloth too great a Slave,
None are so busy as the Fool and Knave.

Dryd. Med.

Vain Boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastick Pride, like busy Children,
Builds Paper-Towns and Houses, which at once
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters. *Row. Amb.*

W I S H E S. *See Content.*

Look round the habitable World, how few
Know their own Good, or knowing it, pursue!
How void of Reason are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But when we have our Wish, we wish undone?
Whole Houses of their whole Desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd at their own Request.
In Wars and Peace things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Desire.

Dryd. Juu.

So blind we are, our Wishes are so vain,
That what we most desire, proves most our Pain. *Dryd. Mar. Ala.*

(Mode.

With Lawrels some have fatally been crown'd,
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were drown'd.
Some ask for envy'd Pow'r, which publick Hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their Fate.

}

All with the dire Prerogative to kill;
E'en they would have the Pow'r, who want the Will. *Dryd. Juu.*
'Tis plain from hence, that what our Vows request,
Are hurtful Things, or useless at the best.

Dryd. Juu.

Such is the gloomy State of Mortals here,
We know not what to wish, nor what to fear.

Dryd.

We

We go astray

In ev'ry Wish, and know not how to pray :
 For he, who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store,
 Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more;
 Rais'd a Top-heavy Tow'r of monstrous Height, (Juv.
 Which mould'ring crush'd him underneath the Weight. Dryd.

What then remains ; are we depriv'd of Will ?

Must we not wish, for fear of wishing Ill ?

Receive my Counsel, and securely move :

Intrust thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above ;

Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant

What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want.

In Goodness as in Greatness they excel ;

Oh! that we lov'd our selves but half so well !

Dryd. Juv.

W I T.

A thousand different Shapes it bears,

Comely in thousand Shapes appears.

'Tis not a Tale, 'tis not a Jest,

Admir'd with Laughter at a Feast,

Nor florid Talk, which can this Title gain,

The Proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless Verses meet,

With their five gouty Feet ;

All ev'ry where, like Man's, must be the Soul,

And Reason the inferiour Pow'rs controul.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each Part ;

That shews more Cost than Art:

'Tis not when two like Words make up one Noise,

(Jests for Dutch Men, and English Boys,)

In which who finds out Wit, the same may see

In Anagrams and Acrostick Poetry.

Much less can that have any Place,

At which a Virgin hides her Face :

Such Dross the Fire must purge away :

'Tis just

The Author blush, there where the Reader must.

'Tis not such Lines as almost crack the Stage,

When *Bajazet* begins to rage :

Nor a tall Metaphor in the bombast Way,

Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd *Seneca* :

Nor upon all things to intrude

And force some odd Similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Pow'r divine,

We only can by Negatives define ?

In a true Piece of Wit all things must be,

Yet all things there agree :

As

As in the Ark, joyn'd without Force or Strife,
 All Creatures dwelt, all Creatures that had Life.
 Or as the Primitive Forms of all,
 Which without Discord and Confusion lie,
 In that strange Mirrour of the Deity.

Cowl.

'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes.
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
 True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun.

Norm.

Wit like a luxuriant Vine,
 Unless to Virtue's Prop it joyn,
 Firm and erect tow'rd Heav'n bound,
 Tho' it with beauteous Leaves and pleasant Fruit be crown'd,
 It lies deform'd and rotting on the Ground.

Cowl.

Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,
 When more of Nature's seen, and less of Art.

Prior.

Wit, like Tierce Claret, when't begins to pall,
 Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
 But in its full Perfection of Decay,
 Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.

Roch.

Unequally th'impartial Hand of Heav'n,
 Has all but this one only Blessing giv'n.
 In Wit alone't has been munificent,
 Of which so just a Share to each is sent,
 That the most avaricious are content.

}

For none e'er thought, the due Division's such,
 His own toodittle, or his Friend's too much:

Roch.

Great Wits are sure to Madneſs near ally'd,
 And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide. *Dryd. Abs. & Achit.*

Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
 Do sometimes sink with their own Weights.
 Th'Extreams of Glory and of Shame,
 Like East and West become the same.

No *Indian* Prince has to his Palace
 More Foll'wers, than a Thief to th'Gallows.
 W I T C H. See Despair, Necromancer.

Hud.

What are these

So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire,
 That look not like th'Inhabitants of the Earth,
 And yet are on it? Live you, or are you ought
 That Man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy Fingers laying
 Upon her skinny Lips.

If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
 And see which Grain will grow, and which will not;
 I conjure you by that which you profess,
 To answer me,

Tho'

Tho' you untie the Winds, and let 'em fight
 Against the Churches ; tho' the yesty Waves
 Confound and swallow Navigation up :
 Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees blown down ;
 Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads :
 Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
 Their Heads to their Foundations :
 Ev'n till Destruction sicken, answer me. *Shak. Macb.*

The mumbling Beldam mutters thus her Charms.

On the Corner of the Moon
 Hangs a vap'rous Drop profound,
 I'll catch it e'er it come to Ground :
 Which distill'd by magick Slights,
 Shall raise artificial Sprights.
 Thrice the brinded Cat has mew'd,
 Twice and once the Hedge-pig whin'd :
 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time :
 Round about the Cauldron go,
 In the poyson'd Entrails throw :
 Pour in Sow's Blood that has eaten
 Her nine Farrow : Grease that's sweet
 From the Murtherer's Gibbet throw
 Into the Flame.
 Toad that under the cold Stone
 Days and Nights has thirty one
 Swelter'd Venom sleeping got,
 Boil thou first i'th'charmed Pot.
 Fillet of a fenny Snake
 In the Cauldron boil and bake.
 Eye of Neut, and Toe of Frog,
 Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog,
 Adder's Fork, and blind-Worm's Sting,
 Lizard's Leg, and Howlet's Wing.
 For a Charm of pow'ful Trouble,
 Like a Hell-broth boil and bubble.
 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Woolf,
 Witch's Mummy, Maw and Gulph
 Of the ravin'd Salt-Sea Shark,
 Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th'dark ;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of Goats, and Slips of Yeugh,
 Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse ;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips ;
 Finger of a Birth-strangled Babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,
 Make the Gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a Tyger's Chaldron
 For th'Ingredients of our Cauldron!

Cool

Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then our Charm is firm and good.

Shak. Macb.

Smear'd with these pow'rful Juices, on the Plain
He howls a Woolf among the hungry Train;
And oft the mighty Negromancer boasts,
With these to call from Tombs the stalking Ghosts,
And from the Roots to tear the standing Corn,
Which whirl'd aloft to distant Fields is born :
Such is the Strength of Spells.

Dryd. Virg.

Pale *Phæbe*, drawn by Verse, from Heav'n descends,
And *Circe* chang'd with Charms *Ulysses* Friends.
Verse breaks the Ground, and penetrates the Brake,
And in the winding Cavern splits the Snake ;
Verse fires the frozen Veins.

Dryd. Virg.

Renown'd for magick Arts, her Charms unbind
The Chains of Love, or fix 'em to the Mind ;
She stops the Currents, leaves the Channel dry,
Repels the Stars, and backward beats the Sky.
The yawning Earth rebellows to her Call,
Pale Ghosts ascend, and Mountain Ashes fall.

Dryd. Virg.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair ;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous Howling shook the trembling Ground.
A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick Haste:
A Cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore.
By this they forc'd the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell ;
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax and Wool.

The waxen was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready still to skip
Whene'er the woollen one but snap'd his Whip :
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldam calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.

A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Garden round.
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of Shame or Fright.

Staff. Hor.

Not uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air, she comes
Lur'd with the Smell of Infant-Blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
Eclipses at their Charms.

Mil.

But

But see, they're gone,
The Earth has Bubbles as the Waters has,
And these are of them : They vanish'd
Into the Air, and what seem'd corporal
Melted as Breath into the Wind.

Shak. Macb.

W O O L F.

So roams the nightly Woolf about the Fold,
Wet with descending Show'rs, and stiff with Cold ;
He howls for Hunger, and he grins for Pain,
His gnashing Teeth are exercis'd in vain ;
And impotent of Anger, finds no Way
In his distended Paws to grasp the Prey.
The Mothers listen, but the bleating Lambs
Securely swig the Dug beneath the Dams.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a Woolf, pinch'd by nocturnal Cold
And Hunger-starv'd, scours round the lofty Fold ;
He licks his rabbid Jaws, and seems possess'd
Already of his Prey, and bloody Feast.
He offers oft to enter, while the Lambs
Affrighted tremble round their bleating Dams.

Blac.

As hungry Wolves, with raging Appetite,
Scour through the Fields, nor fear the stormy Night ;
Their Whelps at home expect the promis'd Food,
And long to temper their dry Chaps in Blood.

Dryd. Virg.

As when a prowling Woolf,
Whom Hunger drives to seek new Haunts for Prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen their Flocks at Eve,
In hurdled Cotes amid the Field secure,
Leaps o'er the Fence with ease into the Fold.

Milt.

So siezes the grim Woolf the tender Lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating Dam.

Dryd. Virg.

As when the Woolf has torn a Bullock's Hide,
At unawares, or ranch'd a Shepherd's Side,
Conscious of his audacious Deed he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring Tail between his Thighs.

Dryd. Virg.

Such Rage inflames the Woolf's wild Heart and Eyes,
Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his Prize ;
Whom unawares the Shepherd spies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his rav'nous Jaws.
The Shepherd fain himself he would assail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail :

He knows his Foe's too strong, and must be gone ;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Comt.

L Y C A O N turn'd into a Woolf.

The Tyrant in a Fright for Shelter gains
The neighb'ring Fields, and scours along the Plains :
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke,
But human Voice his brutal Tongue forsook ;

About

About his Lips the gather'd Foam he churns,
 And breathing Slaughter, still with Rage he burns,
 But on the bleating Flock his Fury turns.
 His Mantle, now his Hide, with rugged Hairs,
 Cleaves to his Back, a famish'd Face he bears,
 His Arms descend, his Shoulders sink away,
 To multiply his Legs for Chace of Prey.
 He grows a Woolf, his Hoariness remains,
 And the same Rage in other Members reigns;
 His Eyes still sparkle in a narrower Space,
 His Jaws retain the Grin and Violence of Face. *Dryd. Ovid.*

ROMULUS and REMUS nurs'd by a Woolf.

The Cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy Greens;
 There by the Woolf were laid the martial Twins;
 Intrepid on her swelling Dugs they hung,
 The Foster-Dam loll'd out her fawning Tongue;
 They suck'd secure, while bending back her Head, *(Dryd. Virg.)*
 She lick'd their tender Limbs, and form'd them as they fed.

W O M A N.

Thou'rt Woman, a true Copy of the first,
 In whom the Race of all Mankind was curst:
 Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd,
 But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.
 He too an Angel, till he durst rebel,
 And you are sure the Stars that with him fell.
 Weep on! a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
 And always ready when you would deceive. *Osw. Don. Carl.*

Oh Virtue! Virtue! what art thou become,
 That Men should leave thee for that Toy a Woman!
 Made from the Dross and Refuse of a Man:
 Heav'n took him sleeping when he made her too;
 Had Man been waking he had ne'er consented. *Dryd. Span. Fry.*

Out of my Sight thou Serpent, that Name best
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thy self as false,
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy Shape,
 Like his, and Colour serpentine, may shew
 Thy inward Fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee. *Miles*

Thy all is but a Show,
 Rather than solid Virue; all but a Rib,
 Crooked by Nature. Oh why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
 With Spirits masculine, create at last
 This Novelty on Earth! this fair Defect
 Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
 With Men, as Angels, without Feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate Mankind?

Miles

Al

Ah Traiteurs ! Ah ingrate ! Ah faithless Mind !
 Ah Sex invented first to damn Mankind !
 Nature took care to dress you up for Sin ;
 Adorn'd without, unfinish'd left within :
 Hence by no Judgment you your Love direct ;
 Talk much, ne'er think, and still the wrong affect.
 So much Self-love in your Composure's mix'd,
 That Love to others still remains unfix'd.
 Greatness, and Noise, and Shew, are your Delight ;
 Yet wise Men love you in their own Despight :
 And finding in their native Wit no Ease,
 Are forc'd to put your Folly on to please.

Dryd. Aurea.

Intollerable Vanity ! your Sex
 Was never in the right : You're always false,
 Or silly ; ev'n your Dresses are not more
 Fantastick than your Appetites : You think
 Of nothing twice : Opinion you have none :
 To Day you're nice, to Morrow not so free ;
 Now smile, then frown, now sorrowful, then glad,
 Now pleas'd, now not, and all you know not why.
 Virtue you affect ; Inconstancy you practice ;
 And when your loose Desires once get Dominion,
 No hungry Churl feeds coarser at a Feast :
 Ev'ry rank Fool goes down.

Osw. Orph.

The Sex was first in Mock'ry of us made ;
 They are the false, deceitful Glasses, where
 We gaze, and dress our selves to all the Shapes
 Of Folly. What is it Woman cannot do ?
 She'll make a Statesman quite forget his Cunning,
 And trust his dearest Secrets to her Breast,
 Where Fops have daily Entrance : Make a Priest,
 Forgetting the Hypocrisy of's Office,
 Dance and shew Tricks, to prove his Strength and Brawn.
 Make a Projector quibble ; an old Judge
 Put on false Hair and Paint : And after all,
 Tho' she be known the lewdest of her Sex,
 She'll make some Fool or other think she's honest.

Osw. C. Mar.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess
 At Women by Appearances :
 That paint and patch their Imperfections
 Of intellectual Complexions ;
 And dawb their Tempers o'er with Walves,
 As artificial as their Faces.

Hud.

Who can describe
 Their Affectation, Pride, Ill Nature, Noise,
 Proneness to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd them :
 So gracious is their Idol, dear Variety,

That

That for another's Love, they would forego
 An Angel's Form to mingle with a Devil's.
 Thro' ev'ry State and Rank of Men they wander,
 Till ev'n their large Experience takes in all
 The diff'rent Nations of the peopled Earth. *Row. Amb. Step.*

Fatally fair they are, and in their Smiles
 The Graces, little Loves, and young Desires inhabit :
 But all that gaze upon them are undone.
 For they are false, luxurious in their Appetites,
 And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety.
 One Lover to another still succeeds ;
 Another, and another after that,
 And the last Fool is welcome as the former ;
 Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives place,
 And mingles with the Herd that went before him. *(Fair Pen. Row.)*

Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt,
 That shook her Soul, tho' damn'd Dissimulation
 Skreen'd her dark Thoughts, and set to publick View
 A specious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
 Oh false Appearance ! What is all our Sov'reignty,
 Or boasted Pow'r, when they oppose their Arts ?
 Still they prevail, and we are found the Fools :
 With such smooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
 The first fair She beguile'd her easy Lord :
 Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
 He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare :
 Nor could believe that such a heav'nly Face, *(Row. Fair Pen.)*
 Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race.

Henceforth not name a Woman ;
 'Tis Treason to my Ear. They are
 The Bane of Empire, and the Rot of Pow'r !
 The Cause of all our Mischiefs, Murders, Massacres !
 What Seas of Blood they've spilt in former Ages ?
 Woman, that dooms us all to one sure Grave,
 And faster damns, than Providence can save. *Lee Constant.*

Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold,
 But Womankind in Ills is ever bold. *Dryd. Juv.*

Oh Woman, Woman, Woman ! All the Gods
 Have not such Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
 As you of doing Harm ! *Dryd. All for Love.*

I'd leave the World for him that hates a Woman !
 Woman, the Fountain of all human Frailty !
 What mighty Ills have not been done by Woman ?
 Who was't betray'd the Capitol ? A Woman !
 Who was the Cause of a long ten Years War,
 And laid at last old Troy in Ashes ? a Woman !
 Who lost *Mark Anthony* the World ? a Woman !
 Destructive, damnable, deceitful Woman !

Woman

Woman, to Man first as a Blessing given,
 When Innocence and Love were in their Prime;
 Happy a while in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly Woman long'd to go astray:
 Some foolish new Adventure needs must prove,
 And the first Devil she saw, she chang'd her Love.
 To his Temptations lewdly she inclin'd
 Her Soul, and for an Apple damn'd Mankind.

Oth. Orph.

But I forget my self, and rove
 Beyond th'Instruction of my Love:
 Forgive me, Fair! and only blame
 Th'Extravagancy of my Flame;
 Since 'tis too much at once to show
 Excess of Love and Temper too:
 All I have said that's bad and true,
 Was never meant to aim at you.

Hud.

Oh Woman! lovely Woman! Nature made you
 To temper Man: We had been Brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.
 There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
 Amazing Brightness, Purity, and Truth,
 Eternal Joy, and everlasting Love.

Oth. Ven. Pres.

Under how hard a Fate are Women born!
 Priz'd to their Ruin, or expos'd to Scorn.
 If we want Beauty we of Love despair,
 And are besieg'd like Frontier-Towns, if Fair.

Wat.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
 Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man!
 In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
 A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
 And deals out Pleasure with a scanty Hand:
 To his, the Tyrant Husband's Reign succeeds:
 Proud with Opinion of superiour Reason,
 He holds domestick Business and Devotion
 All we are capable to know; and shuts us
 Like cloyster'd Ideots, from the World's Acquaintance;
 And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
 Born with high Souls, but to assert our selves,
 Shake off this wild Obedience they exact,
 And claim an equal Empire o'er the World.

Row. Fair Pen.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your Snare;
 Expos'd to Trials, made too frail to bear.

Dryd. Aureli.

Women are govern'd by a stubborn Fate;
 Their Love's insuperable as their Hate;
 No Merit their Aversion can remove,
 No ill Requital can efface their Love.

Wall.

For I who made them, know their inward State :
 No Woman, once well-pleas'd, can throughly hate :
 I gave 'em Beauty to subdue the Strong ;
 A mighty Empire ! But it lasts not long :
 I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave,
 But in Exchange, to Men I Flatt'ry gave.
 Th'offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
 Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise.

Dryd. Auron.
 [Spoken by Jupiter.

Why was I made with all my Sex's Softness,
 Yet want the Cunning to conceal its Follies ?
 I'll see *Cassio* ; tax him with his Falshood ;
 Be a true Woman, rail, protest my Wrongs,
 Resolve to hate him, and yet love him still.

Osw. Orph

A strange dissembling Sex we Women are,
 Well may we Men, when we ourselves deceive.

Long has my secret Soul lov'd *Trilus* :
 I drunk his Praises from my Uncle's Mouth,
 As if my Ears could ne'er be satisfy'd.
 Why then, why said I not, I love this Prince ?
 How could my Tongue conspire against my Heart,
 To say I lov'd him not. O childish Love!

'Tis like an Infant froward in his Play,
 And what he most desires, he throws away. *Shak. Trail. & Cref.*

Forbidding me to follow, she invites me :
 This is the Mould of which I made the Sex ;

I gave them but one Tongue to say us Nay,
 And two kind Eyes to grant. *Dryd. Amph.* Spoken by Jupiter.

Our thoughtless Sex is caught by outward Form,
 And empty Noise, and loves it self in Man. *Dryd. Oedip.*

Hard Fate of Lovers, subject to our Laws!

Fools we must have, or else we cannot sway,

For none but Fools will Womankind obey :

If they prove stubborn, and resist our Will,

We exercise our Pow'r, and use 'em ill :

The passive Slave, that whines, adores, and dies,

Sometimes we pity, but we still despise :

But when we doat, the self-same Fate we prove ;

Fools at the best, but double Fools in Love.

We rage at first with ill-dissembled Scorn ;

Then, falling from our height, more basely mourn ;

And Man, th' insulting Tyrant, takes his Turn ;

Leaves us to weep for our neglected Charms,

And hugs another Mistress in his Arms :

And that which humbles our proud Sex the most,

Of all our slighted Favours makes his Boast.

Dryd. Clem.

Some

Some with a Husband-Fool, but such are curst;
 For Fools perverse of Husbands are the Worst:
 All Women would be counted chaste and wise,
 Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes:
 For Fools will prate, and tho' they want the Wit
 To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit:
 Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue;
 For Womankind was never in the Wrong:
 So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life, *(of Bath's Tale.)*
 The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife. *Dryd. The Wife.*

Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom you trust,
 So many of your Sex would not in vain
 Of broken Vows, and faithless Men complain.
 Of all the various Wretches Love has made,
 How few have been by Men of Sense betray'd?
 Convinc'd by Reason, they your Pow'r confess,
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless, *(Fair Pen.)*
 And conscious of your Worth, can never love you less. *Row.*

Women, like Summer-Storms, a while are cloudy,
 Burst out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
 But strait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
 And all the fair Horizon is serene. *Row. Tamerl.*

Women, to the brave an easie Prey,
 Still follow Fortune where she leads the way. *Dryd. Pal. & Art.*

For Women born to be controul'd;
 Stoop to the forward and the bold;
 Affect the haughty and the proud,
 The gay, the frolick, and the loud.
 Who first the gen'rous Steed oppress,
 Not kneeling did salute the Beast;
 But with high Courage, Life, and Force
 Approaching, tam'd th' unruly Horse.
 Unwisely we the wiser *East*
 Pity, supposing them oppress
 With Tyrant's Force, whose Law is Will,
 By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
 Each Nymph, but moderately fair,
 Commands with no less Rigour here.
 Should some brave *Turk*, that walks among
 His twenty Lasses bright and young,
 And beckons to the willing Dame,
 Preferr'd to quench his present Flame,
 Behold as many Gallants here,
 With modest Guise, and silent Fear,
 All to one Female Idol bend,
 Whilst her high Pride does scarce descend

To mark their Follies, he would swear
That these her Guards of Eunuchs were ;
And that a more majestick Queen,
Or humbler Slaves he had not seen.

Wall.

For Women, you know, seldom fail,
To make the stoutest Men turn Tail,
And bravely scorn to turn their Backs
Upon the desperat'ft Attacks.

Hud.

They wound like *Parthians*, while they fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye ;
Retire the more, the more we press,
To draw us into Ambushes.

Hud.

W O R D S.

Words with the Leaves of Trees Resemblance hold,
In this Respect ; where ev'ry Year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their Places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below.
If Man, and Nature's Works submit to Fate,
Much less must Words expect a lasting Date:
Many, which we approve for current now,
In the next Age out of Request will grow :
And others, which are now thrown out of Doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in Force,
If Custom please, from whom their Force they draw,
Which of our Speech is the sole Judge and Law.

Olab. Hor.

Words are but the Pictures of our Thoughts.

Dryd.

His Words replete with Guile,
Into her Heart too easie Entrance won.

Milt.

In her Ears the Sound
Yet rung of his perswasive Words, impregn'd
With Reason, to her Seeming, and with Truth.

Milt.

Teach me, some Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,
To dress my Purpose up in gracious Words ;
Such as may softly steal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempestuous Passions.

Row. Fair. Pen.

W O R L D.

The World's a stormy Sea,
Whose ev'ry Breath is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches.
That daily perish in it.

Row. Amb. Step.

Where solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,
And short liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.

Roch. Valent.

The World's a Wood, in which all lose their Way,
Tho' by a different Path each goes astray.

Roch.

The World's a Labyrinth, where unguided Men,
Walk up and down to find their Weariness :
No sooner have we measur'd with much Toil,

One

One crooked Path in hope to gain our Freedom,
But it betrays us to a new Affliction. *Beau. Night-walker.*

W O R M S. See Creation.

W O U N D S.

His Face and Limbs were one continu'd Wound ;
Dishonest, with lopt Arms the Youth appears,
Spoil'd of his Nose, and shorten'd of his Ears. *Dryd. Virg.*

Then with a speeding Thrust his Heart he found ;
The luke-warm Blood came rushing thro' the Wound, }
And sanguin Streams distain'd the sacred Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
Scars of Honour seam'd his manly Face. *Blac.*

With many a Wound she made her Bosom gay,
Her Wounds like Floodgates, did themselves display, }
'Thro' which Life ran in scarlet Streams away. *Lee Nero:*

The yawning Wound
Gush'd out a purple Stream, and stain'd the Ground. *Dryd. Virg.*
The gaping Wound gush'd out a crimson Flood. *Dryd. Virg.*
Like dumb Mouths, his Wounds

Open'd their ruby Lips. *Shak. Jul. Caf.*

There *Duncan* lay ;
His silver Skin lac'd with his golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature
For Ruin's wasteful Entrance. *Shak. Macb.*

Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,
Yet could I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders ;
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,
Mercy would weep to look on. *Roch. Valent.*

They made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars and studded o'er with Thrusts,
The noble Wardrobe of the Scarlet War. *Lee Mithr.*

He bar'd his Breast, and shew'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars. *Dryd. Ovid.*

Close by each other laid they press'd the Ground,
Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous Wound.
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear :
The wand'ring Breath was on the Wing to part,
Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart. *Dryd. Pal. & Arc.*

W R E T C H.

Look who comes here ! a Grave unto a Soul :
Holding th'eternal Spirit 'gainst her Will,
In the vile Prison of afflicted Breath. *Shak. K. John.*

To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradise to such a State as his ;
He holds down Life, as Children do a Potion,
With strong Reluctance, and convulsive Strugglings :
While his Misfortunes press him to disgorge it. *Row. Tamerl.*

To know no Thought of Rest, to have the Mind
Still ministring fresh Plagues, as in a Circle,
Where one Dishonour treads upon another,
What know the Fiends beyond it!

Row. Tamul.

There's not a Wretch that lives on common Charity,
But's happier far than me: For I have known
The luscious Sweets of Plenty; Ev'ry Night
Have slept with soft Content about my Head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful Morning:
Yet now must fall like a full Ear of Corn,
Whose Blossoms 'scap'd, but's wither'd in the Rip'ning.

(Ven. Pres.

Osw.

Then looking on the neighb'ring Woods, we saw
The ghastly Visage of a Man unknown:
An uncouth Feature, meagre, pale and wild;
Afflictions foul and terrible Dismay
Sate on his Looks: His Face impair'd and worn
With Marks of Famine, speaking sore Distress;
His Locks were tangled, and his shaggy Beard
Matted with Filth.

Add. Virg.

Then from the Wood there bolts before our Sight,
Somewhat, betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of Flesh, he scarce resembled Man.
This Thing all tatter'd was; shaggy his Beard:
His Cloaths were tagg'd with Thorns, and Filth his Limbs
(besmear'd. Dryd. Virg.

Y E A R.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year:
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed;
Helpless, though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes.
Then laughs the childish Year with Flowrets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the Fields around.
But no substantial Nourishment receives;
Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the Year began;
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man;
This Season, as in Men, is most replete
With kindly Moisture, and prolific Heat.
Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to Decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.

Last

Last Winter sweeps along with tardy Pace ;
 Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face.
 His Scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
 The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare. *Dryd. Ov.*

YOUTH.

The Spring of Life. The Bloom of gawdy Years.
 Before the tender Nerves had strung his Limbs,
 And knotted into Strength. *Shak. Troil. & Cres.*

Then, past a Boy, the callow Down began
 To shade my Chin, and call me first a Man. *Dryd. Virg.*

The Down of Manhood on his Face appears,
 And blooming Beauty grac'd his youthful Years. *Blac.*

Youth does a thousand Pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepid Age will fly,
 Sweets that wanton i'th' Bosom of the Spring,
 In Winter's cold Embraces die. *Cong.*

Secure those golden early Joys,
 That Youth, unsowr'd with Sorrow, bears ;
 E'er with'ring Time the Taste destroys,
 With Sickness and unwieldy Years.

For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
 This is the Time to be possess'd !

The Best is but in Season best.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,

The pleasing Whisper in the Dark,

The half-unwilling willing Kifs,

The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark.

When the kind Nymph would Coyness feign,

And hides but to be found again,

These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain. *Dryd. Hor.*

In Youth alone unhappy Mortals live ;

But ah ! the mighty Bliss is fugitive :

Discolour'd Sickness, anxious Labours come,

And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.

Dryd. Virg.

All the good Wine of Life our drunken Youth devours,

Sourness and Lees, which to the Bottom sink,

Remain for latter Years to drink ;

Untill some one, offended with the Taste, *(Cowl.)*

The Vessel breaks, and out the wretched Reliques run at last.

The Rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,

The Vi'let sweet, but quickly past the Prime.

White Lillies hang their Heads, and soon decay,

And whiter Snow in Minutes melts away :

Such, and so with'ring is our blooming Youth. *Dryd. Theos.*

Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is seen ;

Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been ?

Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,

But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide.

How. Ind. Queen.

Z E A L.

Zeal is the pious Madness of the Mind. *Dryd. Tyr. Love.*
 And Confidence in Sin, when mix'd with Zeal;
 Seems Innocence, and looks to most as well. *Cree. Juv.*

Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
 That teaches Saints to tear and rant;
 And Independants to profess
 The Doctrine of Dependances:
 Turns meek and sneaking secret Ones
 To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones:
 And not content with endless Quarrels
 Against the Wicked and their Morals,
 The *Ghibilins* for want of *Guelfs*,
 Divert their Rage upon themselves. *Hud.*

Z O N E S.

Five Girdles bind the Skies: The torrid Zone
 Glows with the passing and re-passing Sun.
 Far on the Right and Left, th'Extreams of Heav'n
 To Frosts and Snows and bitter Blasts are giv'n.
 Betwixt the midst and these the Gods assign'd
 Two habitable Seats for Human-kind:
 And cross their Limits cut a sloping Way,
 Which the twelve Signs in beauteous Order sway:
 Two Poles turn round the Globe: One seen to rise
 O'er *Scythian Hills*, and one in *Lybian Skies*.
 The first sublime in Heav'n: The last is whirl'd
 Below the Regions of the nether World.
 Around our Pole the spiry *Dragon* glides,
 And, like a wand'ring Stream, the *Bears* divides:
 The *less* and *greater*, who by Fate's Decree
 Abhor to dive beneath the Southern Sea.
 There, as they say, perpetual Night is found,
 In Silence brooding on th'unhappy Ground:
 Or when *Aurora* leaves our Northern Sphere,
 She lights the downward Heav'n, and rises there.
 And when on us she breaths the living Light,
 Red *Vesper* kindles there the Tapers of the Night. *Dryd. Virg.*
 And as five Zones th'Æthereal Regions bind,
 Five correspondent are to Earth assign'd.
 The Sun, with Rays directly darting down,
 Fires all beneath, and fries the middle Zone.
 The two beneath the distant Poles complain,
 Of endless Winter, and perpetual Rain.
 Betwixt th'Extreams two happier Climates hold,
 The Temper that partakes of Hot and Cold. *Dryd. Ovid.*

F I N I S.



A
DICTIONARY
OF
RHYMES.

*Quelque sujet qu' on traite, ou plaisant ou sublime,
Que toujours le bon sens s'accorde avec la Rime ;
L'un l'autre vainement ils semblent se hair,
La Rime est un esclave, & ne doit qu'obeir.
Lors qu' a la bien chercher d' abord on s' evertue,
L' esprit a la trouver aisement s' habitue ;
Au joug de la Raison sans peine elle flechit,
Et, loin de la gener, la sert & l'enrichit.
Mais lors qu' on la neglige, elle devient rebelle,
Et pour la rattraper, le sens court apres elle.*

BOILEAU.

The PREFACE.

THIS Dictionary contains a Collection of such Words only, as both for their Sense and Sound are judg'd most proper for the Rhymes of Heroick Poetry. For which Reason are omitted.

I. All Burlesque Words, and such whose Signification can be employed only in Subjects of Drollery.

II. All uncommon Words, and that are of a generally unknown Signification; as the Names of Distempers that are unusual; most of the Terms of Arts and Sciences; all proper Names both of Persons and Places; together with all Pedantic hard Words, whose Sound is generally as harsh and unpleasing as their Sense is dark and obscure.

III. All Base, Low Words: By which I mean such as are never met with but in the Mouth of the Vulgar; and never us'd, either in Conversation or Writing, by the better and more polite Sort of People. The French call them *Des Mots Bas*, but our Language scarce allows us a Term to distinguish them. And if any such are inserted, the Reason is, because they are us'd in a Figurative, as well as in their proper Signification: Thus *Starch* properly signifies only that which Landresses use, to stiffen Linnen: In which Sense, it can hardly find Place in an Heroick Poem; but in its Figurative it may: For 'tis us'd to express an Action done with Affectation, and we say a *Starch'd*, for a formal, stiff, affected Person. Therefore I have not omitted it, nor any of the like Nature.

IV. All Obsolete, Spurious, and Miscompounded Words, which are unworthy the Dignity of Style requir'd in an Heroick Poem; *Cujus Diction debet esse perfecta, & absoluta.*

V. All the Words that ought not to end a Verse; as the Particles *An, And, As, Of, The, &c.* together with all the Words of more than three Syllables that have their Accent upon the fourth Syllable from the last; as *Dissoluteness, Niggardliness, Vindicated*, and the like, whose Accent being so far removed from their final Syllable, they ought never to end a Verse in any Sort of Poetry whatsoever.

VI. The Terminations that have not more than one Word that can be employed to end a Verse in Heroick Poetry. Thus because there are no Words that rhyme to *Badge* but *Fadge* and *Cadge*; the first of which is a Low Word, and the last very uncommon, being a Term in Falconry, and known but to a few, the Termination ADGE is intirely omitted.

VII. All the Words that end in Mute E, preceded by the Liquid



Liquid L and another Consonant ; as those in BLE, CLE, DLE, &c. For, besides that most of them are double Rhymes, all which, as shall be said hereafter, are excluded this Dictionary, the Sound of their last Syllable is so very weak and languishing, that the Verses that end in any of them can never be graceful in the Delivery, nor pleasing to the Ear.

VIII. Almost all the Words that are compounded with any of the Particles, *Out*, *Re* or *Un* ; for they may not only be easily form'd from their Simples, which are to be found under their respective Terminations, but are so very numerous in our Language, that to have inserted them, would have increas'd this Dictionary to a far greater Bulk than the Volume would permit : For this last Reason, and for that they are seldom employ'd at the End of Verses, most of the Polysyllables in AL, ANCE, ANT, ATE, ENCE, ENT, ESS, OUS, and Y preceded by a Consonant, which are the Terminations with which our Language most abounds, have found no Place here. As have not likewise, because they are all double Rhymes, any of the Words in ION, or of the Polysyllables in ING, of both which there is an infinite Number. This Dictionary would likewise have been swell'd to a much larger Volume, had the same Word been inserted several times, according to its different Significations ; As *Beam*, a great Piece of Timber in Building ; *Beam* of a Coach or Waggon ; *Beam* of a Stag ; *Beam* of a Ballance ; *Beam* or Ray of Light, &c. But fearing to be too prolix in a Work of this Nature, I have not done it. However, the Words, which, tho' written alike, differ both in Sense and Sound, are inserted severally, according to their various Pronuntiations. Thus *Bow* is plac'd twice under the Termination OW : First among the Words whose W is silent, as *Crow*, *Grow*, &c. And then among those whose W is sounded ; as *Cow*, *Vow*, &c. Among the first 'tis a Noun, and signifies the Weapon so call'd ; and several other things. Among the last, a Verb, to *Bow* or *Bend*.

IX. All the Terminations that contain only Derivative Words. Thus because there are no Words that end in AILD, but the Participles of the Verbs in AIL, the Termination AILD is omitted ; it being easy to find all the Words of those Rhymes by looking for the Termination of their Primitives : For Example, to find the Rhymes to *Prevail'd*, consider it to be the Participle of the Verb *Prevail*, whose Termination is AIL. See AIL, and you shall find *Hail*, *Sail*, *Bewail*, and all the other Verbs of that Rhyme, whose Participles are the only Words that rhyme to *Prevail'd*.

X. Lastly, the Terminations ASM, ISM, and OSM ; not only because they contain none but uncommon Words, deriv'd from the Greek, but also because they properly belong to the double Rhymes ; all which, as well as most of the treble,
are

are, for the Reasons alledg'd in the Rules for making Verses, omitted in this Collection. Which, as I said before, is compos'd of a select Number of such usual Words as are of the best Sense, and that for the Agreeableness of their Sound are most proper to be employ'd in the Rhymes of Heroick Verse.

Thus having given a short Account of the Words omitted in this Dictionary; it will be necessary to say something of the Method and Disposition of those that are contain'd in it.

In looking for a Word, consider the five Vowels A, E, I, O, U; and begin at the Vowel that precedes the last Consonant of the Word: For Example, to find *Perswade*, and the Words that rhyme to it, D is the last Consonant, A the Vowel that precedes it, look for ADE, and you will find *Made*, *Fade*, *In-vade*, and all the other Words of that Rhyme.

In like manner, if a Word end in two or more Consonants, begin at the Vowel that immediately precedes the first of them: For Example, *Land*; N is the first of the final Consonants, A the Vowel that precedes it, See AND, and you will find *Band*, *Stand*, *Command*, &c.

But if a Diphthong, that is to say two or more Vowels together, precedes the last Consonant or Consonants of a Word, begin at the first of those two Vowels; Thus to find the Rhymes to *Disdain*, look not for IN, but for AIN, and you will find *Brain*, *Chain*, *Gain*, &c.

To find a Word that ends in a Diphthong, preceded by a Consonant; begin only at the first Vowel of the Diphthong: For Example, to find the Rhymes to *Subdue*, look for UE, and you will find *Clue*, *Due*, *Ensue*, &c.

All the Words that end in a single Vowel, preceded by a Consonant, are found by looking for that Vowel only. Except always the Words that end in Mute E, which are constantly found by the same Method that has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to *Perswade*, whose final E is silent, and serves only to lengthen the Sound of the A in the last Syllable.

Except also the Words in Y, which are plac'd under the Termination IE, not only because their Sound is exactly the same, but also because they may be indifferently written either with a Y or IE, as *Dy* or *Die*, *Ly* or *Lie*, *Defy* or *Desie*, &c.

The Words that rhyme strictly one to another, tho' they differ in Orthography, are plac'd under the same Termination. Thus the Words in AIGN, AIN, ANE, EIGN, and EIN, are plac'd together, because their Terminations have exactly the same Sound: But as there are more Words in AIN, than in any other of those Terminations, I have plac'd them all under AIN; and from their respective Terminations have referred thither.

The Verbs are only in the Infinitive, and the Nouns in the

Sin-

Singular; and from the Terminations to which any Tense, Person, or Participle of a Verb, or any Plural of a Noun rhymes, I have referr'd to the Termination of the Primitive of that Verb or Noun. For Example, after the Rhymes in AZE, I say, *Also the third Person present of the Verbs, and Plural of the Nouns in AT, EIGH, and ET.* The Reader is desir'd to see those Terminations, and from the Primitive Words of them, as *Day, Ray, Delay, Neigh, Convey, &c.* he will easily form *Days, Rays, Delays, Neighs, Conveys, &c.* all which rhyme perfectly to the Words in AZE.

So after the Rhymes in ADE, I say, *Also the Participles of the Verbs in AT, EIGH, and ET.* See the Verbs of those Terminations, and by forming their Participles, you will find they all rhyme to the Words in ADE; as from *Play, Neigh, Convey, &c.* *Play'd, Neigh'd, Convey'd, &c.*

I have observ'd the like Method thro' the whole Course of this Dictionary, as to all the regular Nouns and Verbs: But the Tenses, Persons, and Participles of all the Irregular Verbs, and Plurals of all the Irregular Nouns, are found under the several Terminations to which they rhyme. Thus *Fought, Sought, Thought*, are plac'd under OUGHT, without referring to IGH, EEK, INK, the Termination of the Verbs *Fight, Seek, Think*, from whence they are deriv'd. *Men* is plac'd under EN, without referring to AN, the Termination of its Singular, *Man*.

Observe therefore, that whenever I say Persons, or Participles of Verbs, or Plurals of Nouns, I mean only of such as are Regular in their Formation; the Irregular being always found under the Terminations to which they rhyme.

Observe also that the Participles and Preterperfect Tenses of all the Regular Verbs being exactly the same, whenever I had occasion to refer to them I have made choice of the Word Participle, rather than Preterperfect Tense.

Some Words are plac'd twice, because they are pronounc'd differently, as *Draught*; which *Dryden* rhymes both to the Words in AFT, and OUGHT; and therefore I have put it under both those Terminations.

But as there are several Words, whose Terminations, tho' different in Writing, are pronounc'd alike; so there are others that agree in Orthography, but differ in Sound. Thus the Words in ASE have two different Sounds; some of them are pronounc'd like ACE, others like AZE; the first of which I have plac'd under ACE, the latter under AZE, and from the Termination ASE have referr'd to the two other.

The Words in OVE have three different Sounds, as *Love, Prove, Rove*; and though they are all plac'd under their own Termination, yet they do not in Strictness rhyme to one another. Therefore to distinguish them from each other, a little
Space

Space is left in the Printing between the different Rhymes.

There are also several other Terminations of like Nature, whose different Sounds are distinguish'd in like manner.

I have already said that all the Double and most of the Treble Rhymes are omitted in this Alphabet; yet by observing the Method I am going to propose, the greatest Part of the Double Rhymes may be discover'd.

Most of our Double Rhymes consist in derivative Words, and terminate either in ED, ER, ES, EST, ING, or LY.

Derivative Words are those that are form'd from Primitives, which must be either Verbs or Nouns. The Primitive of a Verb is the Infinitive; the Primitive of a Noun is the Nominative Singular.

Now all the Derivative Words, whose Primitives are accented on the last Syllable, and that are form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to their Primitives, thereby become Double Rhymes.

For it is a Rule, (and I think without any Exception) That all Derivatives still retain the Accent of their Primitives, that is to say, on the same Syllable: From whence it follows, that the Accent that was on the last Syllable of a Primitive, or Original Word, must be on the last save one of its Derivative, if it be form'd by the Increase of a Syllable to its Primitive; from whence it consequently follows, that such a Derivative must be a Double Rhyme. For Example, to *Evade*, and to *Arise* are Primitives, accented upon the last Syllable, and therefore are Single Rhymes: *Evading* and *Arising* are Gerunds form'd from them by adding the Syllable ING, and being accented on the last save one, thereby become Double Rhymes. Now to find the Rhymes to *Evading*, consider it to be a Derivative, and see the Termination of its Primitive, which is ADE; and the Gerunds of all the Verbs of that Rhyme, that are accented on the last Syllable, must necessarily rhyme to *Evading*: As from *Fade*, *Wade*, *Perswade*, &c. *Fading*, *Wading*, *Perswading*, &c. In like manner to find the Rhyme to *Arising*, see ISE, and you will find *Advise*, *Chastise*, *Despise*, and many other; whose Gerunds all rhyme to *Arising*; as *Advising*, *Chastising*, &c.

The Observation of this Rule only will lead you to the Discovery of an Infinite Number of Double Rhymes: For all the Verbs of the English Tongue, whether Regular or Irregular, and of what Termination soever they be, form their Gerunds by adding the Syllable *ing* to the Infinitive; and therefore if their Infinitives rhyme, their Gerunds must of Consequence do so too; and if their Infinitives be accented on the last Syllable, their Gerunds by the Increase of the Syllable *ing* are accented on the last save one, and thus become Double Rhymes.

The

The Double Rhymes in ED are generally only the Participles of the Regular Verbs; of which there are two Sorts: One that will admit of an Elision of the E that precedes their Consonant, and one that will not.

Those that will admit of an Elision always ought to be us'd so; and it is a Fault to make *Loved* two Syllables, and *Amaz'd* three, by which Means they become Double Rhymes; instead of *Lov'd*, which is but one Syllable, and *Amax'd*, which is but two, and both of them Single Rhymes.

Those that will not suffer the like Elision, and consequently are Double Rhymes, are only the Participles of the Regular Verbs that end in D or T, or in Mute E preceded by D or T, as from the Verbs to *Land*, *Grant*, *Perswade*, and *Hate*, are form'd the Participles *Landed*, *Granted*, *Perswaded*, *Hated*: Which will not admit of such an Elision, and therefore are Double Rhymes. The Method of finding the Rhymes to these Words is the same as has been already prescrib'd for finding the Rhymes to the Words in ING; that is to say, by seeking the Terminations of the Infinitives from whence they are form'd; which are AND, ANT, ADE, and ATE.

Many of the Double Rhymes in ER, are either the Comparative Degrees of Adjectives, and form'd by adding ER to their Positive, or Nouns Verbal form'd by the Addition of ER to their Infinitive. For Example, to find a Rhyme to *Plainer* the Comparative of *Plain*, see the Termination of the Positive, which is AIN, and you will find the Verb to *Gain*, from whence is form'd the Noun Verbal *Gainer*; *Vain*, from whence the Comparative *Vainer*; *Profane* from whence *Profaner*, &c.

The like Method may also be observ'd for finding the Double Rhymes in ES, EST, and LY.

Those in ES, consist of the Third Person Present of the Verbs, and of the Plural Numbers of the Nouns whose final Letters are CE, CH, GE, S, SE, SH, X, or ZE, and that are form'd by adding the Syllable ES to their Primitive.

Those in EST, consist of the Superlative Degrees of Adjectives, form'd by adding EST to their Positives; and of the Second Persons Present of Verbs form'd by adding EST to their Infinitive.

Those in LY, consist in Adverbs form'd from Adjectives, by adding the Syllable LY to their Positive.

This Method may be also useful for finding of Rhymes to Original Words. For Example, to *Morning*, which being accented on the last save one, is a Double Rhyme: See the Termination of that Syllable, which is ORN, and you will find *Scorn*, *Adorn*, &c. whose Gerunds are, *Scorning*, *Adorning*, &c.

There are also several other Double Rhymes that consist in Derivative Words, and may be found by the same Method. Of this Nature are several Participles in EN, that are form'd irre-

viii *The Preface to the Dictionary of RHYMES.*

irregularly; as *Given, Driven, &c.* from the Verbs in IVE; *Taken, Forsaken, &c.* from those in AKE; and some others.

As for the Treble Rhymes inserted in this Dictionary; I have not retain'd them as such, but as they rhyme to the Words accented upon the last Syllable; that is to say, to Single Rhymes: Thus *Tenderness* rhymes as well to *Confess*, as to *Slenderness*. *Piety* to *Charity* and *Justify*, as well as to *Satiety*. But the Reason why most of the Treble, and all the Double Rhymes are omitted, may be seen in *The Rules for making Verses*. And so much for the Matter and Method of the following Alphabet. It may now be expected that I should say something of the Usefulness of it.

And here I will not pretend that it is a Work of such a Nature, as can be of any farther Use to the Publick in general, than as it may be a Help and Ease to those Persons who apply themselves to the making English Verses: And they, I presume, will reap some Advantage by it; since in a Moment, and without Trouble, they may here find Words, that for a considerable Space of Time their Thoughts have in vain been labouring to recover.

An Instance of this we daily meet with in Conversation; where we often find our selves at a loss for a Word to express our Meaning: Nay, sometimes for the Names of Persons with whom we are conversant enough, and more than personally acquainted.

Besides, I dare almost affirm, that the Difficulty of finding Rhymes, has been the unlucky Cause that has frequently reduc'd even the best of our Poets to take up with Rhymes that have scarce any Consonance, or Agreement in Sound.

Rhyme is by all allow'd to be the chief Ornament of Versification in any of the Modern Languages; and therefore the more Exact we are in the Observation of it, the greater Applause our Productions of that Nature will deservedly challenge and find.

The *Italians*, the *Spaniards*, and the *French*, and among them Men eminent for their Learning and Parts, have not thought their Time mispent in composing Dictionaries that contain all the Words of their Languages, dispos'd Alphabetically according to their several Rhymes, and which have been printed in all Volumes, and receiv'd with general Approbation.

But if after this, and much more that might be added in Defence of such a Work, any should be of Opinion that my Time has been thrown away in this Composition; to such I freely confess, that while I was about it, I have often reflected on the *Operose nihil agit* of *Seneca*, and apply'd it to my self.



A
DICTIONARY
 OF
RHYMES.

AB.

B Lab
 Crab
 Stab
 Scab

ACE.

Brace
 Chace
 Face
 Grace
 Lace
 Mace
 Pace
 Place
 Race
 Trace
 Apace
 Deface
 Efface
 Disgrace
 Displace
 Misplace
 Embrace
 Grimace
 Interlace
 Retrace

Base
 Case
 Abase
 Debase
 Enchase

ACH.

Ach
 Attach
 Detach

ACK.

Back
 Black
 Crack
 Hack
 Knack
 Lack
 Pack
 Quack
 Rack
 Sack
 Slack
 Smack
 Snack
 Stack
 Tack
 Track
 Wrack
 Attack

ACT.

Act
 Traff
 Attract
 Abstract
 Compact
 Contract
 Detract
 Distract
 Enact

Extract

Exact
 Protract
 Subtract
 Transact
 Cataract

And the Participles of the
 Verbs in ACK.

AD.

Add
 Bad
 Clad
 Gad
 Glad
 Had
 Lad
 Mad
 Sad
 Pad

ADE.

Blade
 Fade
 Glade
 Jade
 Lade
 Made
 Shade
 Spade
 Trade
 Wade
 Degrade
 Disswade

(a)

Evade

Invade
 Persuade
 Blocade
 Brigade
 Cavalcade

Masquerade
 Renegade
 Retrograde

Serenade
 Ambuscade
 Cannonade
 Palisade

Aid

Braid
 Maid
 Afraid
 Upbraid

And the Participles of the
 Verbs in AY,
 EY, and EIGH.

AFE.

Chafe
 Safe
 Vouchsafe

AFF.

Chaff
 Draff
 Graff
 Quaff
 Staff
 Engraff
 Epitaph

Epitaph	Gage	Ale	Disdain
Cenotaph	Assuage	Bale	Disfrain
Paragraph	Engage	Dale	Enchain
	Disengage	Gale	Entertain
Laugh	Enrage	Hale	Explain
	Presage	Pale	Maintain
AFT.	Appennage	Male	Obtain
Aft	Concubinage	Sale	Ordain
Abast	Heritage	Scale	Pertain
Craft	Hermitage	Stale	Refrain
Graft	Parentage	Tale	Regain
Shaft	Personage	Vale	Remain
Raft	Pasturage	Whale	Refrain
Waft	Patronage	Impale	Retain
Draught	Pilgrimage	Exhale	Sustain
Ingraft	Villanage	Regale	Appertain
Handicraft	Equipage	Nightingale	

And the Participles of the Verbs in AFF and AUGH.

AID. See ADE.

AIM. See AME.

AIGHT. v. ATE.

AIN.

AIGN. v. ANE.

Daign
Arraign
Campaign
Soveraign

AG.

AIL.

Bag
Brag
Drag
Flag
Gag
Jag
Hag
Lag
Nag
Tag
Wag
Stag
Swag
Snag

Ail
Bail
Fail
Flail
Frail
Hail
Jail
Mail
Nail
Pail
Rail
Quail
Sail
Tail
Trail
Wail

Blain
Brain
Chain
Drain
Fain
Gain
Grain
Lain
Main
Pain
Plain
Rain
Slain
Sprain
Stain
Strain
Swain
Train

Feign
Reign
Vein
Rein

Bane
Cane
Crane
Fane
Lane
Mane
Plane
Vane
Wane
Profane
Hurricane

AGE

Age
Cage
Page
Rage
Sage
Stage
Swage
Wage

Affail
Avail
Detail
Bewail
Entail
Prevail
Retail
Countervail

Vain
Again
Abstain
Amain
Attain
Complain
Contain
Constrain
Detain

AINT.

Faint
Paint
Plaint
Quaint
Saint
Taint
Acquaint
Attrait

Attaint	Cannibal	are seldom us'd	Miscall
Complaint	Capital	to end Verses, Recall	
Constraine	Cardinal	'tis needless to	
Restraint	Comical	insert them.	Caul
	Conjugal		Bawl
Feint	Corporal	ALD.	Brawl
Teint	Criminal	Bald	Crawl
	Critical	Scald	Scrawl
AIR. See ARE.	Festival	Emerald	Srawl
AISE. See AZE.	Funeral	And the Par-	Squawl
AIT. See ATE.	General	ticiples of the	
AITH. v. ATH.	Hospital	Verbs in ALL.	ALM.
AIZE. v. AZE.	Interval		Calm
	Liberal	ALE. See ALL.	Balm
AKE.	Madrigal		Pfalm
Ake	Litteral	ALR.	Palm
Bake	Magical	Calf	Qualm
Brake	Mineral	Half	Becalm
Cake	Myetical	Behalf	Embalm
Drake	Musical	ALK.	Alms, which
Flake	Natural	Balk	rhymes to the
Lake	Original	Chalk	Plurals of the
Make	Pastoral	Stalk	Nouns, and 3d
Rake	Pedistal	Talk	Persons Present
Quake	Personal	Walk	of the Verbs
Sake	Physical	Calk	of this Termination.
Shake	Poetical	Hawk	
Slake	Political		
Snake	Principal	ALL.	ALT.
Stake	Prodigal	All	Halt
Take	Prophetical	Ball	Malt
Wake	Rational	Call	Salt
Awake	Satirical	Fall	Exalt
Betake	Reciprocal	Gall	
Spake	Rhetorical	Hall	Revolt
Forfake	Several	Pall	
Mistake	Temporal	Shall	Fault
Partake	Tragical	Small	Vault
Overtake	Tyrannical	Stall	Affault
Undertake	Carnival	Tall	Default
Bespake	Schismatical	Thrall	
	Whimsical	Wall	ALVE.
AL.	Arsenal	Appall	Calve
Cabal	There are ma-	Befall	Salve
Canal	ny Words of	Enthral	AM.
Animal	this Termination,	Forefall	Am
Admiral	on, but as they	Infall	Gram
	(2 2)		Dam

Dam	Lamp	Countenance	Understand
Dram	Decamp	Deliverance	Reprimand
Ham	Encamp	Consonance	Aland <i>Dryd.</i>
Ram		Dissonance	
Swam	AN.	Extravagance	ANE. v. AIN.
Anagram	Ban	Ignorance	
Epigram	Bran	Inheritance	ANG.
	Can	Intemperance	Bang
Damn	Clan	Maintenance	Fang
Lamb	Fan	Exorbitance	Gang
	Man	Ordinance	Hang
AME.	Pan	Concordance	Pang
Blame	Plan	Sufferance	Tang
Came	Ran	Sustenance	Twang
Dame	Scan	Temperance	Harangue
Fame	Span	Utterance	
Flame	Tan	Arrogance	ANGE.
Frame	Began	Vigilance	Change
Game	Trepan		Range
Lame	Unman	Expanse	Grange
Name	Foreran	Inhance	Strange
Same	Partisan		Estrange
Shame	Artisan	ANCH.	Arrange
Tame	Pelican	Branch	Exchange
Defame	Caravan	Lanch	Interchange
Inflame	Courtesan	Blanch	
Misname		Ranch	ANK.
Became	Swan	Hanch	Bank
Misbecame	Wan	Stanch	Blank
Overcame	These two	AND.	Shank
	sometimes	Band	Clank
Aim	rhyme to the	Brand	Dank
Claim	Words in ON.	Grand	Drank
Maim		Hand	Flank
Acclaim	ANCE.	Land	Frank
Declaim	Chance	Rand	Lank
Disclaim	Dance	Sand	Plank
Exclaim	Glance	Stand	Prank
Proclaim	Lance	Strand	Rank
Reclaim	Trance	Wand	Thank
	Prance	Command	Disfrank
AMP.	Intrance	Countermand	Mountebank
Camp	Advance	Demand	
Champ	Romance	Disband	ANSE. v. ANCE.
Cramp	Mischance	Expand	
Damp	Complaisance	Gainstand	ANT.
Stamp	Circumstance	Withstand	Ant

Cant	Flap	And the Par-	ARCH.
Chant	Gap	ticiples of the	Arch
Grant	Hap	Verbs in AP.	March
Pant	Lap		Parch
Plant	Map	AR.	Starch
Rant	Pap	Bar	Countermarch
Slant	Rap	Car	
Aslant	Sap	Far	ARD.
Complaisant	Scrap	Gnar	Bard
Displant	Snap	Jar	Card
Enchant	Strap	Mar	Guard
Gallant	Tap	Scar	Hard
Implant	Trap	Spar	Lard
Recant	Wrap	Star	Nard
Supplant	Enwrap	Tar	Shard
Transplant	Misnap	War	Yard
Absonant	Entrap	Afar	Bombard
Adamant		Debar	Discard
Arrogant	APE.	Unbar	Regard
Combatant	Ape	Catarrh	Disregard
Consonant	Cape	Particular	Interlard
Cormorant	Chape	Perpendicular	Retard
Protestant	Gape	Secular	And the Par-
Significant	Grape	Angular	ticiples of the
Visitant	Rape	Regular	Verbs in AR.
Covenant	Scape	Popular	
Dissonant	Scrape	Singular	Ward
Disputant	Shape	Titular	Award
Elegant	Escape	Vinegar	Reward
Elephant		Scimitar	ARE.
Exorbitant	APH. See AFF.	Calendar	Are
Conversant		Colendar	Bare
Extravagant	APSE.		Blare
Ignorant	Lapse	ARB.	Care
Insignificant	Elapse	Barb	Dare
Inhabitant	Relapse	Garb	Fare
Militant	Perhaps		Glare
Predominant	And the Plu-	ARCE.	Hare
Sychophant	ral of the Nouns	Farce	Knare
Vigilant	and Third Per-	Scarce	Mare
Petulant	son Present of	And the Plu-	Pare
	the Verbs in	ral of the Nouns	Rare
	AP.	and Third Per-	Share
		son Present of	Spare
Cap	APT.	the Verbs in	Square
Chap	Apt	AR.	
Clap	Adapt		
Crap			

Stare	Unawares	Barm	Impart
Tare	Which rhyme	Charm	Dispart
Ware	to the Plurals	Farm	Counterpart
Aware	of the Nouns	Harm	Heart
Beware	and Third Per-	Alarm	
Compare	sons Present of	Disarm	Thwart
Declare	the Verbs of		Athwart
Ensnare	this Termina-	Swarm	These Two
Prepare	tion.	Warm	rhyme to the
		These last	words in ORT.
Air	ARF.	Words rhyme	
Chair	Scarf	to the Termi-	ARTH.
Fair	Dwarf	nation ORM.	See
Hair	Wharf		EARTH.
Lair		ARN.	
Pair	ARGE.	Barn	ARVE.
Stair	Barge	Yarn	Carve
Affair	Charge		Starve
Debonnair	Large	Warn	
Despair	Targe	Fore-warn	AS and ASS.
Impair	Discharge	These Two	As
Repair	O'ercharge	rhyme to the	Brass
	Surcharge	words in ORN.	Clas
Bear	Enlarge		Glas
Pear		ARP.	Graf
Swear	ARK.	Carp	Laf
Tear	Ark	Harp	Maf
Wear	Bark	Sharp	Paf
Forbear	Cark	Warp	Alaf
Forswear	Clark	Counterscarp	Amaf
	Dark		Cuiraf
There	Lark	ARSH.	Repaf
Were	Mark	Harsh	Surpaf
Where	Park	Marsh	Moraf
E'er	Shark		
Ne'er	Spark	ART.	Was
Elsewhere	Stark	Art	Has
Whate'er	Embark	Cart	
Howe'er	Remark	Dart	ASE. See ACE
Howfoe'er		Hart	and AZE.
Whene'er	ARL.	Mart	
Where-e'er	Gnarl	Part	ASH.
	Snarl	Smart	Ash
Heir	Marl	Start	Cash
Coheir		Tart	Clash
Their	ARM.	Apart	Grash
Theirs	Arm	Depart	Dash
			Flash

Flash	Verbs in ASS.	Thatch	Aggravate
Gash		Watch	Agitate
Gnash	ASTE.	Dispatch	Alienate
Hash	Baste		Animate
Lash	Chaste	ATE:	Annihilate
Plash	Haste	Bate	Antedate
Rash	Paste	Date	Anticipate
Slash	Taste	Fate	Antiquate
Thrash	Waste	Gate	Arbitrate
Trash	Disfaste	Grate	Arrogate
Quash	And the Par-	Hate	Articulate
Wash	ticiples of the	Late	Affassinate
Abash	Verbs in ACE.	Mate	Calculate
		Pate	Capitulate
		Plate	Captivate
ASK.	AT.	Prate	Celebrate
Ask	Bat	Rate	Circulate
Bask	Brat	Sate	Coagulate
Cask	Cat	Scate	Commemorate
Flask	Chat	Slate	Commiserate
Mask	Fat	Slate	Communicate
Task	Flat	State	Compassionate
	Gnat	Abate	Confederate
ASP.	Hat	Alate	Congratulate
Asp	Mat	Belate	Congregate
Clasp	Pat	Collate	Consecrate
Gasp	Plat	Create	Contaminate
Grasp	Rat	Debate	Corroberate
Hasp	Sat	Dilate	Cultivate
Wasp	Sprat	Elate	Candidate
	That	Estate	Cooperate
AST.	Var	Ingrate	Celibate
Blast		Innate	Considerate
Cast	Squat	Rebate	Consulate
Haft	What	Relate	Capacitate
Last	These two	Sedate	Debilitate
Mast	may rhyme to	Translate	Dedicate
Past	the Termination	Abdicate	Degenerate
Vast	OT.	Abominate	Delegate
Fast	ATCH.	Abrogate	Deliberate
Agast	Catch	Accelerate	Denominate
Avast	Hatch	Accommodate	Depopulate
Forecast	Latch	Accumulate	Dislocate
Overcast	Match	Accurate	Deprecate
Outcast	Patch	Adequate	Discriminate
Repast	Scratch	Affectionate	Derogate
And the Par-	Smatch	Advocate	Disipate
ticiples of the	Snatch	Adulterate	

Delicate	Neceffitate	Eight	AVE.
Disconsolate	Nominate	Streight	Brave
Desolate	Obstinate	Weight	Cave
Desperate	Participate	Height	Gave
Educate	Passionate		Grave
Effeminate	Penetrate	Conceit	Crave
Elevate	Perpetrate	Deceit	Have
Emulate	Personate	Receipt	Knave
Estimate	Potentate		Lave
Elaborate	Precipitate	ATH.	Nave
Equivocate	Predestinate	Bath	Pave
Eradicate	Predominate	Path	Rave
Evaporate	Premeditate		Save
Exaggerate	Prevaricate	Wrath See OTH.	Shave
Exasperate	Procrastinate		Slave
Expostulate	Profligate	Hath	Stave
Exterminate	Prognosticate	Faith	Wave
Extricate	Propagate		Behave
Facilitate	Recriminate	ATHE.	Deprave
Fortunate	Regenerate	Bathe	Engrave
Generate	Regulate	Swathe	Outbrave
Gratulate	Reiterate	Scathe	Forgave
Hesitate	Reprobate	Rathe Dryd.	Misgave
Illeterate	Reverberate		Architrave
Illuminate	Ruminate	AUB. See OB.	
Imitate	Separate		AUGH. v. AFF.
Immoderate	Sophisticate	AUCE.	
Impetrate	Stipulate	See	AUGHT.
Importunate	Subjugate	AUSE.	See
Imprecate	Subordinate		OUGHT.
Inanimate	Suffocate	AUCH.	
Innovate	Terminate	See	AULT. v. ALT.
Instigate	Tolerate	OACH.	
Intemperate	Temperate		AUNCH.
Intimate	Vindicate	AUD.	Launch
Intimidate	Violate	Fraud	Paunch
Intoxicate	Unfortunate	Laud	
Intricate		Applaud	AUNSE.
Invalidate	Bait	Defraud	See
Inveterate	Plait		ONSE.
Inviolable	Strait	Bawd	
Irritate	Wait		AUNT.
Legitimate	Await	Broad	Aunt
Magistrate		Abroad	Gaunt
Meditate	Great	And the Par-	Flaunt
Mitigate	Freight	ticiples of the	Jaunt
Moderate		Verbs in AW.	Haunt

Taunt

Taunt	AWK. v. ALK.	Gay	Neigh
Vaunt	AWL. v. ALL.	Hay	Weigh
Avaunt		Jay	Inveigh
	AWN.	Lay	
AUSE.	Brawn	May	Prey
Cause	Dawn	Pay	Grey
Clause	Fawn	Play	They
Pause	Pawn	Pray	Convey
Applause	Spawn	Ray	Obey
Because	Drawn	Say	Disobey
And the Plu-	Gnawn	Slay	Purvey
ral of the Nouns	Sawn	Spray	Survey
and Third Per-	Yawn	Splay	
son Present of	Withdrawn	Stay	AZE.
the Verbs in	Lawn	Stray	Craze
AW.	Thawn	Sway	Daze
		Way	Blaze
AUST. v. OST.	AX.	Affray	Gaze
	Ax	Allay	Glaze
AW.	Flax	Array	Maze
Aw	Tax	Astray	Raze
Craw	Wax	Away	Amaze
Chaw	Lax	Belay	Eraze
Daw	Relax	Bewray	Imblaze
Claw	And the Plu-	Betray	
Draw	ral of the Nouns	Decay	Adays
Flaw	and Third Per-	Defray	Raise
Gnaw	son Present of	Delay	Praise
Jaw	the Verbs in	Disarray	Always
Law	ACK.	Display	Dispraise
Maw		Dismay	Phrase
Paw	AY.	Essay	Paraphrase
Raw	Bay	Forelay	And the Plu-
Saw	Bray	Gainlay	ral of the Nouns
Straw	Clay	Inlay	and Third Per-
Thaw	Day	Relay	son Present of
Withdraw	Dray	Repay	the Verbs in
Forefaw	Tray	Withlay	AY, EIGH, and
	Flay	Roundelay	EY.
AWD. v. AUD.	Fray	Virelay	

E & EA. v. EE.	EACH.	Peach	Impeach
	Beach	Preach	Misteach
EACE.	Bleach	Leach	
See	Breach	Teach	Beech
EASE.	Each	Appeach	Leech
			Speech

Speech	Heal	Team	Machine
Besech	Meal	Deem	
	Peal	Seem	EANS.
EAD. See EDE	Seal	Teem	See
and EED.	Steal	Beseem	ENSE.
	Teal	Misdeem	
EAF. See IEF.	Veal	Esteem	EANT.
	Weal	Disesteem	See
EAGUE.	Zeal	Foredeem	ENT.
League	Squeal	Redeem	
	Anneal		EAP. See EEP,
Intrigue	Appeal	Phlegm	and EP.
Fatigue	Conceal	Scheme	EAR. See EER.
Brigue	Congear	Blaspheme	
	Repeal	Extreme	EARD.
EAK.	Reveal	Supreme	Beard
Beak			Heard
Bleak	Eel	EAN.	Herd
Break	Heel	Bean	Sherd
Creak	Feel	Clean	And the Par-
Freak	Keel	Dean	ticiples of the
Leak	Kneel	Glean	Verbs in ER.
Peak	Peel	Lean	
Speak	Reel	Mean	EARCH.
Sneak	Steel	Wean	Search
Streak	Wheel	Yean	Research
Squeak		Demean	Perch
Sreak	EALM.	Unclean	
Weak	See ELM.		EARL.
Wreak		Convene	Earl
Bespeak	EALTH.	Obscene	Pearl
	Health	Serene	Girl
Cheek	Stealth	Terrene	
Creek	Wealth	Intervene	EARN.
Leek	Common-	Demefne	See ERN.
Meek	wealth		
Reek		Keen	EARSE.
Seek	EAM.	Queen	See ERSE.
Peek, or	Beam	Skreen	
Pique	Bream	Seen	EART.
Screak	Cream	Green	See ART.
Sleek	Dream	Spleen	
Week	Gleam	Between	EARTH.
Shrick	Seam	Careen	Earth
	Scream	Foreseen	Dearth
EAL.	Steam	Mien	Hearth
Deal	Stream		Birth
			Mirth

Mirth	Compleat	Interweave	Effect
	Defeat		Elect
EASE.	Escheat	Sleeve	Eject
Cease	Estreat	Eve	Erect
Lease	Intreat		Expect
Grease	Retreat	Grieve	Indirect
Decease		Thieve	Infect
Decrease	Feet	Aggrieve	Inspect
Encrease	Fleet	Atchieve	Neglect
Release	Gleet	Believe	Object
Surcease	Greet	Disbelieve	Project
	Meet	Relieve	Protest
Peace	Sheet	Reprieve	Recollect
Piece	Sleet	Retrieve	Reflect
Niece	Street	Conceive	Reject
Apiece	Sweet	Deceive	Respect
	Discreet	Perceive	Select
Frontispiece		Receive	Subject
Fleece	Mete		Suspect
Geese	Obsolete	EB.	Architect
	Replete	Ebb	Circumspect
EASH. v. ESH.	Concrete	Webb	Dialect
		Glebe	Intellect
EAST.	EATH.	ECK.	And the Participles of the Verbs in ECK.
East	Breath	Beck	
Feast	Death	Check	
Least		Deck	
Beast	Heath	Neck	ED.
Left	Sheath	Peck	Bed
Priest	Teeth	Fleck	Bled
		Speck	Fed
And the Participles of the Verbs in EASE.	Breathe	Wreck	Fled
	Sheathe		Bred
	Wreath		Led
EAT.	Inwreath	ECT.	Red
Beat	Bequeath	Set	Shed
Bleat	Seeth	Abject	Shred
Cheat	Beneath	Affect	Sped
Eat	Underneath	Correct	Wed
Feat		Incorrect	Abed
Heat	EAVE.	Collect	Inbred
Meat	Cleave	Deject	Mised
Neat	Heave	Detect	
Seat	Leave	Direct	Said
Pleat	Weave	Disrespect	Bread
Treat	Bereave	Disaffect	Dread
Wheat	Inweave	Dissect	Dead

Head

Head	We	Read	Pioneer
Lead	She	Implead	Privateer
Read	Be	Mislead	Charioteer
Slead	Jubile		Chanticleer
Spread	Key	EEF. <i>See</i> IEF.	Career
Thread	Flea	EEK. <i>v.</i> EAK.	Mountaineer
Tread	Pea	EEL. <i>v.</i> EAL.	
Behead	Plea	EEM. <i>v.</i> EAM.	Bier
O'erspread	Sea,	EEN. <i>v.</i> EAN.	Cashiere
Maidenhead			

	EECE.	EEP.	Chear
EDE. <i>v.</i> EED.	<i>See</i> EASE.	Creep	Clear
		Deep	Dear
EDGE.	EECH.	Keep	Ear
Edge	<i>See</i> EACH.	Peep	Fear
Fledge		Sheep	Hear
Hedge	EED.	Sleep	Near
Ledge	Creed	Steep	Sear
Pledge	Bleed	Sweep	Smear
Sedge	Breed	Weep	Spear
Wedge	Deed	Asleep	Tear
Alledge	Feed		Year
Privilege	Heed	Cheap	Appear
Sacrededge	Meed	Heap	Besmeat
Sortilege	Need		Disappear
	Reed	EER.	Endear

EE.	Speed	Beer	
Bee	Seed	Deer	Here
Fee	Steed	Fleer	Sphere
Free	Weed	Geer	Adhere
Glee	Exceed	Jeer	Cohere
Knee	Proceed	Peer	Interfere
Lee	Succeed	Meer	Persevere
See	Indeed	Rear	Revere
Three		Leer	Austere
Thee	Concede	Sheer	Severe
Tree	Impede	Seer	Sincere
Agree	Intercede	Sleer	Hemisphere
Alce	Precede	Sneer	Arrears, which
Decree	Recede	Steer	rhymes to the
Degree	Supercede	Twee	Plurals of the
Disagree		Veer	Nouns, and 3d
Foresee	Bead	Pikeer	Persons Present
O'ersee	Knead	Domineer	of the Verbs
Pedigree	Lead	Compeer	of this Termination.
He	Mead	Engineer	
Me	Plead	Mutineer	

ESEE.

EESE. v. EEZE. Beg
EET. v. EAT. Dreg

EETH.
See
EATH.

EEVE.
See
EAVE.

EEZE.

Breeze
Freeze
Sneeze
Squeeze
Wheeze

Eafe
Grease
Please
Teaze
Appease
Diseafe
Displeafe
These

Frieze
Seize
Diffieize
And the Plu-
ral of the
Nouns and 3d
Person Present
of the Verbs in
EE.

EFT.
Cleft
Deft
Left
Theft
Weft
Bereft

EG.
Egg

Beg
Dreg
Leg
Peg

EIGH. See AT.
EIGHT. v. ATE. Beheld
EIGN. v. AIN. And the Par-
EIL. See AIL. ticiples of the
EIN. See AIN. Verbs in EL.
EINT. v. AINT.
EIR. See ARE.
EIT. See ATE.
EIVE. v. EAVE.
EIZE. v. EEZE.

ELL.

Bell
Cell
Dwell
Ell
Fell
Hell
Knell
Quell
Sell
Shell
Smell
Spell
Swell
Tell
Well
Yell
Befel

Compel
Dispel
Excel
Expel
Foretel
Impel
Rebel
Repel
Refell
Citadel
Infidel
Sentinel
Parallel

ELD.

Held
Geld
Upheld
Withheld
Beheld

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs in EL.

ELF.

Elf
Pelf
Self
Shelf
Himself

ELK.

Elk
Whelk

ELM.

Elm
Helm
Realm
Whelm
O'erwhelm

ELP.

Help
Whelp
Yelp

ELT.

Belt
Dealt
Dwelt
Felt
Melt
Pelt
Smelt
Welt

ELVE.

Delve
Helve

Twelve

ELVES.

Elves
Themselves
And the Plu-
ral of the Nouns
in ELF, and 3d
Person Present
of the Verbs in
ELVE.

EM.

Gem
Hem
Stem
Them
Diadem
Stratagem

EME. v. EAM.

EMN.

Condemn
Contemn

EMPT.

Tempt
Attempt
Contempt
Exempt

EN.

Den
Hen
Fen
Ken
Men
Pen
Ten
Then
When
Wren
Denizen

ENCE

ENCE.	Reference	Send	third Person
Fence	Residence	Spend	Present of the
Hence	Reverence	Tend	Verbs in END.
Pence	Vehemence	Vend	
Thence	Violence	Amend	ENE. v. EAN.
Whence		Attend	
Sence	Cense	Ascend	ENGE.
Defence	Sense	Commend	Avenge.
Expense	Dense	Contend	Revenge
Offence	Condense	Defend	
Pretence	Immenſe	Depend	ENGTH.
Commence	Intenſe	Deſcend	Length
Abſtinenſe	Propenſe	Diſtend	Strength
Circumference	Diſpenſe	Expend	ENSE. v. ENCE.
Conference	Suſpenſe	Extend	
Confidence	Prepenſe	Foreſend	ENT.
Conſequence	Incenſe	Impend	Bent
Continence	Frankincenſe	Miſpend	Dent
Benevolence	Cleanſe	Obtend	Lent
Concupiſcence	Alſo the Plu-	Offend	Pent
Difference	ral of the Nouns	Portend	Rent
Diffidence	and Third Per-	Pretend	Scnt
Diligence	ſon Preſent of	Protend	Sent
Eloquence	the Verbs in	Suſpend	Shent
Eminence	EN.	Transcend	Spent
Evidence		Unbend	Tent
Excellence	ENCH.	Apprehend	Vent
Impenitence	Bench	Comprehend	Went
Impertinence	Clench	Condeſcend	Absent
Impotence	Drench	Diſcommend	Meant
Impudence	Quench	Recommetid	Aſcent
Improvvidence	Stench	Reprehend	Aſſent
Incontinence	Tench	Dividend	Attent
Indifference	Trench	Reverend	Augment
Indigence	Wench		Cement
Indolence	Wrench	Friend	Conſent
Inference	Intrench	Befriend	Content
Intelligence	Retrench	Fiend	Deſcent
Innocence		And the Par-	Diſſent
Magnificence	END.	ticiples of the	Event
Munificence	Bend	Verbs in EN.	Extent
Negligence	Blend		Foment
Omnipotence	End	ENDS.	Frequent
Penitence	Fend	Amends. To	Indent
Preference	Lend	which rhyme	Intent
Providence	Mend	the Plurals of	Invent
Recompence	Rend	the Nouns, and	Lament
			Miſpent

Mispent	Eminent	Pertinent	ER.
O'erspent	Equivalent	President	Err
Present	Establishment	Prevalent	Her
Prevent	Evident	Provident	Aver
Relent	Excellent	Punishment	Defer
Repent	Excrement	Ravishment	Infer
Resent	Exigent	Regiment	Deter
Oscent	Experiment	Resident	Inter
Ferment	Firmament	Redolent	Referr
Outwent	Fraudulent	Rudiment	Transfer
Underwent	Government	Sacrament	Confer
Miscontent	Imbellishment	Sediment	Prefer
Unbent	Imminent	Sentiment	Parterr
Circumvent	Impenitent	Settlement	Administer
Discontent	Impertinent	Subsequent	Waggoner
Represent	Implement	Supplement	Islander
Abstinent	Impotent	Intelligent	
Accident	Imprisonment	Tenement	Arbiter
Accomplish- ment	Improvident	Temperament	Character
Admonishment	Impudent	Testament	Villager
Acknowledge- ment	Incident	Tournament	Cottager
Aliment	Incompetent	Turbulent	Dowager
Arbitriment	Incontinent	Vehement	Forrager
Argument	Indifferent	Violent	Pillager
Banishment	Indigent	Virulent	Voyager
Battlements	Innocent	Accoutrements	Massacre
Blandishments	Insolent	Which	Gardiner
Astonishment	Instrument	rhymes to their	Slanderer
Armipotent	Irreverent	Plurals.	Flatterer
Bellipotent	Languishment		Idolater
Benevolent	Ligament	EP.	Provender
Chastisement	Lineament	Step	Theatre
Competent	Magnificent	Leap	Amphitheatre
Compliment	Management	Reap	Foreigner
Confident	Medicament		Lavender
Continent	Malecontent	EPT.	Messenger
Corpulent	Monument	Accept	Passenger
Detriment	Negligent	Except	Sorcerer
Different	Nourishment	Intercept	Interpreter
Diffident	Nutrient		Officer
Diligent	Occident	And the Par-	Mariner
Disparagement	Omnipotent	ticiples of the	Harbinger
Document	Opulent	Verbs in EP,	Minister
Element	Ornament	and of some of	Register
Eloquent	Parliament	the Verbs in	Canister
	Penitent	EEP.	Choirister
	Permanent		Sophister
			Presbiter

Presbyter	Verse		Adulterers
Lawgiver	Absterge	ERVE.	Bashfulness
Philosopher	Adverse	Serve	Bitterness
Astrologer	Averse	Nerve	Chearfulness
Loiterer	Converse	Swerve	Comfortless
Prisoner	Disperse	Conserve	Comeliness
Grasshopper	Immerse	Deserve	Dizziness
Astronomer	Perverse	Observe	Diocefs
Sepulchre	Reverse	Preserve	Drowiness
Thunderer	Traverse	Reserve	Eagerness
Traveller	Asperse	Disserve	Easiness
Murderer	Interperse	Subserve	Embassadefs
Usurer	Universe		Emptiness
	Rehearse	ESS.	Evenness
ERCH.		Bless	Fatherless
See	Amerce	Cefs	Filthiness
EARCH.	Coerce	Chefs	Foolishness
	Commerce	Dress	Forgetfulness
ERCE.		Ghefs	Forwardness
See	Fierce	Less	Frowardness
ERSE.	Tierce	Mefs	Fruitfulness
	Pierce	Prefs	Fulsomness
ERD. v. EARD.	And the Plu-	Stress	Giddiness
	ral of the Nouns		Greediness
ERE. v. EER.	and Third Per-	Acquiesce	Gentleness
	son Present of	Access	Governess
ERGE.	the Verbs in	Address	Happiness
Absterge	ER.	Assess	Haughtiness
Verge		Compress	Heaviness
Emerge	ERT.	Confess	Heinousness
Dirge.		Carefs	Hoariness
	Wert	Depress	Hollowness
ERN.	Advert	Digress	Holiness
Chern	Assert	Dispossess	Idleness
Dern	Avert	Distress	Lasciviousness
Fern	Concert	Excess	Lawfulness
Stern	Convert	Express	Laziness
Concern	Controvert	Impress	Littleness
Discern	Desert	Oppress	Liveliness
Quern	Divert	Possess	Loftiness
	Exert	Profess	Lioness
Earn	Expert	Recess	Lowliness
Learn	Insert	Repress	Manliness
Yearn	Invert	Redress	Masterless
	Pervert	Success	Mightiness
ERSE.	Subvert	Transgress	Motherless
Herse			Motionless
			Nakedness

Nakedness	Mesh	ET.	Chew
Neediness	Thresh	Bet	Drew
Noisomness	Afresh	Get	Ew
Numberless	Refresh	Jet	Flew
Patronness	ESK.	Fret	Grew
Peevishness	Desk	Let	Knew
Perfidiousness	Grotesque	Met	Hew
Pitiless	Burlesque	Net	Jew
Poetess		Set	Mew
Prophetess	EST.	Spet	New
Ransomless	Best	Wet	Strew
Readiness	Chest	Whet	View
Righteousness	Crest	Yet	Threw
Shepherdess	Drest	Debt	Yew
Sorceress	Guest	Abet	Crew
Sordidness	Jest	Beget	Slew
Spiritless	Nest	Belet	Anew
Sprightliness	Pest	Forget	Askew
Stubbornness	Quest	Regret	Bedew
Sturdiness	Rest	Alphabet	Eschew
Surliness	Test	Amulet	Renew
Steadiness	Vest	Anchoret	Review
Tenderness	West	Cabinet	Withdrew
Thoughtfulness	Arrest	Epithet	Interview
	Attest	Parapet	
Ugliness	Bequest	Rivulet	Clue
Uneasiness	Contest	Violet	Cue
Unhappiness	Detest	Coronet	Due
Votaries	Digest	Counterfeit	Glue
Usefulness	Divest		Hue
Wakefulness	Imprest	Sweat	Rue
Wantonness	Invest	Teat	Scruce
Weaponless	Infest	Threat	Sue
Wariness	Molest		True
Willingness	Obtest	ETCH.	Accrue
Wilfulness	Protest	Fetch	Enfue
Weariness	Request	Stretch	Endue
Wickedness	Suggest	Wretch	Imbrue
Wilderness	Unrest	Sketch	Imbue
Wretchedness	Interest		Pursue
Drunkennes	Manifest	ETE. See EAT.	Subdue
		EVE. v. EAVE.	Adieu
ESE. v. EEZE.	Breast	EUM. v. UME.	Purliet
	Abreast		Perdue
ESH.	And the Par-	EW:	Residue
Flesh	ticiples of the		
Froth	Verbs in ESS. Brew		
	(b)		
			SWD. v. BUD.
			BWN.

EWN. v. UNE: Convex		Present of the ticiple of the	
Complex		Verbs in ECK. Verbs in EX.	
EX.	Circumflex		
Sex	And the Plu-	EXT.	ET. See AT.
Vex	ral Number of	Next	
Annex	the Nouns, and	Pretext	
Perplex	Third Person	And the Par-	

IB.	Entice	Heretick	Chide
Bib	Device	Rhetorick	Glide
Crib		Schismatick	Hide
Drib	Artifice	Splenetick	Pride
Glib	Avarice	Lunatick	Ride
Nib	Cockatrice	Asterick	Side
Rib	Benefice	Politick	Slide
Squib	Cicatrice	Empirick	Stride
	Edifice		Tide
IBE.	Orifice	ICT.	Wide
Bribe	Precipice	Strickt	Bride
Scribe	Prejudice	Addict	Abide
Tribe	Sacrifice	Afflict	Guide
Ascribe		Convict	Aside
Circumscribe	Rife	Inflit	Astride
Describe	Concise	Contradict	Beside
Imbibe	Paradise	Interdict	Bestride
Inscribe		And the Par-	Betide
Prescribe	ICH. See ITCH.	ticiples of the	Subdivide
Proscribe		Verbs in ICK.	Confide
Subscribe	ICK.	ID.	Decide
Transcribe	Brick	Bid	Deride
Supercribe	Chick	Chid	Divide
	Kick	Hid	Preside
ICE.	Lick	Kid	Provide
Dice	Nick	Lid	Subside
Ice	Pick	Slid	Misguide
Mice	Quick	Rid	
Nice	Sick	Bestrid	IDES.
Price	Slick	Forbid	Ides
Rice	Stick	Pyramid	Besides
Slice	Thick		Which rhyme
Spice	Trick	Parricide	to the Plurals
Thrice	Arithmetick	Homicide	of the Nouns,
Trice	Asthmatick	Regicide	and Third Per-
Twice	Cholerick		sons of the
Vice	Catholick	IDE.	Verbs of this
Advice	Flegmatick	Bide	Termination.
			IDG E.

IDGE.	Descry	Vitrify	Lethargy
Bridge	Deny	Vivify	Incendiary
Ridge	Imply		Infirmary
Abridge	Espy	Academy	Library
	Outvie	Apostacy	Sallary
IDST.	Outfly	Conspiracy	Sanctuary
Midst	Rely	Confed'racy	Votary
Amidst	Reply	Extasy	Auxiliary
	Supply	Democracy	Contrary
IE. or Y.	Untie	Embassy	Diary
By	Amplify	Fallacy	Granary
Buy	Beautify	Legacy	Rosemary
Cry	Certify	Supremacy	Urgency
Die	Crucifie	Lunacy	Infantry
Dry	Deifie	Privacy	Knavery
Eye	Dignifie	Piracy	Livery
Fly	Edifie	Malady	Recovery
Fry	Falsify	Remedy	Robbery
Fie	Fortify	Tragedy	Novelty
Hie	Gratifie	Comedy	Antipathy
Ly	Glorify	Cosmography	Apathy
Pie	Indemnify	Geography	Sympathy
Ply	Justify	Elegy	Idolatry
Pry	Magnify	Certainty	Galaxy
Rye	Modify	Sov'reignty	Husbandry
Shy	Mollify	Loyalty	Cruelty
Sly	Mortify	Disloyalty	Enemy
Spy	Pacifie	Penalty	Blasphemy
Sky	Petrify	Casualty	Prophecy
Sty	Purifie	Ribaldry	Clemency
Tie	Putrifie	Chivalry	Decency
Try	Plurify	Infamy	Emergency
Vie	Chymistry	Constancy	Inclemency
Why	Qualify	Fealty	Regency
	Ratifie	Cavalry	Progeny
High	Rectifie	Bigamy	Energy
Nigh	Sanctify	Polygamy	Poverty
Sigh	Satisfie	Vacancy	Liberty
Thigh	Scarifie	Inconstancy	Property
	Signify	Infancy	Adultery
Ally	Specify	Company	Artery
Apply	Stupifie	Dittany	Artillery
Awry	Terrifie	Accompany	Battery
Belie	Testifie	Tyranny	Beggery
Comply	Verify	Villany	Bribery
Decry	Verfify	Anarchy	Bravery
Defie	Villify	Monarchy	Delivery
		(b z)	Drudgery

Drudgery	Congruity	Felicity	Rarity
Flattery	Diuteurnity	Fertility	Rapidity
Gallery	Facility	Fidelity	Sagacity
Imag'ry	Falsity	Frugality	Sanctity
Lottery	Familiarity	Futurity	Sensibility
Misery	Formality	Gravity	Sensuality
Mystery	Generosity	Hostility	Solidity
Nursery	Gratuity	Humanity	Temerity
Railery	Humidity	Humility	Timidity
Slavery	Aburdity	Immanity	Tranquility
Sorcery	Activity	Immaturity	Virginity
Treachery	Adversity	Immenity	Visibility
Discovery	Affability	Immortality	University
Tapestry	Affinity	Immunity	Trumpery
Majesty	Agility	Immutability	Apology
Modesty	Alacrity	Impartiality	Genealogy
Immodesty	Ambiguity	Impossibility	Etymology
Honesty	Animosity	Impetuosity	Simony
Dishonesty	Antiquity	Improbability	Symphony
Courtesie	Austerity	Inanity	Soliloquy
Heresy	Authority	Incapacity	Allegory
Poesie	Brevity	Incivility	Armory
Poetry	Calamity	Incongruity	Factory
Secresie	Capacity	Inequality	Pillory
Leprosie	Captivity	Indemnity	Faculty
Perfidy	Charity	Infinity	Treasury
Subsidy	Chastity	Inflexibility	Usury
Drapery	Civility	Instability	Augury
Symmetry	Credulity	Invalidity	Importunity
Geometry	Curiosity	Jollity	Impunity
Drollery	Finery	Lenity	Impurity
Policy	Declivity	Lubricity	Inactivity
Prodigy	Deformity	Magnanimity	Inability
Mutiny	Deity	Majority	Incredulity
Destiny	Dexterity	Medeocrity	Indignity
Scrutiny	Dignity	Minority	Infidelity
Hypocrisie	Disparity	Mutability	Infirmity
Family	Diversity	Nicety	Iniquity
Ability	Divinity	Perversity	Integrity
Acclivity	Enmity	Perplexity	Laity
Avidity	Enormity	Perpicuity	Liberality
Affiduity	Equality	Posterity	Malignity
Civility	Equanimity	Privity	Maturity
Community	Equity	Probability	Morality
Concavity	Eternity	Probity	Mortality
Consanguinity	Extremity	Propensity	Nativity
Conformity	Fatality		

Necessity	Gallantry	<i>IEN. v. EEN.</i>	<i>IGN. See INE.</i>
Neutrality	Canopy	<i>IEND. v. END.</i>	
Nobility	History		<i>IGUE.</i>
Obscurity	Memory	<i>IERCE.</i>	<i>See</i>
Opportunity	Victory	<i>See</i>	<i>EAGUE.</i>
Partiality	Calumny	<i>ERSE.</i>	
Perpetuity	Injury		IKE:
Posterity	Luxury	<i>IEST. v. EAST.</i>	Dike
Priority	Penury	<i>IEVE. v. EAVE.</i>	Like
Prodigality	Perjury		Pike
Prosperity	Usury	IFE.	Spike
Purity	Industry	Fife	Strike
Quality		Knife	Alike
Quantity	<i>IEGE. v. EASE.</i>	Life	Dislike
Scarcity		Rife	Oblique
Security	IEF.	Strife	
Severity	Chief	Wife	ILL.
Simplicity	Fief		Bill
Sincerity	Grief	IFF.	Chill
Solemnity	Thief	Cliff	Drill
Sterility	Belief	Skiff	Gill
Stupidity	Relief	Stiff	Fill
Trinity	Brief	Whiff	Hill
Vacuity	Beef		Ill
Validity		IFT.	Kill
Vanity	Leaf	Drift	Mill
Vivacity	Sheaf	Gift	Pill
Unanimity	Deaf	Lift	Quill
Uniformity		Rift	Rill
Unity	IEGE.	Sift	Shrill
Anxiety	Liege	Shift	Skill
Gayety	Siege	Thrift	Spill
Impiety	Oblige	Adrift	Still
Piety	Disoblige		Swill
Satiety	Assiege	IG.	Thrill
Sobriety	Besiege	Big	Till
Society		Dig	Trill
Variety	IELD.	Fig	Will
Custody	Field	Pig	Distill
Melody	Shield	Rig	Fulfill
Philosophy	Wield	Sprig	Instill
Astronomy	Yield	Twig	Camomil
Anatomy	Afield	Swig	Codicil
Colony	And the Par-		Daffadil
Gluttony	ticiples of some	<i>IGE. v. IEGE.</i>	Volatil
Harmony.	of the Verbs	<i>IGH. See IE.</i>	Utensil
Agony	in EAL.	<i>IGHT. v. ITZ.</i>	

ILD.

Child Guilt
Mild Spite
Wild Stile

And the Par- Built
ticiples of the Tilt
Verbs in ILE.

ILTH.

Gild Filth
Build Tilt
Rebuild

And the Par- IM.
ticiples of the Brim
Verbs in ILL. Dim

ILE.

Bile Him
Chyle Rim
File Skim
Isle Slim
Mile Swim
Pile Trim
Smile Limb

Style IMB. See IM,
Tilt and IME.

Vile Chime
While Clime
Wile Climb
Awhile Crime
Compile Lime
Defile Prime
Exile Mime
E'erwhile Rhyme
Reconcile Time
Reville Slime
Stile Grime
Guile Thyme
Beguile Sublime
Maritime

ILK.

Milk Betimes
Silk Sometimes

ILT.

Gilt Which rhyme Twin
Jilt to the Plurals
Hilt of the Nouns, Win
and Third Per- Begin
sons Present of Within

the Verbs of Assassin
the preceding Javelin
Termination. Magazin

IMN.

Hymn
Limn

Which may Quince
be rhym'd to Rince
those in IM. Since

IMP.

Imp
Limp
Pimp
Gimp

IMPSE.

Glimpse Inch
Which rhymes Pinch
to the Plurals Winch

of the Nouns, INGT.
and Third Per- Distinct
son Present of Extinct
the Verbs of Instinct
the foregoing Precinct
Termination. Succinct

IN.

Chin
Din
Fin
Gin
Grin

And the Par-
ticiples of some
of the Verbs in
INK.

IND.

In Bind
Inn Blind
Kin Find
Pin Hind
Sin Kind
Shin Grind
Skin Mind
Spin Rind
Thin Wind
Twin Behind
Tin Unkind
Win Remind

And the Par-
ticiples of the
Verbs

Verbs in INE. Discipline

Refcind Feminine

Which rhymes Libertine

to the Partic- Masculine

iples of the Magazine

Verbs in IN. Origine

Porcupine

Serpentine

Heroine

Brine

Chine

Dine

Fine

Line

Mine

Nine

Pine

Shine

Shrine

Swine

Kine

Thine

Trine

Twine

Vine

Whine

Wine

Combine

Confine

Decline

Define

Divine

Incline

Inshrine

Entwine

Opine

Calcine

Recline

Refine

Repine

Supine

Undermine

Counterminc

Interline

Superfine

Concubine

These Poly-
syllables in
INE, are often
rhym'd to those
in IN.

Sign
Assign
Consign
Design
Refign

ING.

Bring
Cling
Fling
King
Ring
Sing
Sling
Spring
Sting
String
Swing
Wing
Wring
Thing

INGE.

Cringe
Fringe
Hinge
Singe
Springe
Swinge
Twinge
Infringe

INK.

Blink
Brink
Chink
Clink
Drink
Ink
Link
Pink

Shrink
Sink
Slink
Stink
Think
Wink
Bethink
Forethink

INT.

Dint
Flint
Hint
Lint
Mint
Print
Squint
Asquint
Imprint

IP.

Chip
Clip
Dip
Drip
Hip
Lip
Nip
Rip
Scrip
Ship
Sip
Skip
Slip
Snip
Strip
Tip

(b 4)

Trip

Whip

Atrip

Equip

Eldership

Fellowship

Workmanship

Rivalship

IPSE.

Gripe

Pipe

Ripe

Snip

Type

Stripe

Wipe

Archetype

Prototype

IPSE.

Eclipse

And the Plu-
ral of the Nouns
and Third Per-
son of the Verbs
in IP.

IR. See UR.

IRCH. v. URCH.

IRD. v. URD.

IRE.

Gire

Dire

Fire

Ire

Lyre

Mire

Quire

Sire

Spire

Squire

Hire

Wire

Tire

Attire

Acquire

Acquire	Is	Subsist	Transmit
Admire	Kiss	Alchymist	Refit
Aspire	Miss	Amethyst	Benefit
Conspire	This	Anatomist	Perquisite
Desire	Abyss	Antagonist	
Enquire	Amiss	Annalist	ITCH.
Intire	Submiss	Antechrist	Bitch
Expire	Dismiss	Evangelist	Ditch
Inspire	Remiss	Eucharist	Flitch
Require	Whizz	Exorcist	Hitch
Retire		Herbalist	Itch
Transpire	ISE. v. ICE, and IZE.	Humourist	Pitch
		Oculist	Stitch
Nigher		Organist	Switch
Higher	ISH.	Satirist	Twitch
Brier	Dish	And the Par-	
Choir	Fish	ticiples of the	
Fryar	With	Verbs in ISS.	
	Cuish		
IRGE. v. ERGE.		IT.	Nich
	ISK.	Bit	Which
IRL.	Brisk	Cie	Rich
Girl	Frisk	Fit	Enrich
Whirl	Risk	Flit	
Twirl	Whisk	Grit	ITE.
	Disk	Hic	Bite
IRM.	Basilisk	Knit	Blite
Firm	Tamarisk	Nit	Cite
Affirm		Pit	Kite
Confirm	ISP.	Quit	Mite
Infirm	Crisp	Sit	Quite
	Lisp	Slit	Rite
IRST. v. URST.	Whisp	Spit	Smite
IRT. v. URT.		Split	Spite
	IST.	Twit	Trite
Girt	Fist	Whit	White
Skirt	Lift	Wit	Write
	Mist	Writ	Contrite
IRTH.	Twist	Admit	Disunite
Birth	Wrist	Acquit	Despite
Mirth	Assist	Commit	Endite
See EARTH.	Consist	Emit	Invite
	Defist	Omit	Excite
IS and ISS.	Exist	Outwit	Incite
Bliss	Inist	Permit	Polite
Hiss	Perfist	Remit	Requite
His	Refist	Submit	Recite
			Unite

Reunite

Reunite	Upright	Laxative	to the Partici-
Aconite	Benight	Narrative	ples of the pre-
Appetite	Bedight	Prerogative	ceding Termini-
Favourite	Overfight	Primitive	nation.
Hypocrite		Sensitive	
Infinite	ITH.	Vegetive	ISE and IZE.
Parasite	Frith	Affirmative	Prize
Profelite	Pith	Alternative	Rife
Requisite	Smith	Contemplative	Size
Apposite	ITHE.	Demonstrative	Wife
Opposite	Hithe	Diminutive	Guise
Exquisite	Bliche	Destributive	Disguise
Expedite	Scythe	Donative	Advise
	Tithe	Inquisitive	Authorize
	Wriche	Lenitive	Canonize
Blight	Lithe	Negative	Chastise
Benight	IVE.	Perspective	Civilize
Bright	Gyve	Positive	Comprize
Fight	Five	Preparative	Criticise
Flight	Hive	Provocative	Despise
Fright	Dive	Purgative	Devise
Hight	Drive	Restorative	Enterprize
Height	Rive	IX.	Excise
Knight	Shrive	Six	Exercize
Light	Strive	Fix	Idolize
Might	Thrive	Flix	Immortalize
Night	Arrive	Mix	Premise
Plight	Connive	Affix	Revise
Right	Contrive	Infix	Signalize.
Tight	Deprive	Prefix	Solemnize
Sight	Derive	Transfix	Surprize
Slight	Alive	Intermix	Suffice
Spight	Revive	Crucifix	Surmize
Spright	Survive	And the Plu-	Sympathize
Wight		ral of the Nouns	Tyrannize
Affright	Give	and 3d Person	And the Plu-
Alight	Live	Present of the	ral of the Nouns
Aright	Sive	Verbs in ICK.	and 3d Person
Forefight	Forgive	IXT.	Present of the
Delight	Outlive	Betwixt	Verbs in IE and
Despight	Fugitive	which rhymes	Y. See also ICF.
Unfight			

O. See OO
and OW.
OACH.
Broach

Coach
Peach
Abroach
Approach

Incroach
Reproach
Debauch

OAD. v. AUD
and ODE.
OAF. v. OFF.
OAK, v. OKE.
OAL.

OAL. v. OLE.	Verbs in OCK.	ticiples of the	Foil
OAM. v. OME.		Verbs in OFE.	Moil
OAN. v. ONE.	OD.		Oil
OAP. v. OPE.	Clod	OG.	Soil
OAR. v. ORE.	God	Bog	Spoil
OARD. v. ORD.	Nod	Clog	Tail
OAST. v. OST.	Plod	Dog	Despoil
OAT. v. OTE.	Odd	Fog	Imbroil
OATH. v. OTH.	Red	Frog	Recoil
OB.	Shod	Hog	Turmoil
Fob	Sod	Jog	Disimbroil
Knob	Trod	Log	
Mob		Agog	OIN.
Rob	ODE.		Coin
Sob	Bode	OGUE.	Groin
Throb	Mode	Rogue	Join
	Ode	Vogue	Loin
Daub	Rode	Disembogue	Adjoin
Bedaub	Strode	Prorogue	Conjoin
OBE.	Abode	Collogue	Disjoin
Globe	Corrode		Injoin
Lobe	Explode	Dialogue	Parloin
Probe	Forebode	Epilogue	Rejoin
Robe	Incommode	Synagogue	Subjoin
Conglobe	Epifode	Catalogue	OINT.
		Pedagogue	Joint
OCE. v. OSE.	Shrewd	The last rhyme	Oint
OCK.		also to the	Point
Block	Goad	Words of the	Anoint
Clock	Load	foregoing Ter-	Appoint
Crock	Road	mination.	Disappoint
Cock	Toad		Disjoint
Dock		OICE.	Counterpoint
Frock	OE. See OW.	Choice	OISE.
Flock	OFF.	Voice	Noise
Knock	Scoff	Rejoice	Poise
Lock	Off		Counterpoise
Mock		OID.	And the Plu-
Rock	Cough	Void	ral of the Nouns
Shock	Trough	Avoid	and Third Per-
Stock		And the Par-	son Present of
	OFT.	ticiples of the	the Verbs in
OCT.	Oft	Verbs in OY.	OY.
Concoct	Croft	OIL.	OIST.
which rhymes	Soft	Boil	Hoist
to the Parti-	Aloft	Broil	Moist
ciples of the	And the Par-	Coil	

Rejoyc'd	Verbs in OLE.	OLVE.	ONE.
	OLE.	Solve	Bone
OIT.	Bole	Abolve	Drone
Coit	Dole	Convolve	Crone
Exploit	Jole	Involve	Prone
	Hole	Devolve	None
OKE.	Mole	Diffolve	Stone
Broke	Pole	Revolve	Shone
Choke	Sole	Resolve	Tone
Smoke	Stole	OM. v. UM.	Lone
Spoke	Whole	OME.	Throne
Stroke	Shole	Dome	Zone
Yoke	Cajole	Lome	Alone
Bespoke	Condole	Home	Attone
Invoke	Parole	Tome	Enthrone
Provoke	Patrole		Dethrone
Revoke	Pistole	Foam	Postpone
Choak		Roam	
Cloak	Coat	Comb	Groan
Oak	Foal	OMB. v. OOM.	Loan
Soak	Soal	OMPT. v. OUN.	Moan
Stroak	Goal	ON. See UN.	
OL.	Soul	On	Own
Loll	Bowl	Conn	Grown
Extoll	Droll	Anon	Shewn
Capitol	Prowl	Upon	Sown
OLD.	Roll	Gone	Blown
Bold	Scroll	Undergone	Known
Cold	Toll	Amazon	Flown
Fold	Troll	Cinnamon	Thrown
Gold	Controll	Comparifon	Difown
Hold	Enroll	Caparifon	O'erthrown
Mold		Garrison	
Old	OLN.	Skeleton	ONG.
Scold	Stoln	Union	Long
Sold	Swoln	Juppon	Prong
Told		OND.	Song
Behold	OLT.	Bond	Strong
Infold	Bolt	Fond	Thong
Unfold	Colt	Pond	Throng
Uphold	Holt	Beyond	Wrong
With-hold	Dolt	Abfcond	Along
Foretold	Molt	Correspond	Among
Manifold	Jolt	Despond	Belong
Marygold	Revolt	Vagabond	Prolong
And the Par-	Thunderbolt	Diamond	

ONCE.	Neighbour-	Loom	Foot
See	hood	Room	Shoot
UNCE.	Widowhood	Spoon	Soot
	And the Par-	Whom	Hoot
ONGUE.	ticiples of the		OOTH.
See	Verbs in OO.	Bomb	Booth
UNG.		Tomb	Sooth
	Wou'd	Womb	Smooth
ONK. v. UNK.	Cou'd	Entomb	
	Shou'd	OON.	Tooth
ONSE.	OOF.	Boon	Youth
Scopse	Hoof	Moon	Uncouth
Enscopse	Proof	Noon	GOZE.
Ascaunse	Roof	Soon	Ooze
ONT.	Woof	Spoon	Nooze
Font	Aloof	Swoon	Whofe
Front	Disproof	Buffoon	Choofe
Affront	Reproof	Lampoon	Lofe
Confront	Behoof	Poltroon	Ufe
	OOK.	OOP.	OP.
Want	Book	Coop	Chop
OO.	Brook	Hoop	Dop
Coo	Cook	Loop	Drop
Shoo	Crook	Peop	Crop
Too	Hook	Scoop	Fop
Woo	Look	Stoop	Hop
Two	Rook	Troop	Lop
Do	Shook	Whoop	Pop
Ado	Took	Droop	Prop
Undo	Mistook	Sweep	Shop
Who	Undertook	OOR.	Sop
Thro'	Forfook	Boor	Stop
You	Betook	Door	Swop
OOD.	OOL.	Poor	Top
Brood	Cool	Floor	Underprop
Food	Fool	Moor	OPE.
Mood	Pool	Tour	Cope
Rood	School	Your	Grope
Good	Stool	Amour	Hope
Stood	Tool	Paramour	Mope
Hood	Befool	OOSE.	Pope
Wood	OOM.	Goose	Rope
Withstood	Bloom	Loofe	Scope
Understood	Broom	OOT.	Slope
Brotherhood	Doom	Boot	Ope
Livelihood	Gloom	Coot	Tope
Likelihood	Groom	Root	Trope

Aslope	Recourse	Forswore	ORN. See ARN.
Elope	Intercourse	Heretefore	Born
Interlope		Hellebore	Corn
Tellescope	Coarse	Sycamore	Horn
Heliotrope	Hoarse		Scorn
Horoscope	ORD.	Boar	Thorn
Antelope	Cord	Goar	Adorn
	Lord	Oar	Suborn
Moap	Accord	Roar	Unicorn
Soap	Record	Soar	Capricorn
OPT.	Abhor'd	Four	
Adopt		ORGE.	Shorn
And the Par-	Hoard	Forge	Sworn
ticiples of the	Sword	Gorge	Born
Verbs in OP.	Afford	Disgorge	Torn
OR.	Board	Regorge	Worn
Abhor	Aboard		Forborn
Metaphor	And the Par-	ORK.	Forlorn
Creditor	ticiples of the	Cork	Forsworn
Counsellor	Verbs in ORE.	Ork	Overborn
Confessor	ORE.	Fork	
Competitor	Bore	Stork	Mourn
Emperor	Core		
Ancestor	Gore	Pork	ORSE. v. ORCE.
Progenitor	Lore	Work	Herse
Conspirator	More		Unhorse
Orator	O'er	ORLD.	Endorse
Senator	Ore	World	Remorse
Successor		And the Par-	
Conqueror	Frore	ticiples of the	ORST. v. URST.
Governor	Pore	Verbs in URL.	ORT. See ART.
Ambassador	Score	ORM.	Short
ORCH.	Shore	See	Sort
Scorch	Snore	ARM.	Consort
Torch	Sore	Form	Distort
Porch	Store	Storm	Exhort
ORCE.	Swore	Conform	Extort
Force	Tore	Deform	Resort
Corse	Wore	Inform	Retort
Divorce	Adore	Perform	Snort
Inforce	Afore	Reform	Fort
Perforce	Ashore	Misinform	Port
	Deplore	Transform	Sport
Source	Explore	Uniform	Comport
Resource	Implore	Multiform	Disport
Course	Restore		Effort
Discourse	Forbore	Worm	Export

Import	Presuppose	Plot	Oat
Report	Foreclose	Pot	O'erfloat
Support	And the Plu-	Scot	Afloat
Transport	ral of the Neuns	Shot	Throat
	and Third Per-	Sot	OTH.
Court	son Present of	Spot	Broth
ORTH.	the Verbs of	Trot	Cloth
Forth	the Terminati-	Rot	Froth
Fourth	on OW.	Blot	Moth
North	OSS.	Grot	Troth
Worth	Boss	Begot	Betroth
OSE.	Cross	Forgot	Wrath
Close	Dross	Allot	
Dose	Loss	Besot	Both
Jocose	Moss	Complot	Lothe
Morose	Toss	Abricot	Sloth
	Across	Counterplot	Oath
Gross	Imboss	OTCH.	Loath
Engross	OST.	Botch	Cloath
OSE, or OZE.	Cost	Crotch	Growth
Close	Frost	Notch	OU. See oo,
Chose	Lost		and OW.
Doze	Tost	Watch	OUBT. v. OUT.
Glose	Accost	OTE.	OUCH.
Froze	Imboss'd	Core	Couch
Nose	Exhaust	Note	Crouch
Pose	Holocaust	Lote	Pouch
Prose		Mote	Slouch
Those	Ghost	Quote	Vouch
Rose	Host	Rote	Avouch
Compose	Most	Vote	LOUD.
Depose	Post	Smote	Cloud
Disclose	Rost	Wrote	Croud
Dispose		Denote	Loud
Discompose	Coast	Promote	Proud
Expose	Boast	Remote	Shroud
Impose	Toast	Devote	Aloud
Inclose	OT. See AT.	Antidote	O'ercloud
Interpose	Clot	Bloat	And the Par-
Oppose	Got	Boat	ticiples of sever-
Propose	Got	Coat	al of the Verbs
Recompose	Hot	Doat	in OW.
Repose	Jot	Floa	OVE.
Suppose	Lot	Gloat	Clove
Transpose	Knot	Goat	Grove
Arose	Not	Moat	Rove
Appose			Stove

Strove	OUL. v. OLE,	Fount	which rhymes
Throve	and OWL.	Mount	in like manner
Drove		Amount	to the Termination
Wove	OULD.	Dismount	OUR.
Devoke	Mould	Remount	
Alcove	And the Participles of the	Surmount	OURSE.
Inwove	Verbs in OWL.	Account	See
Interwove	OUNCE.	Accompt	ORCE.
		Discount	
Dove	Bounce	Miscount	OURT. v. ORT.
Glove	Flounce		
Shove	Pounce	OUP. v. OOP.	OURTH.
Love	Ounce		See
Above	Denounce	OUR.	ORTH.
	Pronounce	Lour	OUS. See US.
Move	Renounce	Pour	OUSE.
Prove	OUND.	Sour	House
Approve	Bound	Our	Moufe
Behove	Found	Hour	Chowfe
Disapprove	Ground	Scour	Sowfe
Disprove	Hound	Tour	OUT.
Improve	Mound	Deflour	Bout
Remove	Pound	Devour	Clout
Reprove	Round	Cow'r	Flout
	Sound	Bow'r	Out
OUGH. v. OF,	Wound	Flow'r	Pout
OW, and UFF.	Abound	Pow'r	Gout
	Aground	Show'r	Grouc
OUGHT.	Around	Tow'r	Rout
Bought	Confound		Scout
Brought	Compound	OURGE.	Shout
Forethought	Expound	See	Snout
Fought	Profound	URGE.	Spout
Nought	Rebound		Sprout
Ought	Redound	OURN. v. ORN,	Trout
Sought	Refound	and URN.	Stout
Thought	Surround		About
Wrought	Renown'd	OURS.	Devout
Befought	And the Participles of some	Ours	Without
Bethought	of the Verbs in	which rhymes	Throughout
Methought	OWN.	to the Plurals	
		of the Nouns	Doubt
Caught		and Third Per.	Redoubt
Fraught	OUNG. v. UNG.	son Present of	Misdoubt
Taught		the Verbs in	Drought
Draught	OUNT.	OUR, and	OUTH.
Yacht	Count	YOURS	Mouth
			South

South	Beshrew	Bough	Spouse
See OOTH,	Foreshew	Plough	Esponse
and OTH.	Oh	Slough	And the Plu-
OW.	So	OWL. v. OLE.	ral of the Nouns
Crow	Lo		and Third Per-
Blow	No	Cowl	son Present of
Bew	Tho'	Fowl	the Verbs in
Flow	Ho	Howl	OW.
Glow	Go	Growl	OX.
Grow	Ago	Owl	Box
Know	Forego	Prowl	Fox
Low	Undergo	Foul	Ox
Mow		Scoul	Equinox
Ow	Foe		Orthodox
Row	Doe	OWN. v. ONE.	Heterodox
Show	Roe		And the Plu-
Sow	Sloe	Brown	ral of the Nouns
Stow	Toe	Clown	and Third Per-
Slow	Dough	Crown	son Present of
Snow		Down	the Verbs of
Throw	Bow	Drown	OCK.
Tow	Cow	Frown	OY.
Alow	Brow	Town	Boy
Below	Now	Gown	Buoy
Bestow	Prow	Adown	Coy
Foreknow	How	Renown	Cloy
Outgrow	Mow	Imbrown	Joy
O'ergrow	Plow	OWZE.	Toy
O'erflow	Sow	See	Alloy
O'erthrow	Vow	OUSE.	Annoy
Foreflow	Avow		Convey
Reflow	Allow	OWZE.	Decoy
	Disallow	Blowze	Destroy
Sew	Endow	Browze	Employ
Shew		Carowze	Enjoy
Strew	Thou	Rowze	OZE. v. OSE.

UB.	Shrub	Spruce	Seduce
Club	Tab	Truce	Traduce
Cub	UBE.	Conduce	Juice
Chub	Cube	Deduce	Use
Drub	Tube	Induce	Abstruse
Grub	UCE.	Introduce	Abuse
Rub	Pruce	Produce	Disuse
Snub	Sluce	Reduce	Excuse

Misuse	Obtrude	Luff	UL. v. ULL
Obtruse	Prelude	Muff	Cull
Profuse	Seclude	Puff	Dull
Recluse	Altitude	Snuff	Gull
UCH. v. UYCH.	Fortitude	Stuff	Hull
UCK	Gratitude	Ruff	Lull
Buck	Interlude	Rebuff	Mull
Duck	Latitude	Counterbuff	Null
Luck	Longitude	Rough	Trull
Pluck	Magnitude	Tough	Scull
Suck	Multitude	Enough	Annul
Struck	Solitude	Slough	Difannul
Truck	Vicissitude	UFT.	Bull
Tuck	Aptitude	Tuft	Full
UCT.	Habitude	And the Par-	Full
Conduct	Ingratitude	ticiples of the	Wool
Deduct	Ineptitude	Verbs in UFF.	Bountiful
Instruct	Inquietude	UG.	Fanciful
Obstruct	Lassitude	Bug	Sorrowful
Aqueduct	Plenitude	Drug	Dutiful
And the Par-	Promptitude	Dug	Merciful
ticiples of the	Servitude	Hug	Wonderful
Verbs in UCK.	Similitude	Lug	Worshipful
UD.	Solicitude	Rug	ULE.
Bud	Leud	Shrug	Mule
Cud	Feud	Slug	Rule
Scud	And the Par-	Mug	Ridicule
Stud	ticiples of the	Snug	Misrule
Mud	Termination	EW.	Overrule
Flood	UDGE.	UICE. v. USE.	ULGE.
Blood	Drudge	UIDE. v. IDE.	Bulge
UDE.	Grudge	UILD. v. ILD.	Indulge
Crude	Judge	UILE. v. ILE.	Divulge
Rude	Trudge	UILT. v. ILT.	and USE.
Allude.	Adjudge	UINT. v. INT.	ULK.
Conclude	Prejudge	UISE. v. ISE.	Bulk
Delude	UE. See EW.	UIE. v. IE.	Hulk
Elude	UFF.	UKE.	Sculk
Exclude	Buff	Duke	ULSE.
Include	Cuff	Rebuke	Pulse
Intrude	Bluff	Puke.	Impulse
	Huff		Expulse
	Gruff		Convulse

Convulse	Hecatombe	UNCE	Spunge
Repulse		Dunce	Expunge
And the	UMB.	Once	UNK.
Plural of the	Dumb		Drunk
Nouns, and 3d	Thumb		Slunk
Person Present	Succumb	UNCH.	Shrunk
of the Verbs		Bunch	Stunk
in ULL.	UME.	Hunch	Sunk
	Fume	Punch	Trunk
ULT.	Plume	Lunch	Monk
Adult	Assume	Munch	
Consult	Consume		UND.
Exult	Perfume	Fund	UNT.
Indult	Refume	Refund	Brunt
Insult	Deplume	And the Par-	Blunt
Occult	Presume	ticiples of the	Hunt
Result	Rheum	Verbs in UN.	Runt
Difficult			Grunt
	UMP.		Wont.
UM.	Bump.	UNE.	UP.
Crum	Jump	June	Cup
Drum	Lump	Prune	Sup
Grum	Plump	Tune	Up
Gym	Pump	Importune	
Ham	Rump	Jeune	UPT.
Mum	Stump	Untune	Abrupt
Scum	Trump		Corrupt
Plum		UNG.	Interrupt
Strum	UN.	Clung	And the Par-
Summ	Dun	Dung	ticiples of the
Swum	Gun	Flung	Verbs in UP.
Thrum	Nun	Hung	
Numn	Pun	Rung	UR.
Benumn	Run	Strung	Blur
	Shun	Sung	Bur
Come	Sun	Sprung	Cur
Become	Stun	Slung	Furr
Overcome	Tun	Stung	Slur
	Spin	Lung	Spur
Burthenfom	Begun	Swung	Concur
Christendom		Wrung	Demur
Cumberfom	Son	Unfung	Incur
Frolickfom	Won	Young	Firr
Hamourfom	One	Tongue	
Quarrellfom	Done		UNGE.
Troublefom	Undone	Plunge	Stir
Martyrdom			Bestir
			URB.

URB.	Furniture	URSE.	Hazardous
Curb	Miniature	Curse	Idolatrous
Disturb	Nouriture	Nurse	Infamous
	Overture	Purse	Miraculous
URCH.	Portraiture	Aecurse	Mischievous
Church	Primogeniture	Disburse	Mountainous
Lurch	Sepulture	Imburse	Mutinous
Birch	Temp'rature	Re-imbursé	Neceffitous
	URF.	Worse	Numerous
URD.	Turf	URST.	Ominous
Curd	Scurf	Curst	Perilous
Abfurd	Turye	Burst	Poisonous
Bird		Durst	Populous
Word	URGE.	Worst	Prosperous
And the Par-Purge		First	Ridiculous
ticiples of the Surge		Thirst	Riotous
Verbs in UR.	Urge	Athirst	Ruinous
	Scourge	Accurst	Scandalous
URE.	URK.	URT.	Scrupulous
Cure	Lurk	Blurt	Scurilous
Dure	Work	Flurt	Sedulous
Lure		Hurt	Traiterous
Pure	URL.	Spurt	Treacherous
Sure	See	Dirt	Tyrannous
Abjure	IRL.	Squirt	Venomous
Allure	Churl	Shirt	Vigorous
Assure	Curl		Villanous
Demure	Furl	US.	Adventurous
Conjure	Hurl	Thus	Adulterous
Endure	Purl	Incubus	Ambiguous
Enure	Uncurl	Truss	Blasphemous
Insure	Unfurl	Overplus	Dolourous
Immature		Us	Fortuitous
Immure	URN.	Discuss	Gluttonous
Manure	Burn	Amorous	Gratuitous
Mature	Churn	Boisterous	Incredulous
Obscure	Spurn	Clamorous	Leacherous
	Turn	Credulous	Libidinous
Procure	Urn	Dangerous	Magnanimous
Secure	Return	Degenerous	Obstreperous
Adjure	Overturn	Emulous	Odoriferous
Calenture	Aturn	Fabulous	Ponderous
Coverture	Sojourn	Frivolous	Ravenous
Epicure	Adjourn	Generous	Rigorous
Investiture	Rejourn		Slandorous
Forfeiture			Sollicitous
			Timorous
			Valorous

Valorous		Jut	Repute
Unanimous	USK.	Nut	Salute
Calamitous	Busk	Put	Absolute
	Dusk	Shut	Attribute
USE.	Husk	Strut	Constitute
Chuse	Musk	Engulf	Destitute
Muse	Tusk	Rut	Dissolute
Use		Scut	Execute
Abuse	UST.	Slut	Institute
Accuse	Bust	Smut	Irresolute
Amuse	Crust	Abut	Persecute
Diffuse	Dust		Prosecute
Excuse	Gust	UTCH.	Prostitute
Infuse	Just	Hutch	Resolute
Misuse	Must	Crutch	Substitute
Peruse	Lust		
Refuse	Rust	Much	Fruit
Suffuse	Thrust	Such	Suit
Transfuse	Trust	Touch	Recruit
Bruise	Adust	Retouch	
And the Plu.	Adjust		UX.
ral of the	Disgust	UTE.	Flux
Nouns and 3d	Distrust	Brute	Reflux
Person Present	Intrust	Flute	
of the Verbs	Mistrust	Lute	And the
in EW.	Robust	Mute	Plural of the
	Unjust	Sute	Nouns and 3d
USH.	Jousts	Acute	Person Present
Blush	And the Par-	Compute	of the Verbs in
Brush	ticiples of the	Confute	UCK.
Crush	Verbs in USS.	Depute	
Hush		Dilute	UZE. v. USE.
Gush	But	Dispute	
Flush	Cur	Impute	Y. See IE:
Rush	Glut	Minute	
Bush	Gut	Pollute	
Push	Hut	Refute	



FINIS.

X.

the
of the
and 3d
Present
Verbs in

v. USE.

IE: